The Saturday Evening
POST
May 11, 1957 – 15¢

I Call on Bing Crosby
By PETE MARTIN

ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER
By C. S. FORESTER

MAY 8 '57

CLEVELAND'S HERB SCORE

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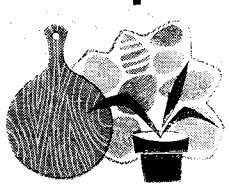
Floor is Armstrong Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, Style No. 5510.

new "pebblestone" floor brings nature indoors



There's something warm and friendly (as well as downright modern) about the natural "outdoor" look in decorating. Wood—brick—and now, introduced in the floor of this modern kitchen, a smart new "pebblestone" effect in Armstrong Embossed Linoleum. It's a charming blend of soft, natural sand tones, tans, and browns, and its surface is gently embossed which is something that only Armstrong does to linoleum. The raised "pebbles" give depth and realism to the textured beauty of this design. And, as every homemaker knows, Armstrong Linoleum is a delight to take care of—smooth, greaseproof, and almost seamless. This smart style, like so many of today's really interesting new flooring designs, is a modern, fashionable floor . . . by Armstrong.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, "Decorating Ideas for Today's Living." We'll enclose a sketch plan of this modern little kitchen, with list of furnishings and appliances. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5705 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

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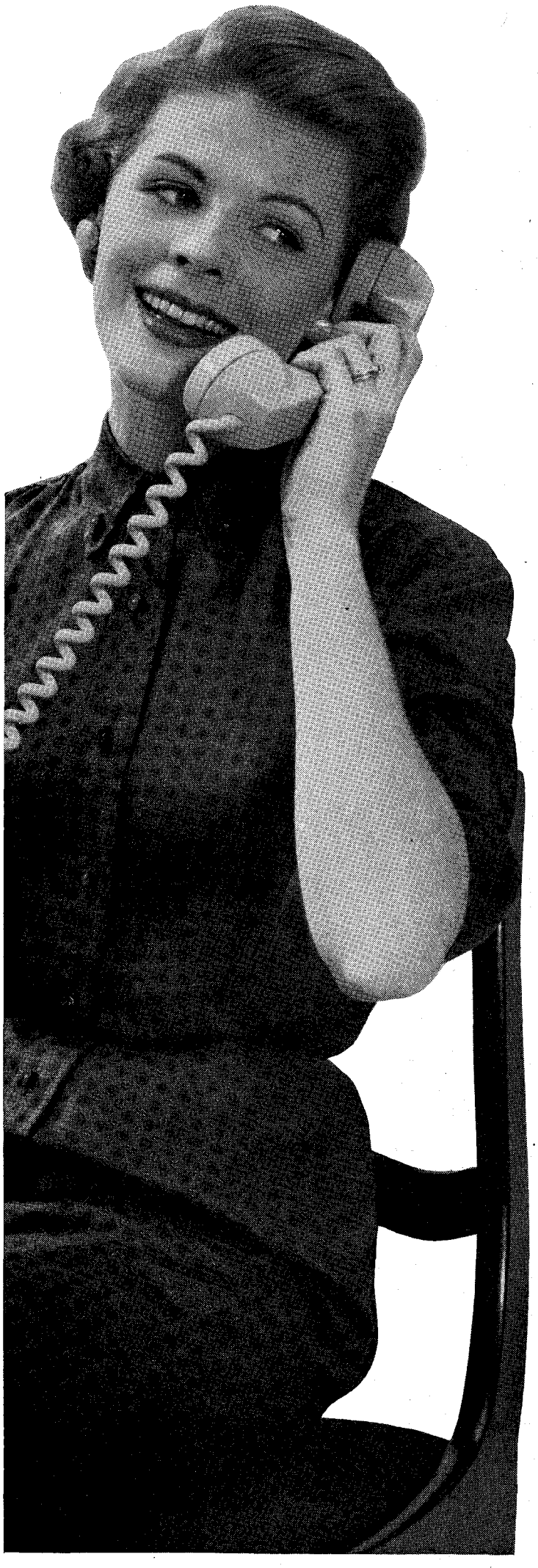
"Guess who wants to say hello"



A simple "da da" from the youngest member of the family speaks volumes to a father who's out of town. It says "We're fine. We miss you. Please hurry home."

That's the way it is with a family visit by telephone. It isn't just that your words are there. The warmth of your voice is in every word. And so much can be said in a telephone call.

If you miss someone in your family, why not call them tonight? It's easy to do and the cost is low.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Station-to-Station Calls

For example:	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Buffalo to Cleveland	55¢	15¢
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These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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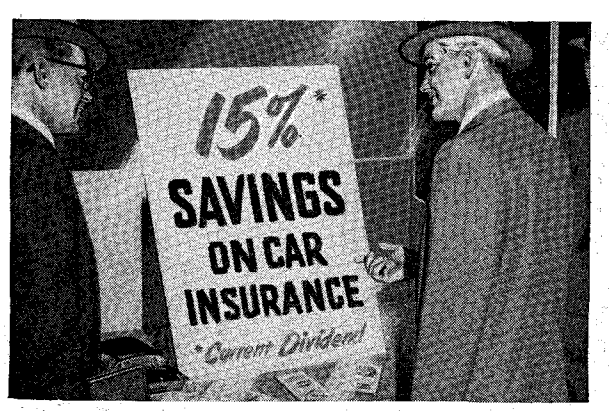
Number 13 could be lucky

... IF YOU'RE INSURED WITH LIBERTY MUTUAL!

WHEN they hand you car license "13"—you have a slight qualm but you laugh it off. You've never had an accident. A week later, on your way to work, a fellow runs right into you. Not your fault at all, but he threatens to drag you into court and sue for big damages.

Naturally, you phone Liberty Mutual right after the crash. The Liberty claimsman gets on the job pronto — digs up plenty of evidence to meet the threats. The claimsman tells you not to worry. He assures you that less than 2% of automobile liability claims against Liberty policyholders are decided by court verdict. You decide that "13" is lucky — especially the lucky thirteen letters that spell Liberty Mutual.

But it isn't luck — it's painstaking, expert service that protects you if you're a Liberty policyholder. Wherever you drive in the U. S., Canada or Hawaii, you can call Liberty for help any hour of the day or night. This fine protection is actually thrifty. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

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LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Johnny's happy shout of "Mother, I've brought something for you!" is an understatement. Dick Sargent certainly can paint the most delicious-looking mud; did he use maple fudge for a model? Now then, when mother regards her ex-clean carpet and the adoration in the eyes of her seldom-so-soiled son, what type of emotion will possess her? Although a mother's ups and downs often come simultaneously, and situations like this are all in the day's work and love, the temperature of her reaction will depend partly on whether she's a phlegmatic soul or pop-offy soul. Yet it's a good bet that before she undertakes to make things come clean, she will administer to her son, fudge and all, a good, sound—kissing. Afterthought: if Fido decides to shake himself, all bets are off.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

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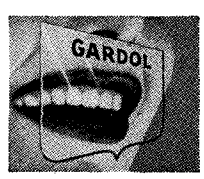

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

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WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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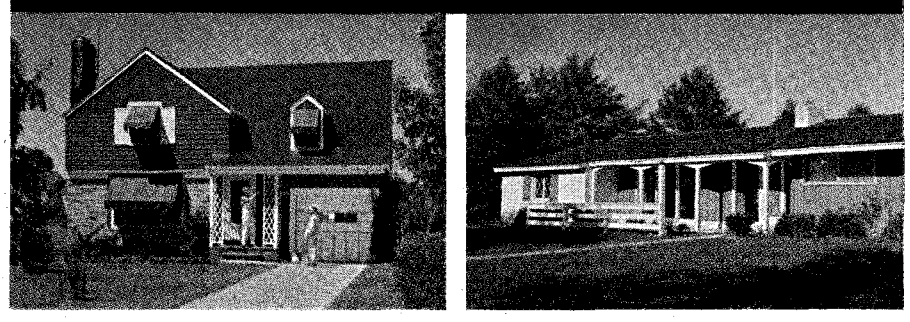
Sherwin-Williams House Paint...

stretches the years between painting

right paint for every type of surface



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Sherwin-Williams House Paint, famous for its quality for over 89 years, is now better than ever! New developments by our research chemists and laboratory technicians have improved this wonderful paint to bring you the greatest value yet for your painting dollar.

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FREE! The beautiful 44-page "Home Decorator" book for 1957, filled with facts about painting. At your dealer, or write The Sherwin-Williams Co., 1218 Midland Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
HOUSE PAINT

Letters

Ruth Lyons: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations and thanks so very much for the lovely article you wrote on Ruth Lyons [THE LADY LAYS DOWN THE LAW, April 6]. . . .

I consider myself one of her devoted fans, as I've also instructed friends and family not to call or bother me between 12 noon and 1:30 P.M. every day. Our new baby will also be a fan of Miss Lyons', as every day she gets her cereal in front of our TV set.

MRS. STEWART LIPP
Troy, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Maxwell might think "The Lady Lays Down the Law" like a dictator.

But I'm sure we steady viewers . . . will *never* agree that we're *dictated to!*

MRS. VIRGINIA NEWBURN
Batavia, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

After watching her show a few times, I came to the conclusion that no one could possibly stand her idiotic jabber, but evidently I was very, very wrong.

HERBERT K. HEGER
Socorro, N. M.

Dear Sirs:

After reading the article on Ruth Lyons, I realized that another advantage of living in California is that it's 2000 miles from Cincinnati.

RAYMOND C. CORBETT
Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading Jim Maxwell's yarn about our local television phenomenon, Ruth Lyons. Maxwell failed to mention that "The Gabby One" is quite as unpopular with us Cincinnati husbands

as she is popular with our wives, very possibly because she personifies the loud, brassy type female which most of us (Thank Goodness!) didn't marry. The picture of Miss Lyons making her presence felt before a meek-looking Board of Directors clearly illustrates a case of the tail wagging the dog. It is apparent that W-L-W stands for "*W*hat *L*yons *W*ants."

ART MORAN
Cincinnati, Ohio

For Heroes

Dear Sirs:

My friends and I were deeply moved by Joseph Auslander's magnificent poem, MEMO TO THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS in your March 30th issue.

ANNE ELBAUM
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

There seems to be a subtle rebuke to the free world, which failed to act in behalf of those so desperately fighting for freedom. . . .

May Almighty God have mercy on the free peoples of the world, if events in

PICTURE BY DOUGLASS CROCKWELL

Hungary fail to show us the cruel, ruthless, completely inhuman nature of our avowed enemy.

C. E. PENNELL
Lewisville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Auslander . . . mentioned debate and condemnation, and it made me wonder if, under the same circumstances, our ancestors in this country would have let something like this happen.

MRS. DONNA SHELHAMER
Dunellen, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Auslander's poem is brilliant . . . and the ring of its truthfulness heartbreaking but timely.

KAY CONSTANTINE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Joseph Auslander . . . has the surgical skill to probe deeply and accurately into the open wounds and festering sores that tyrants create. His In Memoriam, honoring World War Two Dead . . . is a masterpiece. The Hungarian Memo is no less so.

W. B. HUMPHRIES
Dallas, Texas

Hate Us? Love Us?

Dear Sirs:

Author Ernest O. Hauser seems distressed (IS FRANCE STILL OUR ALLY? April 6) by France's opinion of the United States.

I have news for Mr. Hauser: France hasn't been our ally for a long time. It is true we were on the same side in two wars. But don't forget Russia was on our side in the last war, too. . . .

Since the French are in a mood for returning medals, etc., they can return the $9,000,000,000 any time. I can use some of it. You see, we pay our taxes here or are thrown in the clink.

BURTON G. FORD
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for a splendid Post article.

It is invigorating to see that there is still an element in our country who can understand (Continued on Page 6)

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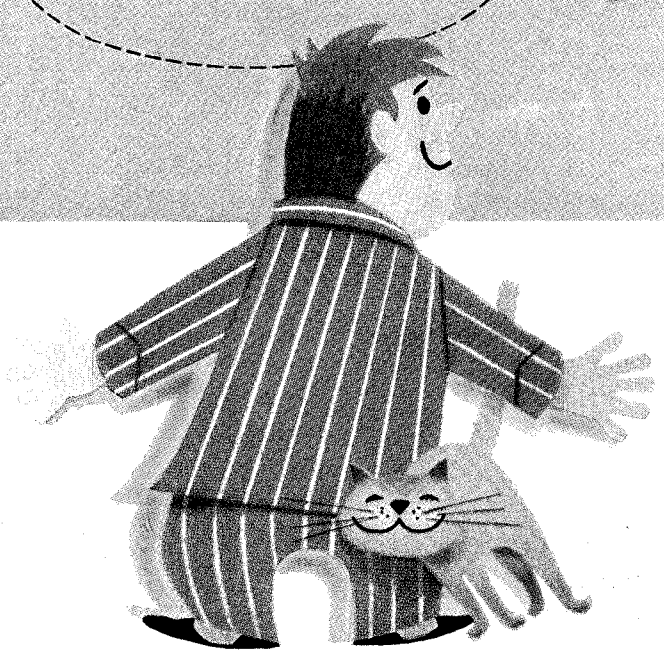
Who put the new
EXCITEMENT
IN CATSUP ?



Del Monte® chefs did ... with pineapple distilled vinegar !

How full of tomato flavor can a catsup be? Depends on the vinegar that's used for blending! And DEL MONTE is the Catsup made with pineapple distilled vinegar...the exciting vinegar that awakens every last bit of flavor in the finest ripe tomatoes, and in tangy spices, too. That's why DEL MONTE Brand Catsup has the livelier flavor you want! Try it!

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IF IT'S *New* IT'S NUNN-BUSH

Style 458
Kenwood Last
Tan Calf and
Genuine White Buck

from $18.95

Style 435
Dover Last
Brown Calf and
Tan Coolknit Nylon

You'll Have a Better Summer
in Scant-Whites or *Cool*knits

Lightweight *summercool* shoes are a requisite to one's self-assurance and enjoyment. *Ankle-Fashioning* is a requisite to superior comfort and performance of summercool shoes. You buy sports styles for good looks. Why not get shoes made to *stay smart* longer?

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

NUNN BUSH
First in Quality!
ANKLE FASHIONED SHOES

Style 423
Trenton Last
Brown Calf and
Tan Coolknit Nylon

Makers of Edgerton Shoes for Men from $11.95

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

and sympathize with an old and still faithful ally. . . .

Mr. Hauser has vividly portrayed the results of a decaying American foreign policy and the damaging, absurd philanderings of Mr. Dulles.

CHARLOTTE FLEURY
N. Smithfield, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . neglects to face the hard fact that the French questions are legitimate and difficult to answer.

Perhaps one needs a sense of history rather than a blind adherence to the delusion that American politics are on a higher moral plane than anyone else's, to understand the French point of view. . . .

The French speak the literal truth when they state that many French families have been in Algeria longer than the Texans have been in Texas, so let us take a less narrow and hidebound view, and trust that this country will live up to its new responsibilities. If she does not, Russia will.

L. E. SHIPLEY
Columbus, Ohio

Pink Daze

Dear Sirs:

Orchids to Lenor and Kenneth Brimmer . . . for their story FIRST BABY in the Post for March 23. I am an old wife and mother with four grown-up children, and three of them boys.

Reading Laura's story brought the thrill of pink baby clothes back to me. In fact, the air around me was so thick with nostalgia . . . that my eyes were dewy.

A very, very nice story to come across in the hopped-up world we live in today.

MRS. MURIEL HYZER
Pittsfield, Vt.

Tax Bite

Dear Sirs:

In Craig Thompson's article, "BRING ALL YOUR CANCELED CHECKS . . ." (April 6 Post) I have come across an appalling statement. The author says the district revenue office questioned a taxpayer's return because that individual, out of a $3180 annual income, listed $295 contributed to church and charity. . . .

He should have that much and more to give to his church. For his tithe, which thousands of church people in this country do pay to the church as a matter of course, would have been $318. If that is enough to call a tax return to the suspicious attention of the investigators, then it is a terrible commentary on American life.

MRS. W. E. ROWE
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I am forced to write you in hearty commendation of Craig Thompson's article. . . . It is fair and truthful in every respect and he evidently knows his subject.

I am a retired Internal Revenue Agent and proud I am of the Service.

HERBERT A. JONES
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article. . . . In spite of all the popular misconceptions about our organization, your story was very accurately written. . . .

I hope the taxpaying public is now convinced that we [tax collectors] do not work on commission. This is a favorite question and they still aren't convinced when we tell them the truth.

If we could only educate our fellow-Americans that we were only interested in assessing and collecting the *correct* tax—no more or no less—our job would be 50% easier.

HARLAND C. DAVIS
Augusta, Me.

Dear Sirs:

This article is just another episode in the line of scare propaganda that spouts from the Internal Revenue Service. Your Mr. Whiskers is not the pure devoted little angel portrayed in the lamb's-wool robe. In real life, he is more often than not a sly, cunning, conniving rascal, hell bent on making his quota.

FRED T. ODELL
Rosalia, Wash.

Lives Saved Here

Dear Sirs:

In regard to THIS PLACE CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE [by Alice Lake] in the March 30, 1957, issue, I can only say—true, true, true. Sounded so familiar to me, it could easily have been written about our Recovery Room. Perhaps some of our future visitors, waiting for their loved ones to be returned to their rooms after an operation, will now be a little less apprehensive and much more comforted, thanks to your excellent and truthful article.

MRS. DORIS FRKONJA, R.N.
Meadville, Pa.

Integration

Dear Sirs:

My attention has just been called to a paragraph in your editorial in the April 6th edition under the heading SOME "INTEGRATION" PLANS PROMISE LITTLE PEACE AND HARMONY.

May I say there is no basis to the story that Negro children are being transported by bus to schools in other parts of the city which are predominantly white. It is unfortunate that this false statement is being given such wide publicity.

WILLIAM JANSEN
Superintendent of Schools
New York, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Douglass Crockwell. • 25, 26–Ken Riley. • 27–Black Star. • 28, 29–Arthur Bonner. 30, 31–Stan Galli. • 32–Bill Shrout. • 33–Larry Fried, three by Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Walter Skor. • 36–Bernard D'Andrea. • 38–Hans Knopf. • 39–Globe, C. B. S., Gilloon, Stan Wayman (Rapho-Guillumette). • 40, 41–Fred Ragsdale. • 42–Wide World. 43–Robert Meyers. • 44, 45–Eugene Kammerman. • 46, 47–R. G. Harris. • 48–Fran Byrne from Chicago Daily News, Chicago Daily News. • 49–Two from Chicago Daily News; Harry Saltzman. • 52–Earl Mayan. • 114–Arthur Bonner. • 119–Globe. 124–United Press. • 132–Eugene Kammerman. • 160–Virginia Martin, Rex Roberts, anonymous, State Department.

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PROVED NEW TIRE REMOVES FEAR OF MIDNIGHT PUNCTURES!

Proved—not even the slashing cuts from knives thrown by "Tex" Allen, famous circus performer, could make the Seiberling Sealed-Aire Tire lose air! Competitive puncture-sealing tires went flat during this test.

A new Seiberling tubeless tire invention, "bulkhead" construction, gives the Sealed-Aire positive puncture-protection. The Seiberling Sealed-Aire tubeless tire has the proven ability to seal gashes and punctures of dangerous size as well as offer protection against ordinary nail holes. The Sealed-Aire removes fear of midnight flats.

For a truly wise investment in safety, see your Seiberling Dealer for safer Sealed-Aire Tires.

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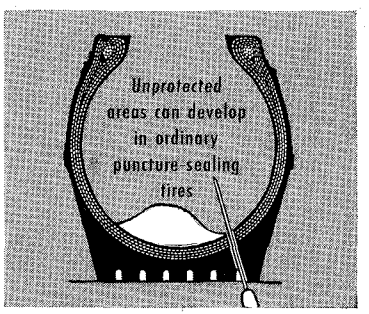
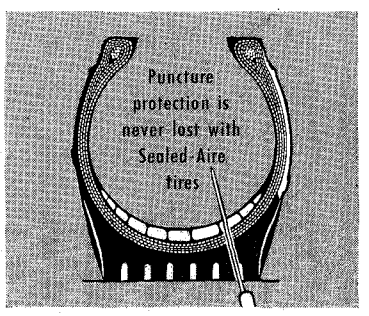
SEALED-AIRE NYLON TIRE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE!



Nothing holds the soft sealing-gum in place. Tire heat and centrifugal force can cause the gum to slide and lump up. Result: Loss of both puncture-protection and tire balance.



"Bulkheads" in Sealed-Aire tires keep the soft sealing-gum in protective position across the full tread width. Result: Lifetime puncture-protection and lifetime balance.

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It likes to flex those big new muscles!

The Sweet, Smooth and Sassy '57 Chevrolet . . .

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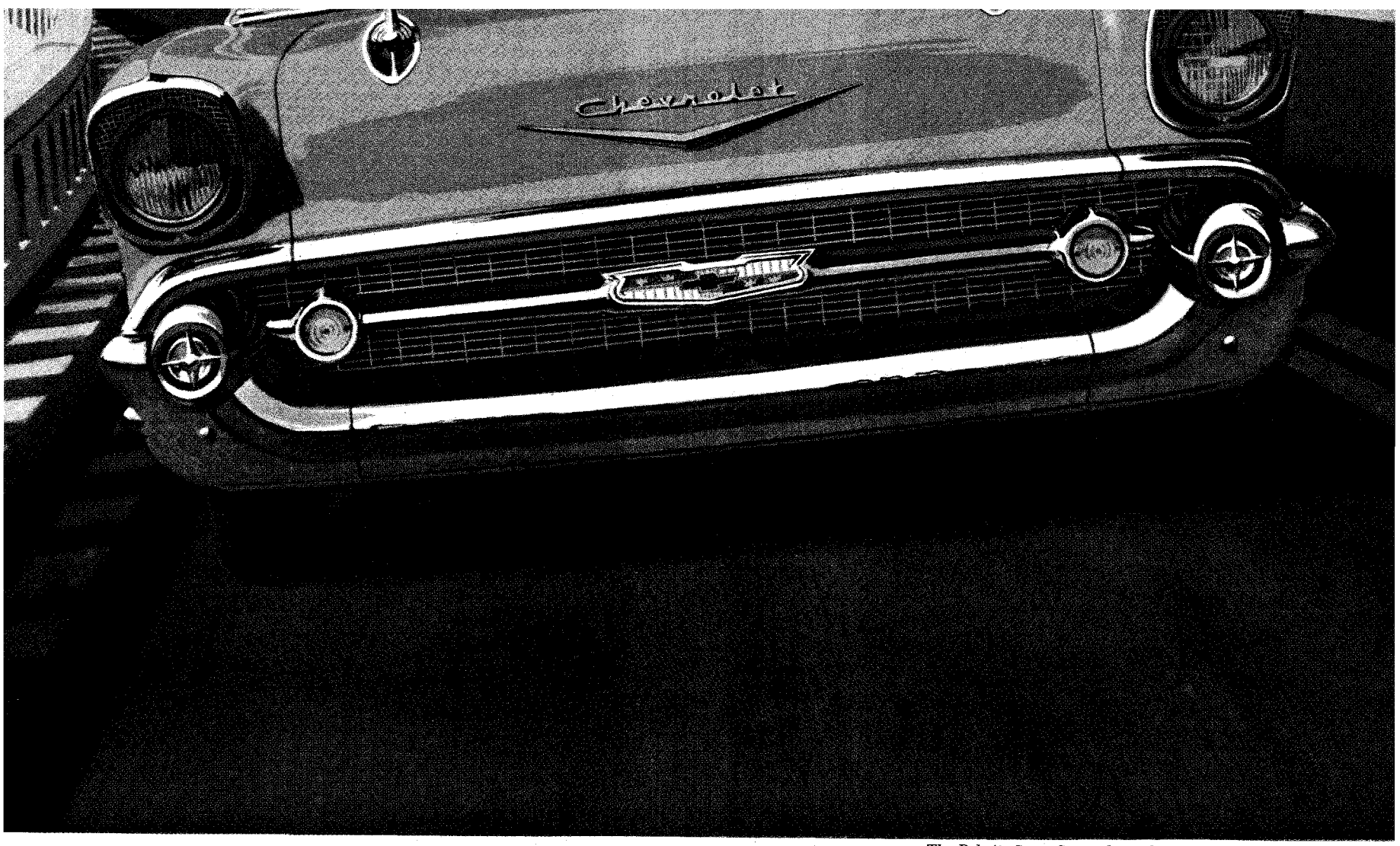

The Bel Air Sport Coupe shows the solid quality of its Body by Fisher

New muscles under the hood—with a choice of *five* precision-balanced new powerplants—to move you along in eager and effortless smoothness. New muscles to grip the road even more tightly and lay into the curves even more solidly. New muscles to give you a new lift in driving!

Here's a car designed to put the sparkle back into driving, a car that gives you that glad-to-be-alive feeling the moment you nudge the throttle! Part of the pleasure is performance—and part is the wonderful sense of security that comes from Chevy's superb road-holding and precision control.

How do you like to drive? There's a Chevy combination to suit every motoring mood, from the thrifty Six to the terrific Corvette V8, from the sports car *close-ratio* stick shift to the free-flight feeling of either of Chevrolet's two automatic drives.* Whenever the miles seem dull and motoring a chore, remember this: There's a sure cure just as close as your nearest Chevrolet dealer! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

1 USA
'57 CHEVROLET

**Corvette engine, close-ratio transmission, Powerglide and Turboglide automatic transmissions—optional at extra cost.*

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Editorials

Africa is a Continent in a Hurry to Catch Up

The awakening of Africa is one of the startling facts of our age. Africa is a continent in a hurry. About one third of its black or brown people have won national freedom. They live in eight independent countries with native African governments, and soon the number of these will be larger. Along with independence, Africans want higher living standards, education, health and the general benefits of modern life.

What does this mean to the United States? If we act wisely, we have a precious opportunity to strengthen our defenses and thus prevent a third world war. But if we are shortsighted and faltering, the rulers of world Communism may find in Africa the power they need to destroy us.

That is one reason why President Eisenhower sent Vice President Nixon on his recent tour. Africa in a few years may hold the world balance of power. The Western world needs its strategic materials and also a number of military bases. "Africa," says Nixon, "is a major target of the international Communist movement, because of the continent's resources and its two hundred million people."

Twenty years ago British officials on the Gold Coast and in Nigeria were sure that those colonies could not become independent within the next two hundred years. But resolute Africans changed the situation, and within a decade there were strikes, boycotts of imported goods, and riots.

The British faced the facts. They decided to begin training the natives quickly for independence. Lord Milverton, former governor of Nigeria, said a couple of years ago, "Whether Africans are ready or not for self-government, whether independence is reasonable or not, has become irrelevant. Africa is in a hurry and in no mood to wait."

Africa has hurried further since Lord Milverton spoke. Recently one of the great events in the continent's history took place when, for the first time, a Negro colonial territory became independent. The Gold Coast colony merged with the adjoining protectorate of Togoland, under the ancient name of Ghana. And at once it voluntarily entered the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Next to independence, what Africans seek most is industrialization. Some of their dreams are extravagant. African industry must walk before it can run. It cannot soon have great factories with Detroit assembly lines pouring out automobiles and refrigerators. Yet it can make steady progress into the Machine Age. It is now our task to show that we are a sympathetic and practical friend. We can become better customers of African products.

There are vast problems ahead. One concerns the white settlers in various parts of the continent. They are anxious to stay in Africa, holding on to their businesses and their highly paid jobs, and passing on their privileges to their sons and grandsons. To this problem there is no easy answer.

The United States will have to follow a country-by-country policy in Africa. We cannot have a pat formula for the whole continent. We must convince them all that we are friendly, that we are not trying to be the boss, that we are not callously exploiting them to coin profits, that, while we favor progress through private investment and enterprise, and hope they will agree with us, we want all to take their places as free countries.

In USSR, the Soviet House Organ, Slave Camps Aren't News

The new Soviet propaganda approach to the American public is exemplified in the beautifully illustrated English-language monthly entitled USSR, published by the Soviet Government and sold by American news dealers. In return for the right to sell USSR here, our Government is privileged to distribute a Russian-language magazine in Russia.

Ostensibly the one purpose of USSR is to acquaint Americans with the Soviet Union. Every article, every picture, every statistic has been chosen to serve Moscow's ends. One recurring theme is Soviet achievement in every area of life. The history of the Soviet Union is represented as a success story from start to finish, with never a hint of failure or oppressive measures. Russian cities have fine buildings, broad streets, attractive parks, but no slums. People are always well dressed. Old, kerchiefed peasant women appear only in a Moscow church. Markets overflow with food and flowers. City apartments are represented as strictly modern. In one, two women are shown preparing breakfast from plentiful stocks of food. One item called for a dozen eggs!

Another theme concerns visiting American scientists and specialists. Moscow welcomes them, wants more of them. Science, says USSR, knows no frontiers. Soviet scientists receive requests from American scientific institutions for information, and "all such requests are, of course, complied with." There is no mention of the help Soviet science has received from us—voluntarily or by espionage!

Still another recurring subject is Soviet "willingness to trade with all countries." The Soviet Union is all for helping others. In fact, in 1956 it made "long-term loans amounting to more than 21 billion rubles to various countries on very favorable conditions," and "is helping to construct more than 500 factories and plants in Burma, India, Afghanistan, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria." So, says Moscow, the United States is not the only country that can bolster the economy of the depressed peoples. It does not explain the onerous conditions imposed by the Kremlin on those who accept its "help."

What does all this add up to? The aim is presumably to down the anti-Soviet attitude of the average American by convincing him that Soviet power is so colossal that it is safer to go along with Moscow than to oppose it. In other words, USSR is busy trying to promote the same old aggressive Soviet foreign policy in four colors.

For Most Mothers It's "Mother's Day" All the Year Round

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

Sunday is Mother's Day. For days there has been a run on flowers, candy and other gifts, and millions of telephone calls, telegrams and greeting cards will crisscross the entire nation. Kids at home will make special efforts to be thoughtful and considerate, and sons and daughters who are away on their own will make long journeys, if necessary, to get back to the old home and pay their loving respects to the actual "first lady" in their lives.

The real heart of the matter, however, is that "every day is mother's day," and she usually observes it in her own less glamorous way: by washing and ironing, cooking and sewing, dusting and cleaning, waxing and polishing, shopping, planning, economizing, tending the furnace and the babies, worrying about her teen-agers, teaching the kids their manners, and generally encouraging, exhorting and living for all her family. A great many mothers whose children are in school have also managed to take on part-time jobs, so that time won't hang heavy on their hands.

Apart from these routine aspects of the average mother's day, she has her own "memorable occasions" which aren't celebrated nationally, but always remain in the calendar of her memory: the first time she looks at her first little one in the hospital; the day any of the kids take those first wavering steps on their own two legs; the day they actually begin to talk; the day they start off bravely, spick and span, for the first grade, and then have their first date, and graduate, and get engaged and marry and have kids of their own.

All sons and daughters—and husbands, of course—gladly and happily celebrate official Mother's Day, maybe serve her breakfast in bed, buy her presents, and go to a lot of trouble to get home if they can, or send messages. Just the same, it wouldn't hurt any of us to keep in mind that in a different sense "every day is mother's day"—and one of the wonderful things about her is that she wouldn't have it different.

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hitch your wagon to a holiday

...go with an Evinrude in tow!

Where to this week end . . . a placid pine-fringed lake? A river hidden in the hills? Down to the sparkling sea? You name it . . . and it's yours!

Join the thousands who go with an Evinrude in tow! One look at the new '57 Evinrudes will tell you why there's *more* fun ahead with an Evinrude behind.

First, they're beauties to behold . . . brilliantly styled to complement the smartest craft. Next, they're power-packed for great performance. Two new "18's" and three new "35's" with new high-compression engines that deliver solid big-load driving power. New 12-volt electric starting or easy manual starting. New fuel economy that extends your cruising range. New high capacity generator (optional). Wonderfully smooth, *whisper quiet* power that wins you a welcome wherever you go!

Name your fun . . . fishing, cruising, skiing, or just plain boating . . . there's an Evinrude to match it with today's most advanced features.

Why let another week end slip away?

See your Evinrude dealer today. Ask him for a "Revelation Ride." Catalog free.
EVINRUDE MOTORS,
4452 North 27th Street,
Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

Find Your Nearest Dealer in the 'Yellow Pages'

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation
In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

Evinrude

quiet outboard motors

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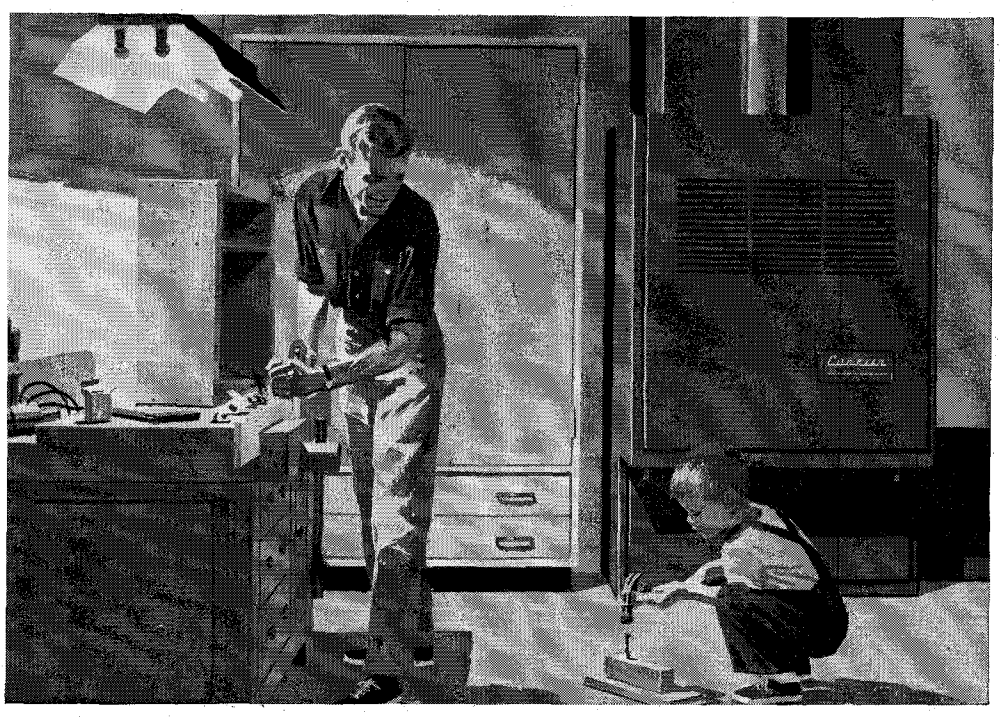
BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY — EVERYWHERE

Carrier

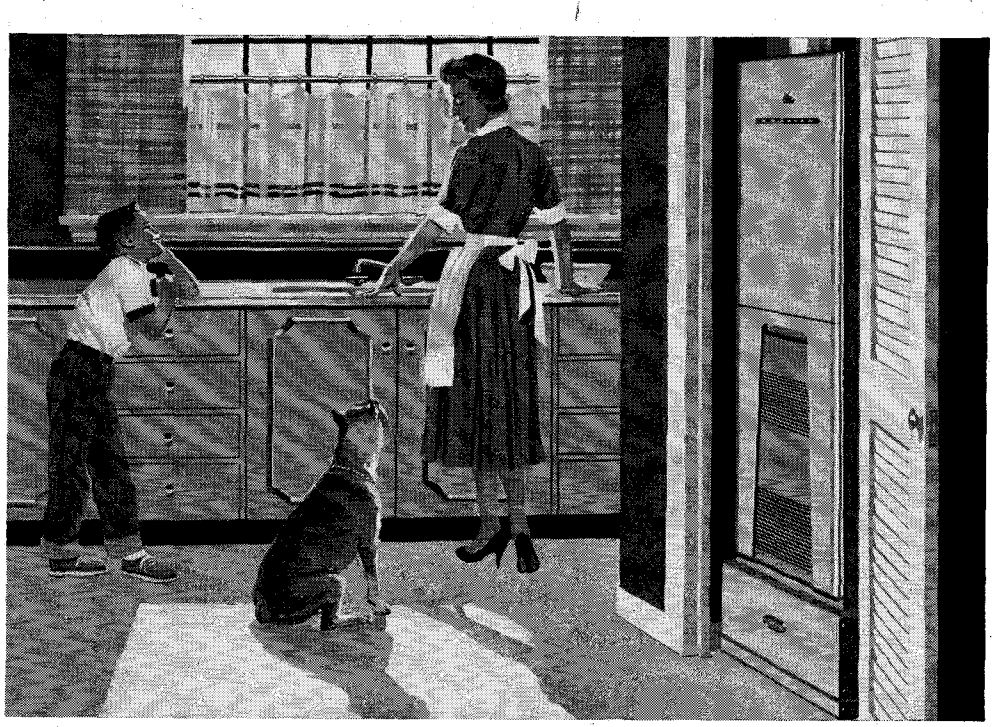
Which is the best way to air condition the house you live in?

That depends on your house. The kind of heating you have, the age of your furnace and where it is located can make big differences. To make sure of the best way to air condition your house, talk to the Carrier dealer in your community. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many ways are shown.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call the Carrier dealer listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.



Do you have an old gravity furnace? Replace it with a Carrier Year-round Weathermaker* that cools as well as heats. So clean and compact it will give you a livable new room in the basement.

Do you heat with steam or hot water? This Carrier Summer Weathermaker operates independently of your heating system, will cool the entire house. Has its own simple ductwork, fan and filter.



Do you have a good forced air furnace? Add a Carrier Summer Weathermaker to your present furnace and existing ducts, fan and filter will handle cooling as well as heating. You save a pretty penny!

What if you don't have central heat? Put in a Carrier Winter Weathermaker now. Because it is the "Furnace with a Future," you can add summer cooling easily and economically at a later date.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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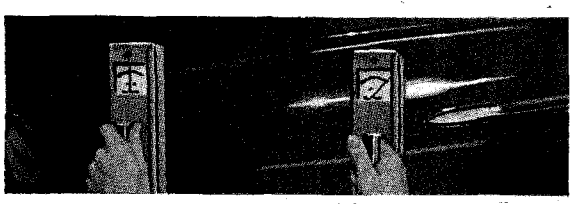
COLOR ENRICHING

Du Pont No "7" Polish gives new color brilliance to your car! Faster, easier!

It cleans bright as new . . . makes colors rich as new—it's from Du Pont, *maker* of new car colors!

Just spread on color-enriching Du Pont No. "7" Polish, wipe it off—and see colors sparkle with all the brilliance they were *made* to have. This color-enriching formula is exclusive with Du Pont. Try it and you'll know that only the leading maker of new car colors could develop a polish that brings *your* car colors to life so quickly and easily!

Get color-enriching Du Pont No. "7" Polish wherever auto supplies are sold—regular or new economy size.



GLOSSMETER PROVES IT—Color-enriching Du Pont No. "7" Polish restored this dull, weather-worn finish from a low gloss of 51 to a rich gloss of 99—equal to new car color brilliance.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NEW ECONOMY SIZE SAVES YOU 50¢

PINT—$1.25

QUART—$2.00

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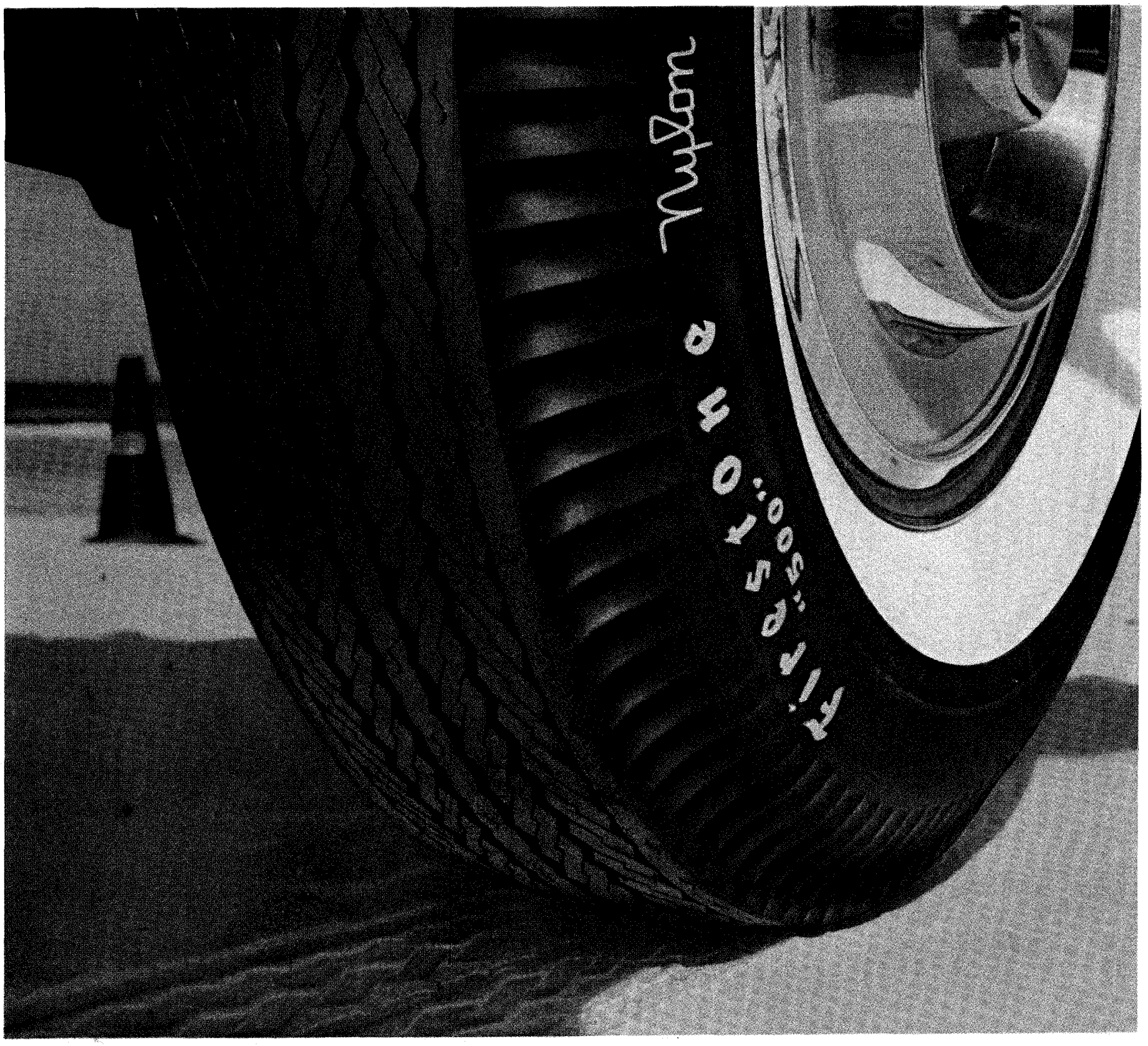

20 Daytona stock car winners...

Stock cars, sports cars, experimental cars—more than 300 battled in NASCAR's great Panorama of Performance. Every make of tire was eligible but Firestones were the overwhelming choice of the winners!*

You have to have a whopping big edge to win a vote of confidence like this . . . because the annual Safety and Performance Weeks at Daytona Beach, Florida, attract all the hot cars and all the hot drivers.

There are veteran race drivers, top-ranking mechanics, skilled amateurs, sports car champions, factory teams. There's every type of competition—straightaway speed runs on the beach, sports car racing, acceleration runs, three major closed course races on the rugged 4.1-mile NASCAR track.

There's a lot of argument about which is th best car. But there's no argument abo which is the best tire. That's Firestone, f sure! Thirteen new Daytona stock car recor were set on Firestones, at speeds ranging u to 166.9 m.p.h. The team winners of the a important Manufacturers' Trophy were o on Firestones.

Firestones are first choice with expert driver professional drivers, for one reason: The know that no other maker can equal Fir stone's decades of experience with high-pe

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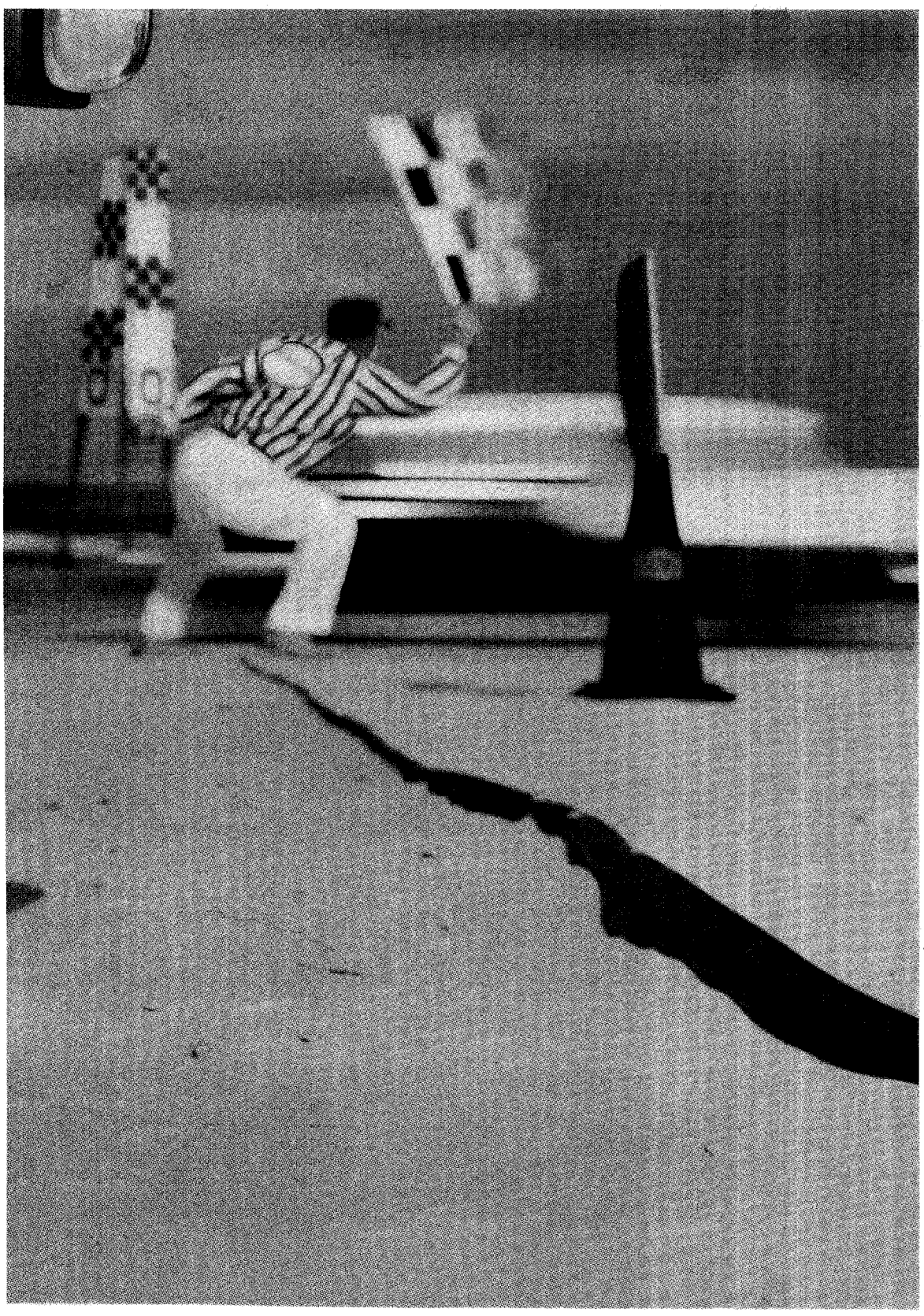

From lessons only Firestone has learned on the sands of Daytona, and on every other competitive speed, endurance and safety run in America, comes a new kind of super-strong tire to give you a new kind of superhighway safety.

New Firestone Nylon "500"

WITH NUCLEAR-CONTROLLED NYLON CORD BODY

Right now a new kind of safety can be yours for all your driving, whether it's on a cross-country trip at a superhighway pace, or on a supermarket errand in downtown traffic. It's yours in a great new tire—the Firestone Nylon "500."

To make the Firestone Nylon "500" for your car, Firestone engineers started with a cooler-running rubber compound, especially made to take the tire-torturing heat that's part and parcel of today's superhighway speeds. To that they added the super-strength of nylon, formed into cord plies so uniformly sized for strength and durability that it took Firestone's five-way nuclear-control process to do it.

So see your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store about safety-trading your present tires for the smart-looking new Firestone Nylon "500." Or ask for them on your new car. They're the best safety bargain you can buy! Convenient terms—your present tires will make the down payment.

'57 rolled on Firestones!

ormance tires—that Firestone has accum-ılated a knowledge and technique of tire ouilding that is incorporated in every tire t builds. That's why they *pay full price* to un on Firestones. In short, Firestone builds n the "peace of mind" that is absolutely ssential to the high-speed driver—and vital o the family driver on today's modern high-vays. When it costs no more, why shouldn't *ou* have the best?

National Association for Stock Cars

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

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It's here
and from FORD...
The Miracle Car
of this generation!

The SKYLINER...World's Onl

From steel top sedan to open convertible in less than a minute!

Here is the car the motoring public has long dreamed about . . . the world's only Hide-Away hardtop. And Ford, creator of the classic Thunderbird and mass-produced V-8 power, has built it!

One minute the "Skyliner" is a snug, all-weather hardtop, as safe as steel can make it . . . and with the dashing lines of a Victoria.

Touch the magic button and the Hide-Away roof vanishes into the rear deck . . . and you're sitting proudly in the smoothest, dreamiest convertible under the sun. What's more, the huge trunk not only tucks in the steel roof, but leaves ample room for luggage as well!

Best of all, this new wonder-car shares the same completely new "Inner Ford" features, the same years-ahead styling, the same Thunderbird V-8 action as *all* new Fords for '57. The new Ford "Skyliner" is ready to take *you* straight down the road to adventure!

It's the newest new kind of **FORD**

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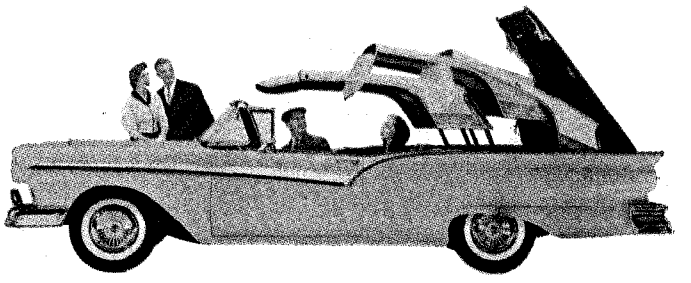
Touch a button... It's an open convertible



Touch a button... It's a steel hardtop

Hide-Away Hardtop!

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"Snowball Express": two crews—the relief crew is in the caboose—kept these big tractor trains running night and day between the railroad and Inco-Canada's new mines, slated to be one of the world's largest Nickel-producers by 1960.

Inco shows how 24 snow freighters run express to new Nickel mines in Manitoba

All winter long things were booming at Inco-Canada's great new Nickel project in that new land of opportunity, Northern Manitoba.

And here's how Inco-Canada kept the boom *supplied* even though its mining camps are still some thirty miles from the railroad (by next year, there'll be a new branch line right up to the mine head).

Mobilizes Snowlift

Night and day, twenty-four heavy-laden snow freighters shuttled express between the railroad and the project. Speeding in materials so there would be no delay in building the new mines, reduction plants, refinery, railroad, town, schools, hospital!

Each tractor train carried about 34 tons. Made two round trips a day. Stopped only to load and unload. Then whipped back for another trip: one of the 1000 that rushed in 34,000 tons of materials before winter's end.

This is how a Nickel mine is born . . .

This is how Inco-Canada leapfrogged winter to push work on the $175,000,000 Manitoba project —part of a program that will add over 100 million pounds a year to over-all Nickel output.

"Mining for Nickel", a 45-minute film in full color, shows graphically how such a mine is discovered, developed, expanded. Loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. Write Dept. 66F.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
New York 5, N.Y.

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INCO TRADE MARK **International Nickel**

The International Nickel Company, Inc., is the U. S. affiliate of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited (Inco-Canada) — producer of Inco Nickel, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals

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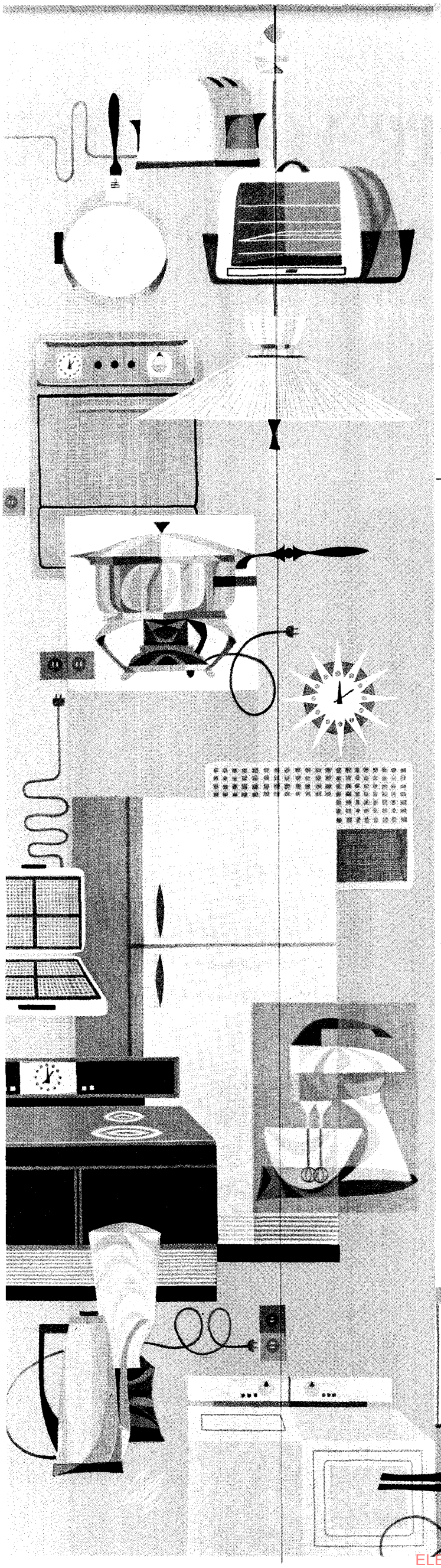


How does your kitchen rate on the electrical living scale?

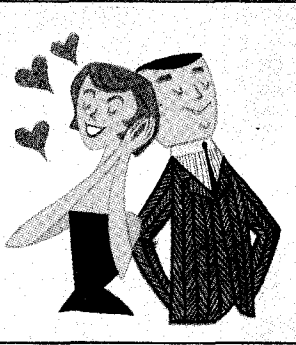
Is your kitchen really up-to-date? You may get some surprises, and some good ideas, too, when you check it on the Live Better Electrically "Kitchen Scale" below. There are so many wonderful new ways to put electricity to work in your kitchen today—tireless new electric servants that give you more time and energy for yourself and your family. Decide now which of these electrical work savers you need first. They're easier to buy than you may realize. See your local electrical dealer or utility for the pleasant details.

How many of these electric appliances do you own?	*Circle total here*
____ Dishwasher	24
____ Mixer	23
____ Electric Range	22
____ Juicer	21
____ Refrigerator-Freezer	20
____ Waste Disposer	19
____ Chafing Dish	18
____ Food Blender	17
____ Food Freezer	16
____ Skillet	15
____ Electric Clothes Dryer	14
____ Broiler-Rotisserie	13
____ Work-Surface Lighting	12
____ Air Conditioner	11
____ Toaster	10
____ Full HOUSEPOWER (Adequate Wiring)	9
____ Timer	8
____ Casserole	7
____ Automatic Washer	6
____ Counter-Top Cooking Unit	5
____ Food Slicer	4
____ Electric Water Heater	3
____ Deep-Fat Fryer	2
____ Electronic Oven	1
____ Bean Pot	
____ Enough Outlets	
____ Grill	
____ Roll Warmer	
____ Kettle	
____ Ventilating Fan	
____ Built-In Oven	
____ Coffee Maker	
____ Electric Pressure Cooker	

Here's how your kitchen rates!

Just wonderful!

You've arrived! Your kitchen works instead of you. Now you're really living better electrically!



Enjoyable!

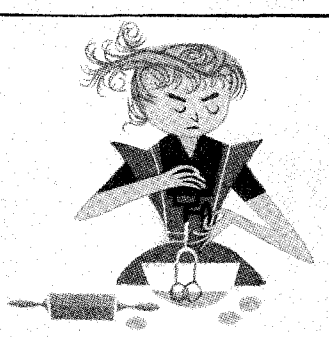
You're in clover with electricity doing so much of the work. But look what you're still missing.

Bearable!

You're still tied to those kitchen apron strings; but with more electrical aids, living is so much easier!

Roughing it!

So few appliances to help you. No wonder you're so tired when day's done!



FREE IDEA BOOK—hundreds of practical hints for making life pleasanter, easier. Ask for "Ideas to Help You Live Better . . . Electrically" at your local electric utility.

LIVE BETTER ...*Electrically*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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How to make sure your first

15 BIG REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD LOOK AT A REO!

If this is the year you've decided to buy a power mower . . . you may as well expect to be a little bit confused. After all, there are more than 200 different brands of power mowers, a number of them good ones. You'll see ads, you'll talk to dealers, you'll get conflicting advice from friends . . . and you'll wonder which mower to buy.

To help out, we've put together the facts on REO POWER MOWERS . . . what they'll do, how they do it . . . and what you can expect in performance and durability.

We've arranged the 15 most important facts in the order in which you'd probably discover them as you set out to mow your lawn. We've curbed our natural enthusiasm and stuck straight to engineering facts and test results. Not one claim is stretched.

Read as much or as little as you find helpful. And remember . . . it costs no more to be right the *first time!*

• • •

Special note to people who own power mowers now: If you plan to trade in your old mower . . . read this and see how many new things have been added to REO performance since you bought your last mower.

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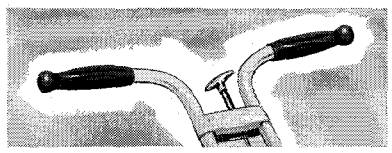
power mower is the right one

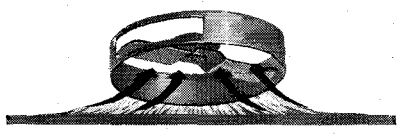
Compare REO's "BIG FIFTEEN" against any other mower... at any price!

1. You Don't Push . . . You Steer. REO POWER-TRIM drives itself. Rugged steel *chain drive* can't stretch or slip like belts or jam like gears. Never needs lubrication.



2. One Knob Control . . . an inch from your thumb. One knob does everything. Pull to go, push to stop, twist to speed up or slow down. Two mowing speeds: powerful low gear for tall weeds . . . walking speed for regular mowing.

3. Automatic Rewind Starter. New nylon non-twist cord outlasts steel cable two to one. "Instant Mist" carburetor vaporizes gas in cylinder ready for firing on first pull.

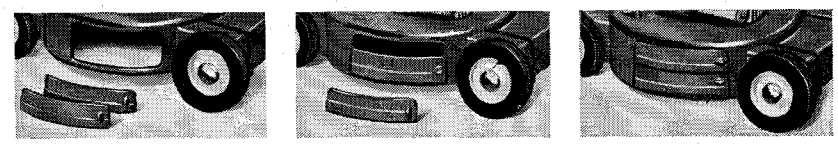


4. Forced Draft Suction System. The REO cutting blade is pitched like an electric fan blade. It is enclosed by a heavy ground-hugging pressed steel *circular* housing. Together, these create a surging updraft that lifts each grass spear straight up to be cut off at the same height. Mowers with open fronts or odd-shaped housings can't generate powerful suction . . . often leave lawns looking chewed-off, uneven.

5. REO cuts any grass that grows . . . in one clean sweep. Tall grass, broad-leaf weeds, tangled underbrush . . . REO POWER-TRIM handles 'em all. And if you like a beautifully barbered lawn . . . no other mower of any kind will give you a neater, smoother trimmed, swept-up look than REO.

6. Ultra-Sonic Muffler . . . cuts roar to purr. You don't have to wear earmuffs to enjoy cutting with a REO. You can hear normal conversation above the smooth purr of your REO.

7. Front Wheel Drive . . . free turning. Press handle down and you pivot on a dime. No torn turf as you go around corners. Handles easily as a baby stroller. Traction-tread tires on drive wheels are sure-footed even on damp grass, yet don't dig turf.



8. Exclusive REO Triple Duty Door adjusts to any cutting condition.

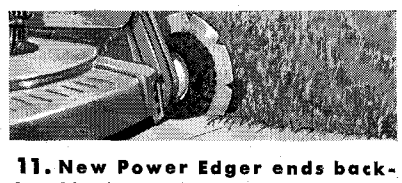
Wide-open for longest grass and weeds. No clogging. Cuttings are shot out, away from mower. No heavy clumps and clutter.

Top open for regularly mowed lawns. Clippings are spread so evenly you can hardly see them! No piled-up windrows to rake!

Closed for leaf mulching and for fine-mulching of grass. Tiny mulched particles sift down and into the lawn. No sweeping!

9. Finger-Touch Height Settings . . . no tools. You don't remove wheels, you don't guess at heights. *Outside* levers at each wheel change height at a touch. Adjustment slots end guesswork.

10. Mulches dry leaves powder-fine without attachment. Forced draft system holds leaves in cutting chamber longer . . . chops them finer. Most other mowers need special attachments for this job.



11. New Power Edger ends back-breaking hand edging. New edger attachment shears easily through matted turf that overgrows walks and driveways. Cuts a clean, true edge. Easy to attach. Optional at modest cost.

12. Forget Hand Trimming. REO inset wheels bring cutter blade up to ⅜ inch of walls, trees. Suction draws fringe grass into blade for cutting.

13. Exclusive REO Iron Block Engine built for cutting grass . . . nothing else! Standard on all de-luxe REO MOWERS. It is not a "stock" engine adapted or modified for mowers . . . but a 4-cycle engine designed from scratch for mowing only. Built in our own REO Engine Plant for REO Mowers exclusively. Iron Block outlasts, outperforms other metals. Heavy-duty bearings are replaceable.

14. Insulated On-Off Switch. No bare "short-out" contact as on many mowers. Safe, insulated positive-action switch turns engine on and off.

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Reo Power-Trim for '57 (big picture) comes in 21 and 18-inch models. Other REO ROTARIES at lower prices are hand propelled but have the basic performance advantages of the highest priced REO. Whatever you've decided to spend, a REO will give you more honest mowing service than any mower in its price class.

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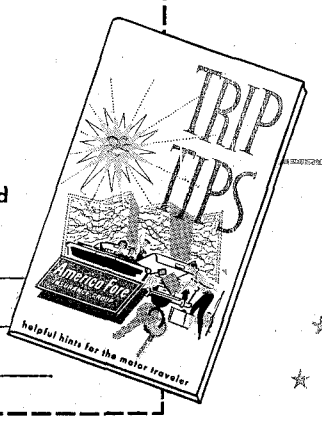

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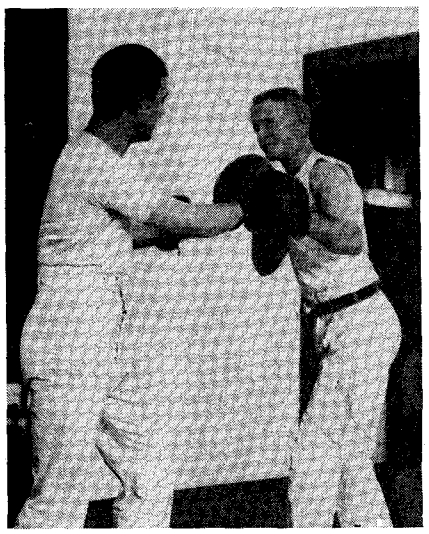
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

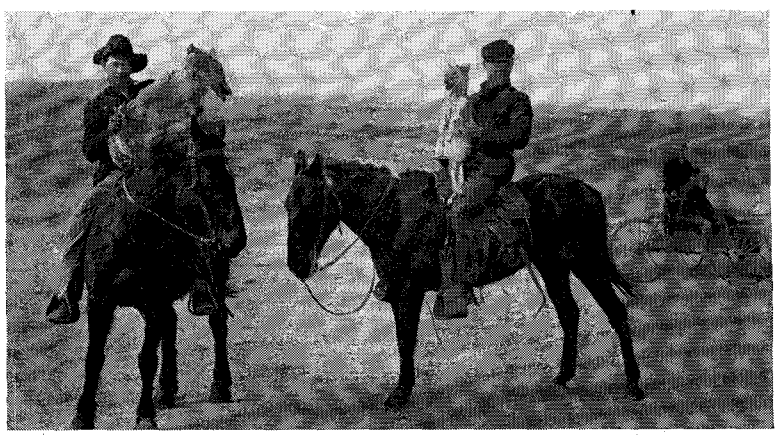
REMEMBER the first time you ever bought a Government bond? Until World War I, they were sold only to financiers. To popularize them, the Government bypassed banks and peddled Liberty bonds to the public. Here Emily Post, the etiquette expert, sells one at a New York City booth. She wasn't flustered—but she might have been. For the buyer is banker J. P. Morgan, biggest financier of all. He arranged loans of $1,550,000,000 to Britain and France by 1917, $1,700,000,000 more during 1918–26 to the Allies and to rebuild Germany.

MURRAY HILL



THE smiling Navy middy at right really packed a big wallop by World War II. As Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, he commanded in the Pacific the largest naval force in history. Here he spars with his Annapolis roommate of 1901–04, George V. Stewart. Both officers retired after World War II.

N. GUILD



REMEMBER how they literally "kept the wolf from the door" in the Midwest fifty years ago? Here's the finish of a Kansas wolf or coyote hunt of 1908. All men and boys big enough to carry a rifle or shotgun went out on them. On one memorable hunt near Manhattan, Kansas, they were joined by a distinguished big-game hunter, none other than Teddy Roosevelt.

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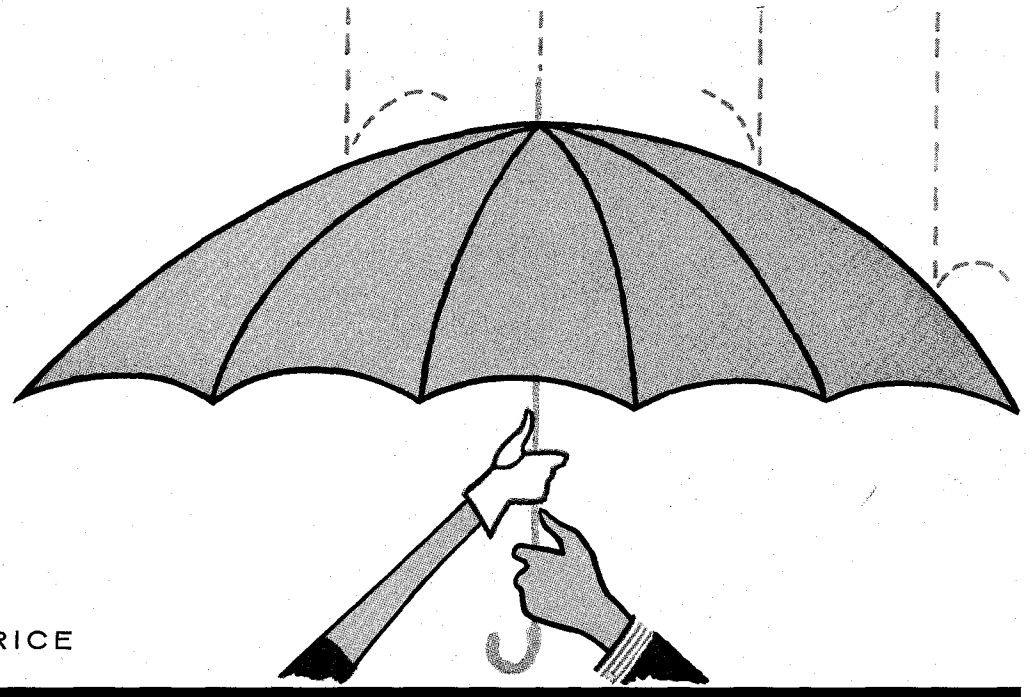

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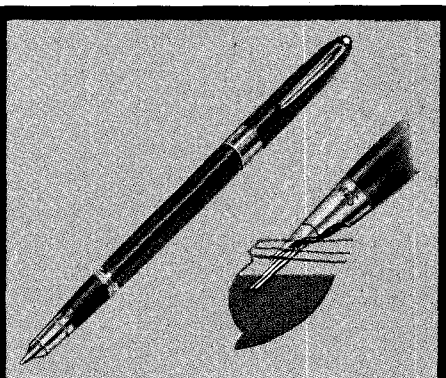

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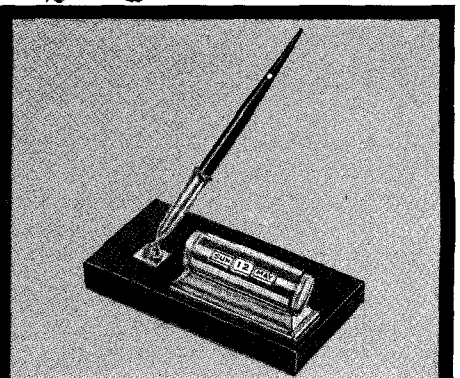

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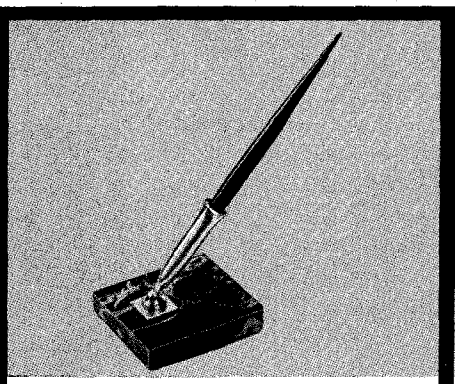

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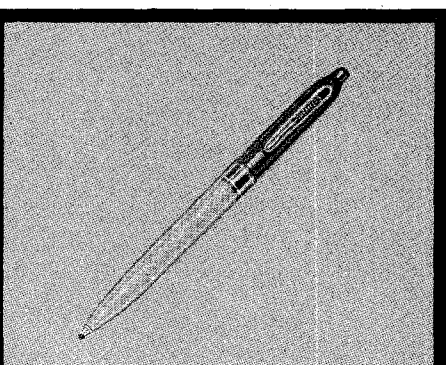

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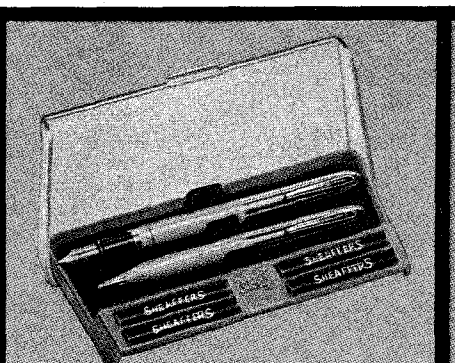

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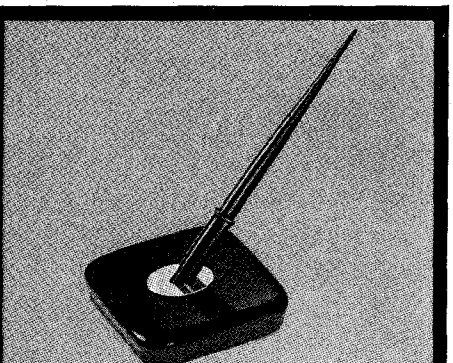

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"Are there guns behind those ports?" asked Hornblower. "Twelve-pounders, my lord," Sharpe replied.

One of fiction's most
celebrated personages returns to the
Post in an exciting
new three-part adventure . . .

Admiral Hornblower

By the famous English novelist

C. S. FORESTER

Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower, for all his proud appointment as commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels in the West Indies, paid his official visit to New Orleans in H. M. schooner Crab, mounting only two six-pounders and with a crew of no more than sixteen men, not counting supernumeraries.

His Britannic Majesty's consul general at New Orleans, Mr. Cloudesley Sharpe, remarked on the fact.

"I hardly expected to see your lordship in so diminutive a craft," he said, looking round him. He had driven down in his carriage to the pier against which Crab was lying, and had sent his liveried footman to the gangway to announce him, and it had been something of an anticlimax to be received by the trilling of the only two bos'n's calls that Crab could muster, and to find on the quarter-deck to receive him, besides the admiral and his flag lieutenant, a mere lieutenant in command.

"The exigencies of the service, sir," explained Hornblower. "But if I may lead the way below, I can offer you whatever hospitality this temporary flagship of mine affords."

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The troops had no opposition when they seized a piece of land along the coast of Texas.

Mr. Sharpe—surely there never was a name that accorded so ill with its possessor's figure, for he was a fat man, a mountain of puffy flesh—squeezed himself into a chair at the table in the pleasant little cabin, and replied to Hornblower's suggestion of breakfast with the statement that he had already broken his fast. He obviously had the gravest doubts as to the quality of any breakfast that could be served in this little ship. Gerard, the flag lieutenant, made himself inconspicuous in a corner of the cabin, notebook on his knee, while Hornblower reopened the conversation.

"Phoebe was struck by lightning off Morant Cape," said Hornblower. "She was the ship I had planned to come in. Clorinda was already in dock, refitting. And Roebuck's off Curaçao, keeping an eye on the Dutchmen—there's a brisk trade in arms with Venezuela at present."

"Well I know that," said Sharpe.

"Those are my three frigates," said Hornblower. "With the arrangements all made I judged it better to come in this schooner rather than not to come at all."

"How are the mighty fallen!" was Mr. Sharpe's comment. "Your lordship, a commander in chief, with no more than three frigates and half a dozen sloops and schooners."

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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"Fourteen sloops and schooners, sir," corrected Hornblower. "They are very desirable craft for the duties I have to perform."

"No doubt, my lord," said Sharpe. "But I can remember the days when the commander in chief on the West India Station disposed of a squadron of ships of the line."

"That was in time of war, sir," explained Hornblower, recalling the oral comments of the First Sea Lord in the interview when he had been offered this command. "The House of Commons would sooner allow the Royal Navy to rot at its moorings than reimpose the income tax."

"At any rate, your lordship has arrived," said Sharpe. "Your lordship exchanged salutes with Fort St. Philip?"

"Gun for gun, as your dispatch informed me had been arranged."

"Excellent!" said Sharpe.

It had been a strange little formality; all hands on board Crab had lined the rail very properly during the salute, and the officers had stood at attention on the quarter-deck, but "all hands" amounted to very little with four men manning the saluting gun, and one at the signal halyards and one at the helm. It had poured with rain, too; Hornblower's glittering uniform had clung damply around him.

"Your lordship made use of the services of a steam tug?"

"Yes, by George!" exclaimed Hornblower.

"A remarkable experience for your lordship, apparently?"

"Indeed, yes," said Hornblower. "I ——"

He held himself back from giving utterance to all his thoughts on that subject; they would lead to too many exciting irrelevancies. But a steam tug had brought Crab against the hundred miles of current from the sea to New Orleans between dawn and dusk, arriving at the very minute the tug captain had predicted. And here was New Orleans, crowded not merely with ocean-going sailing ships but also with a fleet of long, narrow steamers, maneuvering out into the stream and against piers with a facility—thanks to their two paddle wheels—that even Crab with her handy fore-and-aft rig could not attempt to emulate. And with a thresh of those paddle wheels they would go flying upstream with a rapidity almost unbelievable.

"Steam has laid open a continent, my lord," said Sharpe, echoing Hornblower's thoughts. "A veritable empire. Thousands and thousands of miles of navigable waterways. The population of the Mississippi Valley will be counted in millions within a few years."

Continued on Page 89

Hornblower could see Cambroone seated between two pretty girls and obviously making himself pleasant to both of them.

A personal side light
on the relationship between a
legendary seafarer and
the man who created him:

HORNBLOWER AND I

By C. S. FORESTER

July, 1956.

This is quite an anniversary; twenty years ago I wrote the first words of the first Hornblower story. During those twenty years the relationship between Horatio and myself has been odd, unpredictable, fluctuating between estrangement and affection. We have said good-by to each other—and meant it—a dozen times at least. I ended the first novel about him without the smallest suspicion that there would be a sequel; I ended the sequel without the smallest suspicion that there would be a third volume. Those three volumes coalesced into a single one away back in 1939, and the public paid me the compliment of buying it in great numbers.

But by that time we had drifted apart. I wrote other novels, about other periods. 1939 was the year when rumors of war materialized into actual war, and for four years after that I was deeply preoccupied with work in which writing was only a means to an end, and not an end in itself. Hornblower was only a faint memory.

At the end of those four years something serious happened to me, but, fortunately, it was something not nearly so serious as I was frightened into believing it would be. My arteries decided to close down, narrowing themselves by the millimeter or so, which meant that I could not walk more than fifty yards without pain and could not walk a hundred yards at all. Well, that was thirteen years ago, and I have not walked more than a hundred yards at one time in all those thirteen years. My disability might be thought a serious

Continued on Page 141

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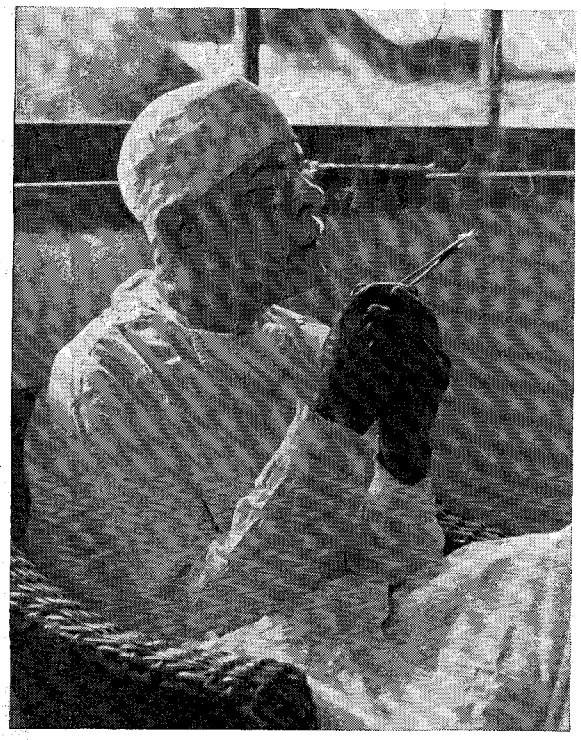
Seagrave comforts a patient recovering from surgery. Other doctors had considered her case hopeless. But the nurses prayed fervently and the operation was a success.

The Burma Surgeon Carries On

By Arthur Bonner Photographs by the Author



Relaxing between operations, Seagrave smokes constantly, using forceps to keep his rubber-gloved hands sterile.

On a remote frontier of the land where he became a wartime hero, Dr. Gordon Seagrave and his remarkable nurses have quietly become a living legend.

RANGOON.

When Lieutenant General Stilwell got what he called "a hell of a beating" in Burma early in 1942, and walked over the mountains and through the leech-infested jungles to India, a varied band tagged at his heels. There were officers and men of his headquarters unit, a Chinese general and his bodyguard, a group of British officers, three civilian refugees, a war correspondent, a Friends Ambulance Unit, and Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave and nineteen of his Burmese nurses.

Doctor Seagrave was an American who had spent his life as a medical missionary in remote parts of Burma. The story of the "Burma Surgeon" was told in hundreds of dispatches. Then attention moved to other battlefields. When Seagrave and his nurses marched back to Burma on the heels of the retreating Japanese, their return was hardly noticed.

Fame—especially fame born of war—is fickle. Recently, when Seagrave's name came up in a casual conversation in Rangoon, I had only a vague memory of those events so long ago. I did recall brief newspaper paragraphs which told some of his later story; how he had been arrested by the government of Burma in 1950 on charges of helping rebel forces, and how he later had been acquitted and released. To many Americans his arrest seemed an act of injustice.

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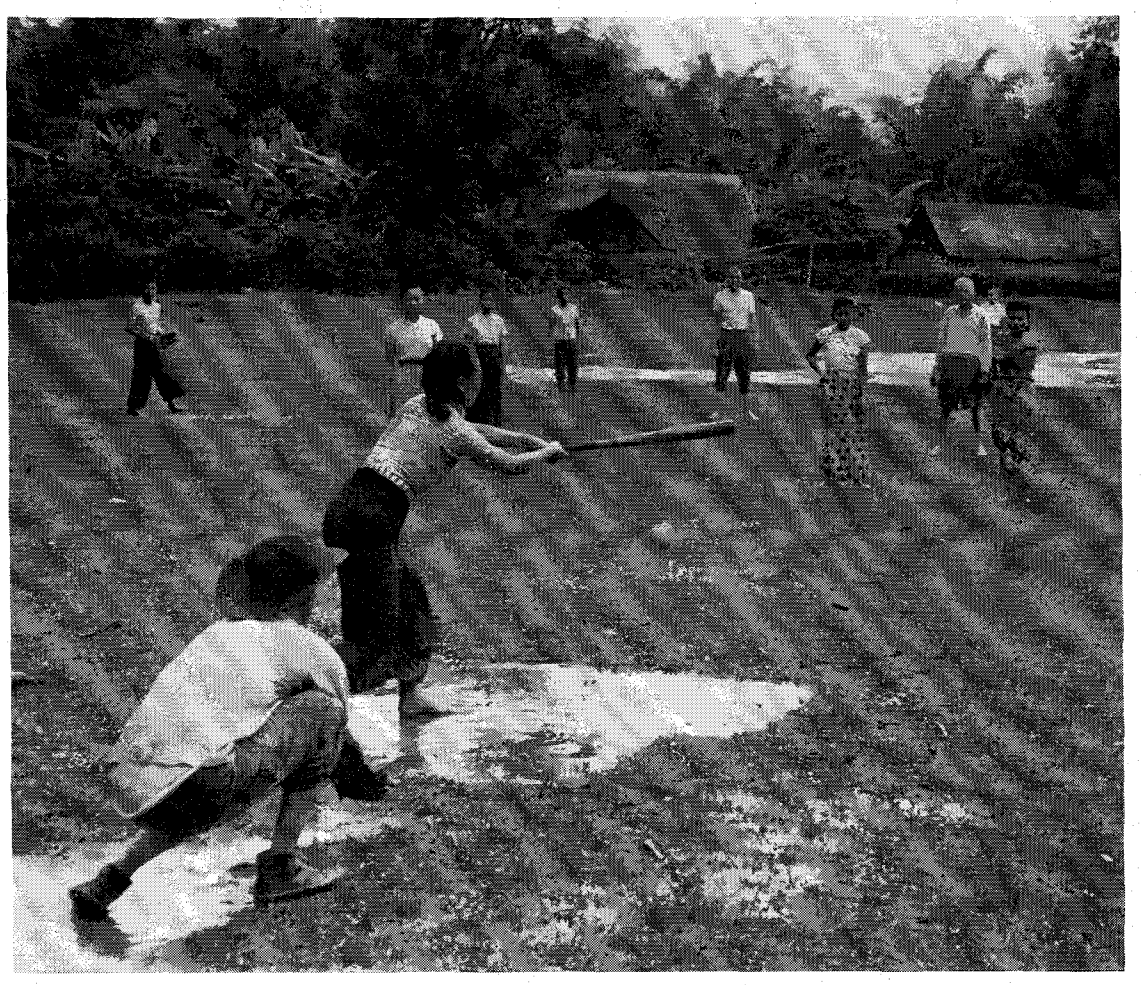
When I asked about Seagrave in Rangoon, people spoke of him with admiration and respect. What was he doing now? No one knew exactly, except that he was back again in Namhkam, on the border of Burma and Red China, running his hospital and training his nurses. Few people had actually visited him. Seagrave, it appeared, was a living legend. I was going upcountry anyhow, so I decided to make a side trip to Namhkam.

I arrived toward evening, when the sun was setting behind the mountains of China. Namhkam Hospital itself is not impressive, although its setting is lovely. The hospital buildings rest on the side of a hill overlooking the broad Shweli River valley which, when I was there, was carpeted by pale green rice plants.

But the broader picture is spoiled by foreground details. The hospital buildings are squat, with corrugated tin roofs, and the roads and paths are muddy. Rusting in stray corners are scraps and bits of jeeps, airplanes and landing boats, abandoned there during the war.

Seagrave's ancestors as far back as two of his great-grandfathers were Baptist missionaries in Burma. He was born in Burma and educated in the United States. When he returned to Burma in 1922 with a medical degree from Johns Hopkins and a pile of instruments salvaged from the hospital's wastebasket, he did not come as a preacher. He only wanted "thousands of sick people to treat, preferably with surgery."

It was a revolutionary idea for a Baptist missionary in (Continued on Page 111)



Friday afternoon baseball: As a relief from their tremendous work load, nurses and staff not on duty turn out to play, rain or shine. In Seagrave's version of the game, there are sometimes as many as 25 on each side.

Morning chapel starts the nurses' day at 7:30. Seagrave began his work in Burma thirty-five years ago as a Baptist missionary, then cut his ties with the church. "I do not believe in using a hospital as an instrument for forcing patients to listen to your brand of religion. I believe in religion, but I don't believe in childishness."

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By HARRY BEDWELL
Illustrated by Stan Galli

Avalanche Warning

Already the snow had paralyzed the railroad. Now the jinxed crew faced a far greater danger. . . .

The gathering storm afflicted the old-timers' frostbites. Weather-wise telegraph operators in their lonely stations all across the high divide watched it blacken behind the peaks and flashed the growing symptoms to headquarters. Clinker Ward, the trainmaster, read them with a worried eye. When the signs foretold a blizzard, he put on his overcoat and started out to alert his snow-fighting equipment. As he reached the door, it opened in his face. In came Miss Selby, followed by Latimer. Clinker Ward could have been legally prosecuted for what he thought of them both.

Miss Selby had that pinched look of moral triumph, and Clinker braced himself for the encounter. "The superintendent," she announced acidly, "has instructed Mr. Latimer to take your place while you are in the hospital."

"Hospital!" the Clinker snorted. "Why in merry ——" He put that one in the siding and came out with, "Who says I'm going to the hospital?"

"The chief surgeon has ordered it," Miss Selby replied.

The Clinker rebelled in the depths of his granite soul. He had always resented the regular physical examinations the Monte scheduled for all employees. It irritated him to have the doctors tamper with his person, thumping and peering as if he were a horse. Nevertheless, the medicos claimed that they had detected something suspicious in his internal economy and had ordered him to the hospital for further investigation. He had ignored them. To hell with the sawbones! Storms were on the loose, and he had to keep the railroad operating. In the dark recesses of his mind, Clinker Ward surmised that Miss Selby had connived with the doctors and Latimer to lay him up.

"The pitcher goes once too often to the well," she stated. "Men do wear out."

She had been working too long in the superintendent's office; she had acquired too many prerogatives. Grimly efficient, she had gradually added to her other duties that of bird dog and private investigator. Hers was a weasel eye for the men's personal habits that shaded the rules. Any incongruity in their reports of accidents and failures out on the line she firmly marked for the superintendent's attention.

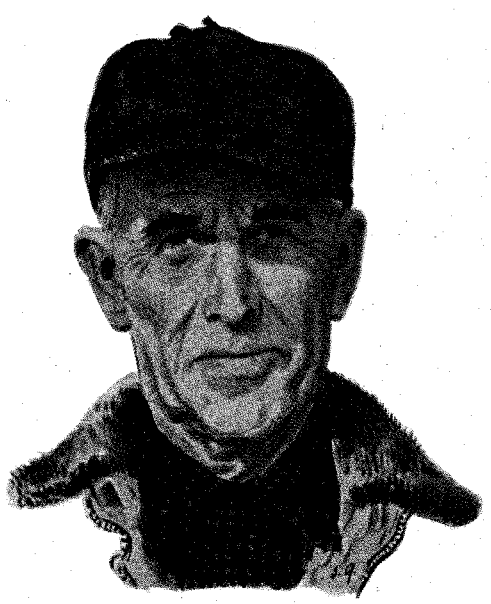
Because of these things, Miss Selby had become an affliction to the old-timers, like aggravated sciatica, whose torment must be suffered with fortitude. For they remembered her when she was much younger and a more agreeable person. They had always evaded her witch hunts with forbearance—until Latimer took up with the lady. Then there was blood on the moon. (Continued on Page 70)

The Man Who Loved Railroads

More than twenty years ago, Harry Bedwell sold his first story to the Post on railroads, a subject that interested him for a lifetime. This novelette, submitted shortly before his death on October 4, 1955, marks his ninth and last appearance in these pages. —*The Editors.*

The Clinker

Miss Selby



Double-Drop Brill

Latimer

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Gene let go the railing and got a wad of Latimer's jacket in a two-handed grip.

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Those Fancy New Buses

Bus companies, tired of being travel's bargain basement, plan to pamper passengers in extra-fare highway liners—complete with hostesses and free lunch.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Maybe the customers are always right, but their moodiness is giving trouble these days to the people who run our intercity buses. Time was when travelers were content with what the buses offered—long-distance rides at rock-bottom prices. But now, it seems, a bargain isn't enough. If it were, the buses would have a lot of business that is now being handled by airlines and private automobiles. So the bus operators have decided on reform. To satisfy the travelers' yearnings for prestige and social acceptance, emphasis will be laid on princely service and plush comfort. It's a leaf torn from the airline book.

This is how far the cure has gone at this moment. A traveler in Dallas, Texas, for example, wishing to go to Houston, 245 miles distant, may board an extra-fare bus in a clean, bright terminal, reach the center of his destination in just five hours. He will make intermediate stops only a couple of times, and during the trip will be attended by a pretty hostess. She will croon welcoming words at the start of the trip and subsequently arrange background music piped to individual

Passengers on the new luxury run between Dallas and Houston walk down a red-carpeted aisle, set off by plush ropes, to board this hand-assembled, German-built bus.

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and adjustable speakers at each pair of nylon-upholstered, contoured seats. The hostess may remark on the scenery, answer questions, chat with anyone who wants to talk and deliver a parting message and return invitation. Throughout, she will gladly serve free and unlimited snacks, fruit, consommé and hot or iced drinks.

In the rear of the bus is an observation lounge, canopied with tinted glass and seating nine people. In two locations the reserved seats may be swiveled for the insertion of card tables. There is a clean rest room, an electric shaver available, and toiletries for the women. Forward visibility for passengers, who look out over the driver's head, is almost total.

The bus itself, designed in Dallas and built in Germany with American, English and German parts, is aimed squarely at a higher level of comfort and service. It is air-conditioned, of course, as are almost all intercity buses, and it is suspended by a torsion-bar system that automatically adjusts for the load carried. It has a hydraulic leveling device to keep it from leaning on curves, and all passengers ride a little above previous bus-seat height, about roof level of passing automobiles.

This is a ritzy form of service on a soft, steady ride. In the words of its innovator, Maurice E. Moore, "We have decided that there is no valid excuse for our offering nothing but the most inexpensive intercity transport. We are capable of providing any form of luxury travel that competing forms of transportation can offer, and as toll roads and freeways are completed, our schedules, which already compare very well with both railroad and airline in many cases, will become increasingly competitive on the same comfort terms. We will, of course, continue to serve the smaller communities with local service as we always have, but we are confidently preparing for the finest in fast transport between larger centers."

Moore is president and board chairman of Transcontinental Bus System, parent of Continental Trailways, the operating company which designed the vehicle and introduced the new service. It is called the 5-Star Luxury Service, and the Dallas-Houston run is neither the newest nor the most popular of the extra-fare schedules. The first 5-Star was operated between Los Angeles and San Francisco about a year ago, and within its first few months had not only proved more popular than anticipated but had also been the scene of a minor miracle in appetite. A San Diego sailor who took passage for San Francisco upheld the honor of the Navy by consuming twenty-four sandwiches, twelve doughnuts and unspecified quantities of coffee and soft drinks before he groggily debarked at the trip's end.

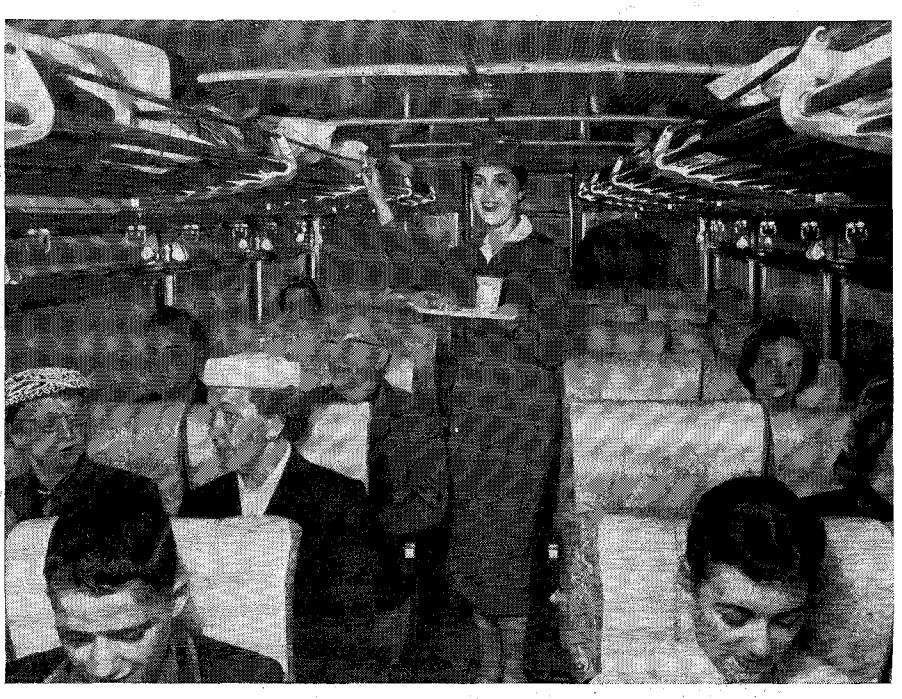
Continental also operates the 5-Star between Memphis and Little Rock, Kansas City and Wichita, and Memphis and New Orleans. But only Dallas has the German-made bus, and at this writing there is only one of these, a hand-assembled pilot model which has been operated for six months as a tryout. The other 5-Stars offer the same comforts, but use the two-level bus which has become familiar on the highways as Greyhound's Scenicruiser and Continental's Vista-Liner.

Continental's German bus is called the Golden Eagle, and as a pilot model it has accommodatingly revealed enough bugs to make things interesting, mostly because it is hand-made rather than a production job. On its debut for the press, for (Continued on Page 107)

A two-level bus called a Vista-Liner leaves the sights of Manhattan behind; destination, Dallas. The bus lines believe their de luxe coaches will now offer stiffer competition to trains and planes in long-distance traveling.

Maurice E. Moore, a 6′4″ Texan, presides over the Transcontinental Bus System from his bus-seat office chair.

Hostess Bobba Salmon keeps busy on her run, warming bottles, talking to lonely passengers, and even killing bumblebees that bother the driver. All hostesses must be single and attractive.



Hostess Maureen Caine hands out snacks. Once a sailor went overboard on the goodies, polishing off 24 sandwiches and 12 doughnuts in 500 miles.

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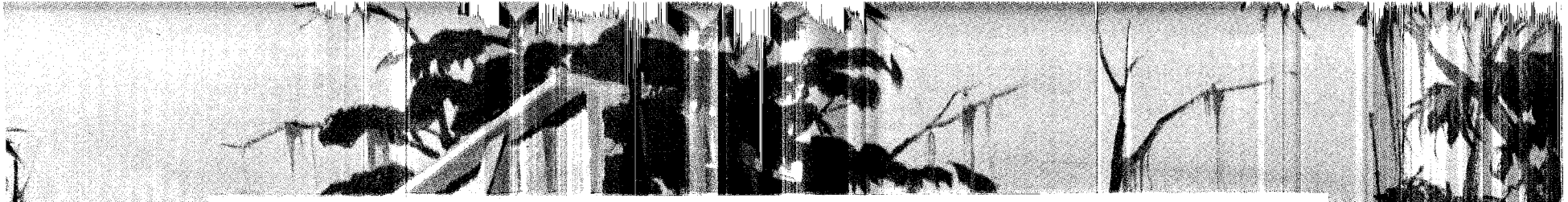

It was enough to make the master salesman's blood boil. People doubted that his marvelous contraption would work.

Botts' Folly

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Friday, March 8, 1957

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
JUNGLE CITY HOTEL
JUNGLE CITY, FLORIDA

DEAR BOTTS: I hear you are in Jungle City. Please call as soon as possible on Mr. G. Dudley Montgomery, president of the Jungle City Trust Company. This bank owns a large block of Earthworm common stock. I want you to do everything you can to persuade Mr. Montgomery to vote this stock in favor of the present management of the Earthworm Company at the annual meeting to be held in Earthworm City, March 19. All he has to do is sign the enclosed proxy and mail it to us.

This is of vital importance. I also enclose a report explaining the entire situation.

Very truly yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON, President

Jungle City, Florida
Monday, March 11, 1957

Dear Henderson: Your letter and the report have arrived. As I am too busy to take care of a routine matter of this kind right now, I have turned it over to our local dealer, Mr. Ben Wiggins.

And now I will give you some really important news. As you may remember, I have, for several years, been carrying on preliminary research and working out tentative plans for a completely new and revolutionary piece of equipment which I have named the Earthworm Super-Jungledozer. Unfortunately, owing to your unreasonable opposition, Henderson, I have never been granted the funds to assemble a pilot model at the factory. However, by the use of cogent arguments and brilliant salesmanship, I have recently succeeded in selling this idea to Ben Wiggins. And I am happy to announce that by combining my brains and mechanical ingenuity with Ben's monetary resources, we have finally put together the first Super-Jungledozer in the history of the world.

This mechanical marvel consists of four of our big XX88 Earthworm tractors, placed side by side and assembled into a heavy jointed-steel frame equipped with various tree pushers, rooters, shredders, rock crushers and giant subsoil plows. The machine is designed to advance through any type of jungle or forest, cutting a swath fifty feet wide, knocking down and chewing to pieces trees and brushwood of all sizes, crushing rocks or other refractory obstacles, and finally plowing the chips and fragments deep under the ground and leaving a clean, smooth surface for the seeding of grass or other crops, or for the construction of roads and buildings. The entire apparatus is the last word in land-clearing machinery—a veritable masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

Ben Wiggins and I have arranged to demonstrate our Super-Jungledozer next Friday to Mr. Ralph Dixon, a Florida millionaire, who has investments all over the world. Recently he has bought, near Jungle City, a tract of land consisting of many square miles of dense, junglelike forest.

(Continued on Page 142)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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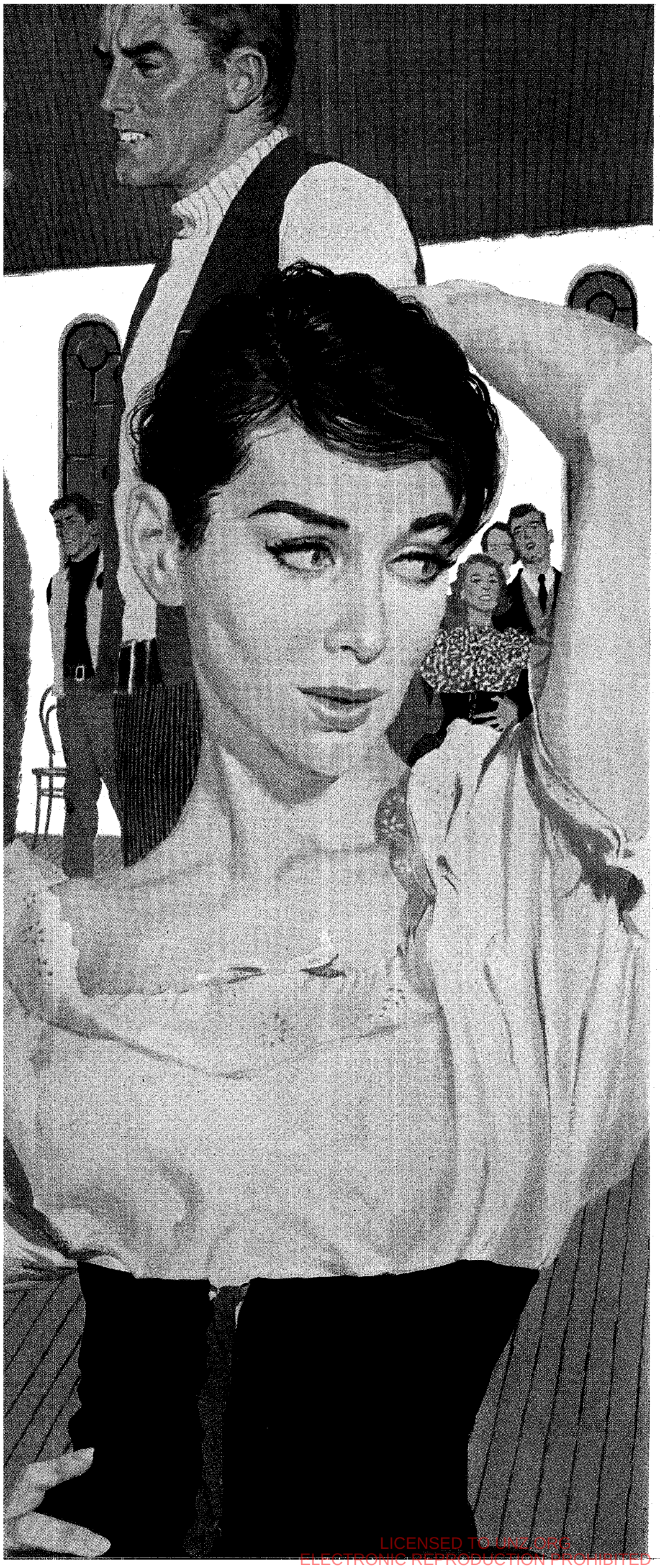

They could never marry until he proved he could whip the males of her family.

BATTLE FOR THE BRIDE

By BRIAN CLEEVE

I was halfway down to the harbor when I heard her singing; my sea boots slipping on the greasy cobbles of the narrow lane below the market place; the sea spread out in front of me like a darkened mirror. The moonlight lay silver on the whitewashed walls of the cottages, and in the corners the shadows hung like velvet curtains, rich and secret. It might have been beautiful but for the smell of fish and the knowledge I had of the daylight reality; of the village cramped between sea and mountain, with its narrow lanes and even narrower lives. And then, between one step and the next, I heard her singing. Soft and careless, as if she thought that no one in the world was listening:

"*As I went down through Dublin city*
At the hour of twelve of the night ——"

I checked my steps, afraid that she would hear me and stop her singing. I knew the voice. Kathleen O'Hanrahan. There wasn't anyone in Kilmara that didn't know her voice. It was almost the one beauty that we had; Kathleen O'Hanrahan singing in chapel at sung Mass, every fourth Sunday. And yet even so, even listening to her and wanting her to go on, I felt that sudden spurt of anger that all of us in the village have always felt when one of the mountain people comes among us unasked. As long as any man's grandfather could remember, generation to generation, we've hated the mountain people and they've hated us. Why? Because they're a different people, wild and sullen; living by sheep and stealing and the potheen they brew. Men with knives under their shirts and a kind of madness in their eyes, so that you'd (Continued on Page 96)

Sure enough, one of the Moriartys was sliding out onto the floor.

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Your Child Doesn't Need You FOREVER

An expert on family relationships
analyzes our youngsters' war of independence.
"Parents are to reject. And if we were
smarter we would probably start facing it
the moment our children are born . . ."

By HANNAH LEES

A couple of years ago our two offspring, now in college, used to stop after school quite often to have tea with some friends of ours. They would come home late for dinner, full of tag ends of fascinating private conversation and with the satisfied look of people who had, for a change, been thoroughly understood. Was I jealous? Of course I was, for that year they were being remarkably uncommunicative at home. I brooded a good deal about what those friends had to offer our children that we so obviously lacked.

This year I found out, for this year their daughter, now a senior in high school, has been dropping in on us to discuss life because we understand her. It seems likely to me that what those friends had to offer our children was exactly what we have to offer their child now—the glamorous state of not being their parents. And I can't help wondering if the Fifth Commandment and all the matriarchal and patriarchal traditions throughout history haven't arisen to combat or conceal a basic fact of Nature—whatever they do and however hard they try, parents can't win, or can win at any rate only by losing gracefully.

All children know this, I think, and it is simply a question of when they decide to tell us. I was first told about four years ago, soon after a lovely small book called A Hole is to Dig came out with children's definitions of familiar experiences: a hole is to dig, hands are to hold, a door is to open, dogs are to kiss people, and others like that.

Our daughter, then fourteen, was looking despairingly at her hair one night. "It's a mess, ma," she said. "What can I do to it?"

"Try a pony tail," I offered. "You've got good cheekbones. Here, let me hold it up —"

"Don't try to help me," she snapped. "I'm big enough to fix my own hair."

"You just finished asking me," I'm afraid I snapped back; at which our son, fifteen, called lazily from the next room, "Face it, ma. Mothers are to reject."

He's right, of course—so right that it made me laugh, and I still laugh every time I think of it. Mothers are to reject. Parents are to reject. And if we were smarter we would probably start facing it the moment our children are born, so that we'll be in practice by the time they really walk out on us. It is a rough world, and we didn't consult them when we brought them into it. How are they ever going to grow the strength to cope with the complex, demanding and often painful business (Continued on Page 155)

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I CALL ON BING CROSBY

What does Crosby think of rock and roll, calypso, and the current controversies on certain Hollywood and TV personalities? Here's what he has to say.

BY PETE MARTIN

The Old Groaner at the Masters Tournament in Augusta, Ga., last month.
A quarter century in the public eye has failed to diminish Crosby's appeal to Americans of all ages.

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When I arrived at Bing Crosby's home in Palm Springs, he was waiting for me on the concrete auto-parking apron behind his house. He had just finished thirty-six holes of golf at the Thunderbird golf club; he was wearing light-tan gabardine slacks, a yellow shirt, a white golf cap, and he was holding a pipe clamped in his teeth. As he led me across the concrete, his golf spikes scraped its surface.

Inside, away from the desert sun, it was darker and quieter. There were tea and cookies on a tray before a tall and wide stone fireplace. Seated in a deep chair, I looked through a picture window down into the Coachella Valley and the Thunderbird golf club below. Here and there, in the distance, were patches of feathery date palms.

I hadn't seen Bing since the day, in 1954, when I'd asked him for a paragraph about Grace Kelly for a story I was writing about her. Before that I had spent a pleasant time with him in 1952, helping him tell his own story, Call Me Lucky.

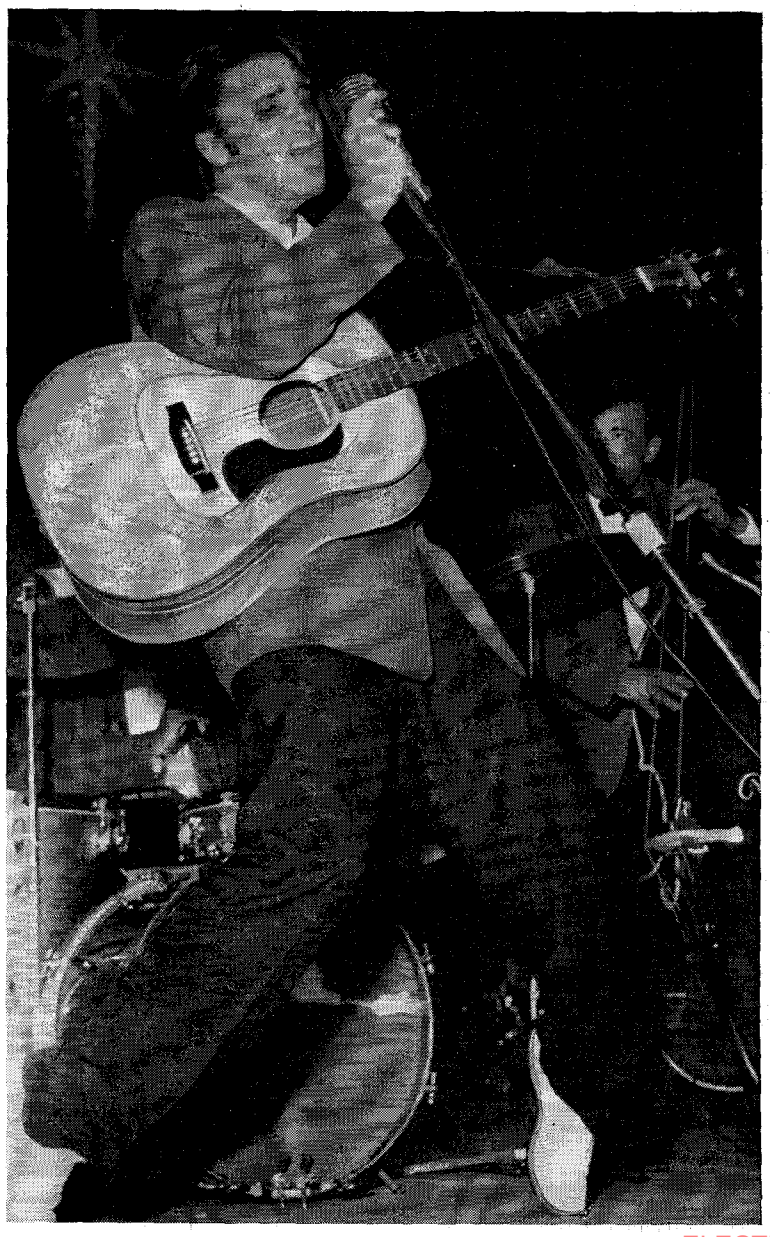
Since then, when good stories have been hard to come by, I've been known to mutter, "If I could only call my shots, I'd like to do a series of articles every year with Bing. I'd give them such titles as: With Bing in the Rockies, With Bing on the Riviera, With Bing at Pebble Beach, With Bing at Elko." I was only half kidding in saying this. Such projects would have been fun.

Once, in 1953, I had called him long-distance and had asked him if he had anything on his mind he'd (Continued on Page 119)

FRANKLY SPEAKING— The Post's own confidential agent, at large in Hollywood and other glamorous haunts, here begins a series of unusual reports: A candid look at show business, through the eyes of the stars themselves. The second article in this series, told in the merciless words of Groucho Marx, will appear in our issue of May 25.

Pat Boone: "He's different from Elvis; his pelvis doesn't jerk, no sideburns, but he can pump out rock and roll."

Ed Sullivan: "He's not only a nice guy, but he's got the greatest formula in the world for emceeing a show—he's careful not to get into anybody's act."



Transported Presley fans: "Teen-agers like to brag about how hysterical they become over Elvis. They have a compulsion to say, 'I fell apart when he sang.' Elvis likes this reaction and plays up to it."

Elvis Presley: "Elvis is a phenomenon. He's a good-looking kid, he sings in tune and he's got good rhythm. He'll outgrow his grinds and bumps in time."

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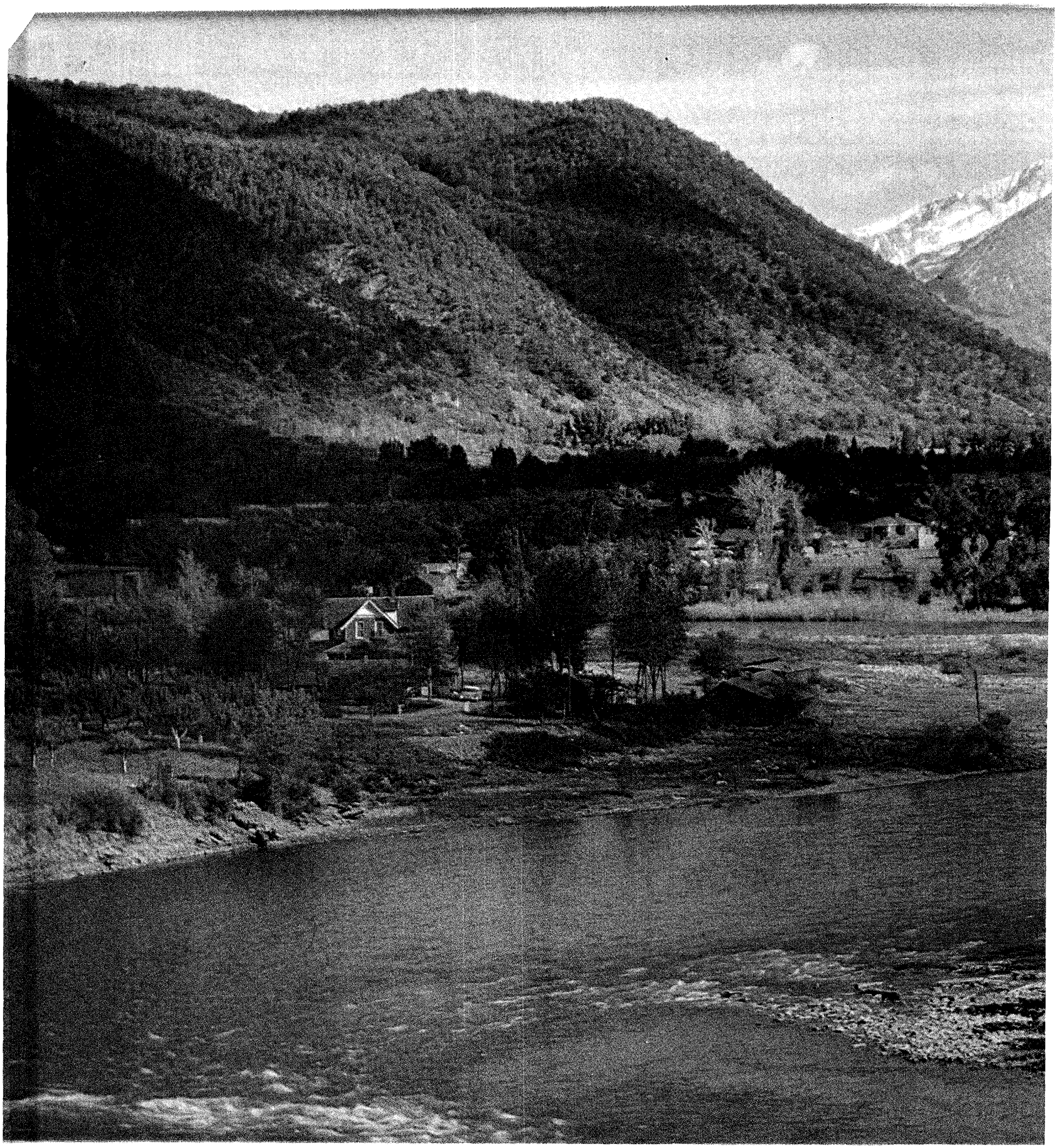

The Gathering Waters

Feeding on the high-country snows, the Colorado mounts its strength for the 1700-mile run through canyon and gorge to the sea. Soon the swelling river will grow heavy with the silt of Utah and Arizona, then tumble and course its muddy

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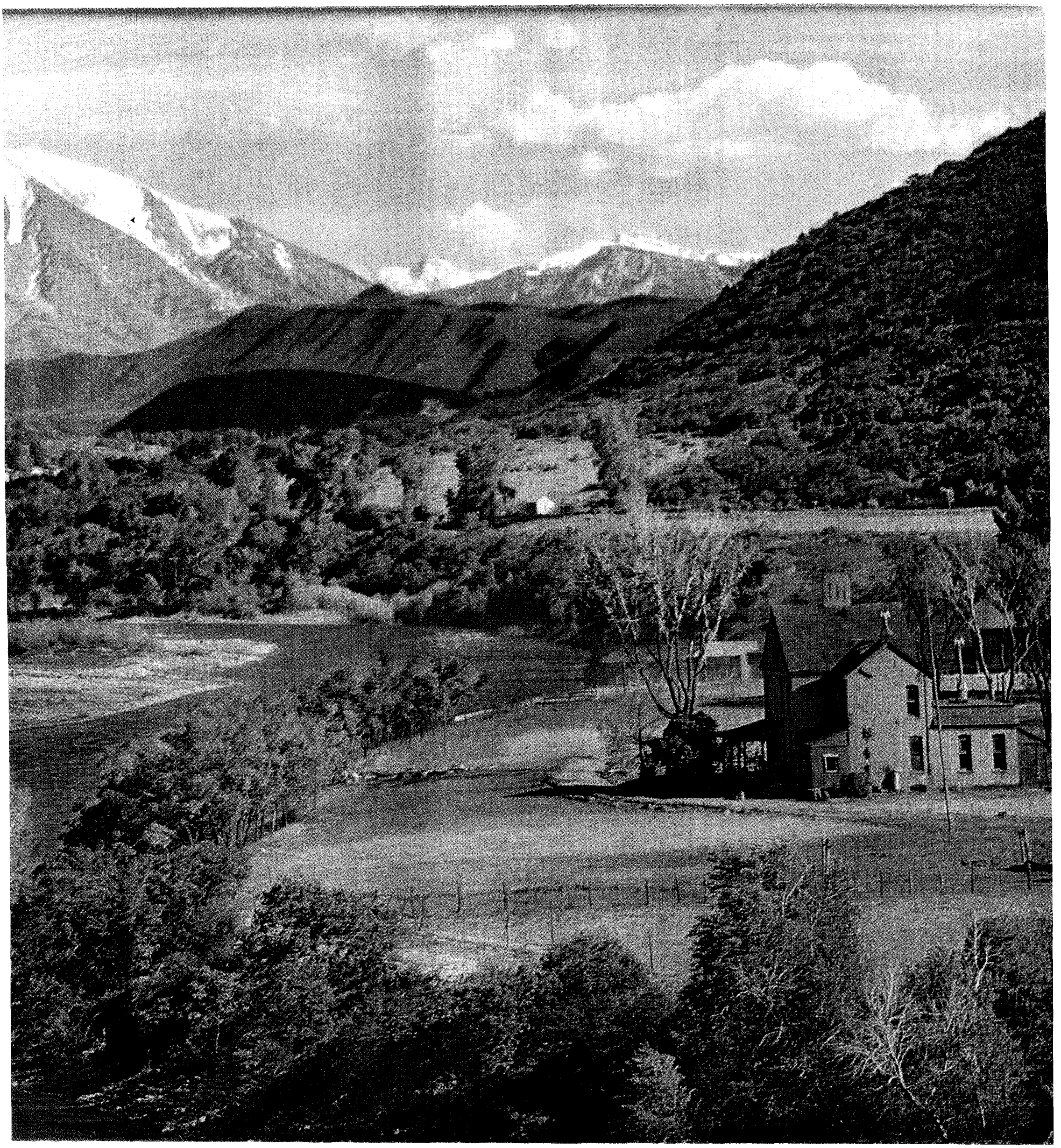

way into Mexico and the Gulf of California. "Too thick to drink, too thin to plow," said settlers in a day when the Southwest's mightiest river tore at the desert soil unchecked by dams. But this is still a river of many moods—from the boiling white water of the north to the crawling yellow current of the tidal delta. And during the long journey, fifty major tributaries add to its breadth and its power. Here, in the tiny, mile-high town of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, the burgeoning stream winds unhindered, unspoiled, through timbered folds in the Rockies. Under the white-capped peaks that nourish it, the mountain-born torrent reflects the purity of its source.

Photograph by Fred H. Ragsdale

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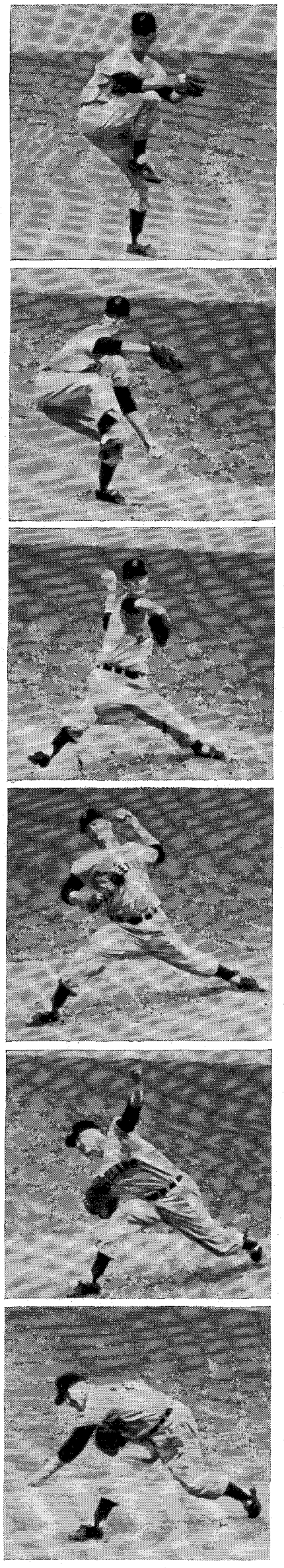


Score says his greatest speed comes when he releases the ball "parallel to my ear and about 10 inches from it."

Cleveland's Left-Handed Lightning

A fabulous fast ball has made young Herb Score literally a million-dollar property. Some think the Indians' southpaw ace will become one of the game's immortals.

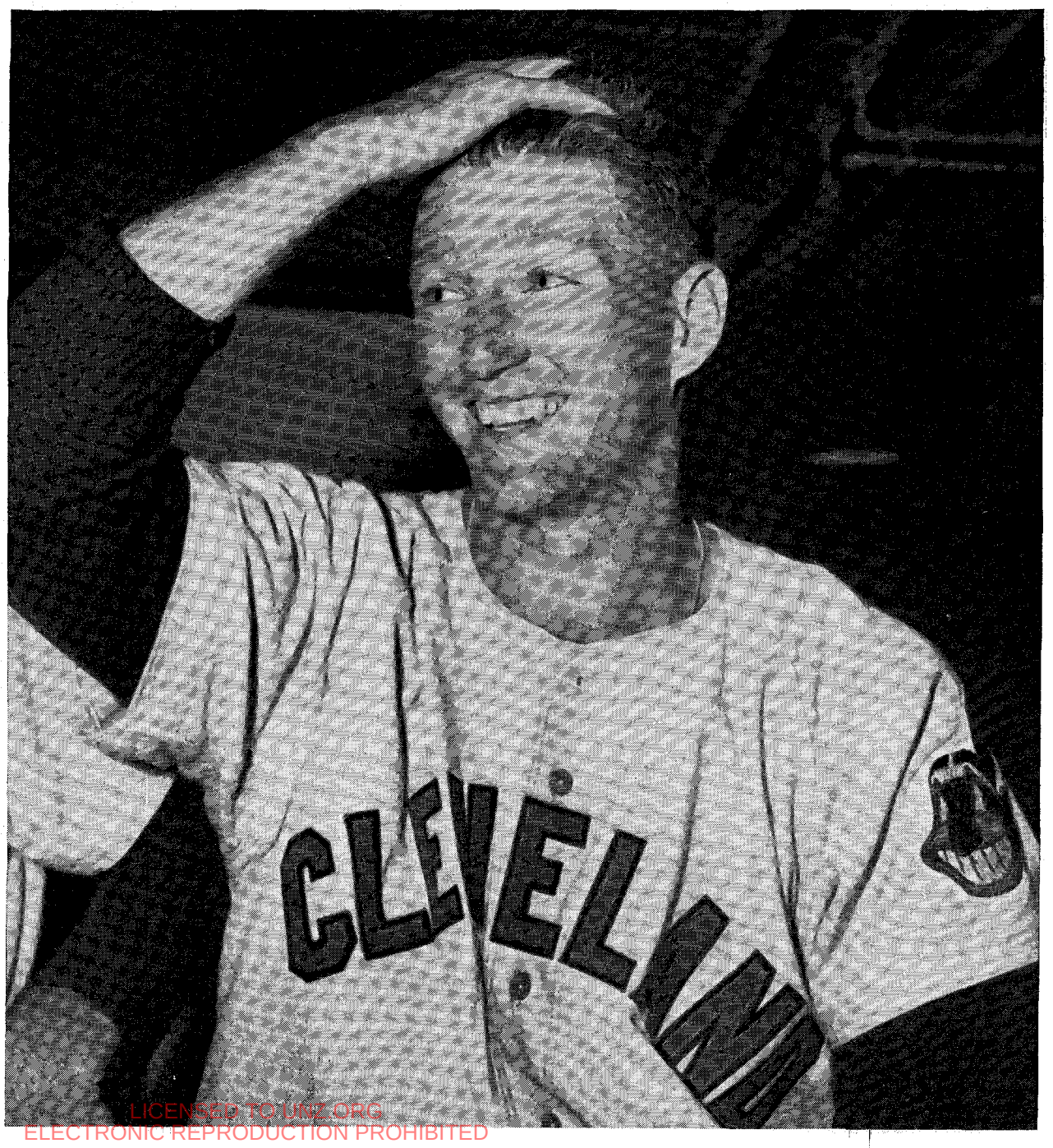
By Hal Lebovitz

There are many things to be said about Herb Score, the new strike-out king of the majors, but the most important point might as well be stated straight off. This is not just the story of another promising young pitcher. This Cleveland left-hander is the kind who can finish up in the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Cleveland general manager Hank Greenberg, a Hall of Famer himself, spells it all out: "Herb is to pitching what Mantle is to hitting," he says. "Mantle is the only hitter around with the potential to break Babe Ruth's home-run record. Herb is the only pitcher who can become another Bob Feller or a second Lefty Grove."

Greenberg's appraisal got spectacular corroboration from an independent source not long before the current season started. The Boston Red Sox offered a full $1,000,000 for Score—an unprecedented figure even at today's inflated prices. Asked whether he realized that the whole Indian ball club might bring no more than $3,000,000, Cronin said, "I don't want to (Continued on Page 122)

Herb is 6′2″, 200 lbs. "There are other pitchers bigger and stronger than I am, but the Lord gave me the gift of speed."



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"Darling, it's not you in bed here. It's just me, remember?" she pleaded.

NO OTHER WOMAN

Life without her was unthinkable—but now he would lose her.

By KINGSLEY TUFTS

It was late afternoon. Stunned and defeated, Dave Hillyer stood motionless and alone before the locked glass doors of the gun cabinet, staring unseeingly at the rack of blued steel. The muscular, broad-shouldered man mirrored in the glass panel was still unshaven, his hair uncombed, his hunter's-red winter bathrobe pulled roughly about him. He stood without hope or purpose, in a too-quiet house where the blinds were drawn and a week's dust covered the furniture.

"*You had the best, Dave.*"

"*No girl ever handled a twenty-gauge as sweetly as Carol.*"

"*We know what Carol meant to you, Dave. You two were as close as the barrels of a double gun.*"

"*She was top grade and custom built, Dave.*"

The men—and, understandably, there had been more men than women among their friends at the funeral—had spoken of Carol that way, with clean-hearted admiration, their words as full of goodness as warm sunshine. They were hunters who had praised Carol and kidded her in the field, marveling over her sweet form and wing-shot ability without restraint. Carol had attracted the right kind of man like a beautiful hand-built gun. A gun beyond price.

The womenfolk among their friends had termed her "a man's woman." They had said she was "devoted as a dog" to him. He knew they had said it, because Carol had overheard it herself. She had told him. They had laughed about it together.

"And why shouldn't I love you like a dog?" she had demanded. "I'll smash through briers and ice water all my life to bring in your cripples. I have a tender mouth, and I'm steady to wing and shot. Only one thing," she had teased; "to teach a dog anything, you have to know more than the dog!" He had reached for her, and they had rolled and roughhoused on the big davenport before the fire.

All their lives they had loved dogs and guns and hunting, and they had loved each other with an almost hurting tenderness and fierceness. Strong in their likes and dislikes, it had seemed only natural that they should see their own traits reflected in those of dogs and game.

(Continued on Page 148)

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Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

The Louvre: Here nearly four centuries ago Catherine de' Medici plotted the slaughter of 50,000 French Huguenots in the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

Treasure House of Paris

A Post editor takes you among the priceless possessions of the world's most celebrated museum, a colossal ex-fortress which still receives love letters addressed to "Mona Lisa, in care of The Louvre."

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

The second most popular painting in the Louvre, Vincent van Gogh's Country Church of Auvers (center).

The Salon Carré, where Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria in 1810, now displays the work of the lesser-known Italian painters.

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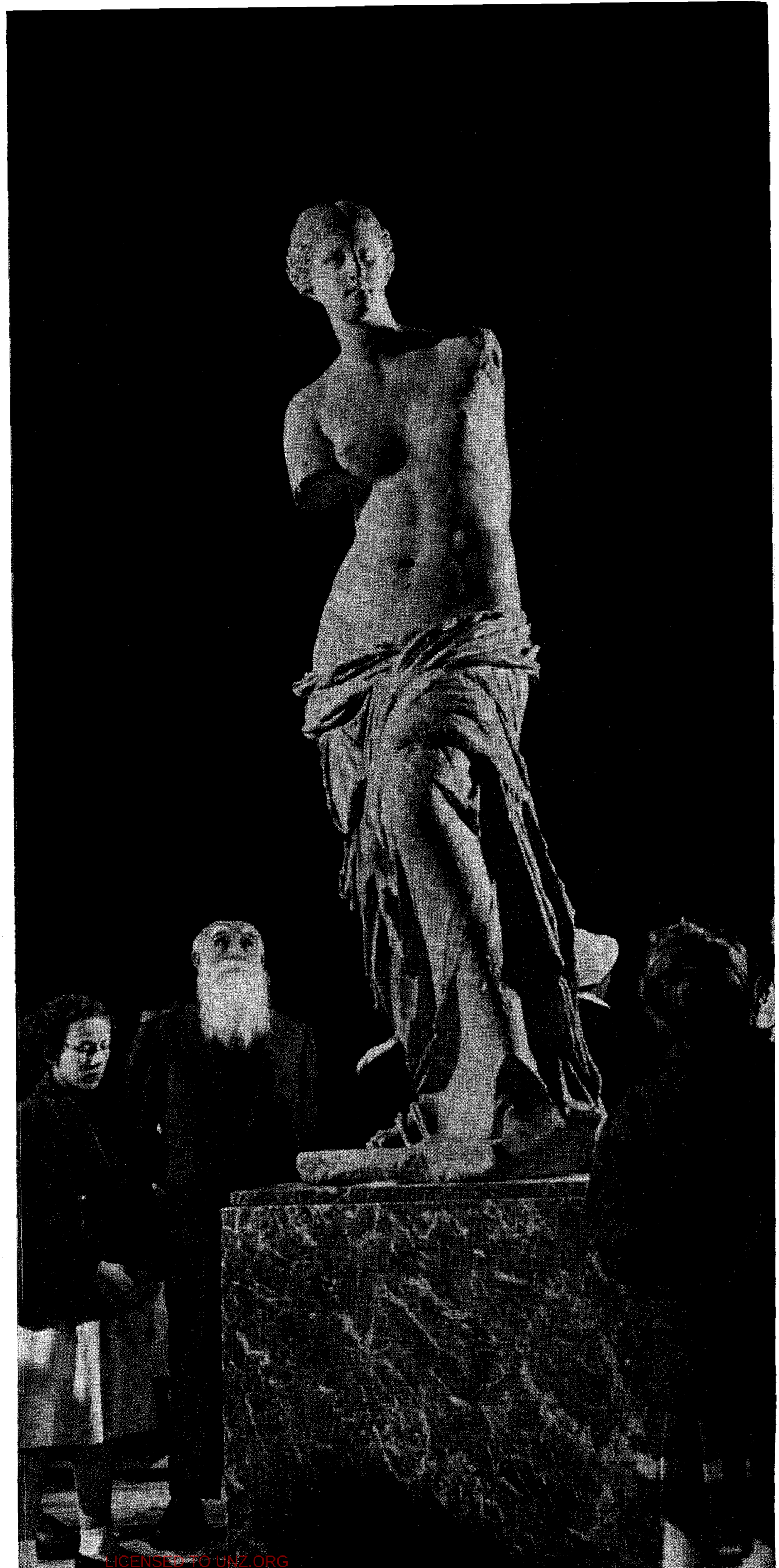
This well-known tourist and ex-President of the U.S., when photographed at the Louvre by a Post photographer, exclaimed, "Bet you that's one they'll never print."

PARIS.

The Louvre is a world. To call it an art museum would be no more appropriate than calling Everest a mountain, Texas a state, a skyscraper a house. The sheer dimensions of the thing alarm the stranger. Stretching along the River Seine for 2200 feet, the dusty-gray, three-story edifice is longer than two Eiffel Towers laid on end. With its Square Court and the embrace of its two mighty prongs, this royal palace-turned-museum encompasses an area of something like 500 acres—forty-five city blocks—in the heart of Paris. Faced with the mere suggestion of venturing into its bowels and, for the price of fourteen cents, viewing its myriad treasures, the visitor is apt to turn the other way and, at a small café across the bridge, collect his wits over a Dubonnet.

An ingrained sense of duty brings him back. What, if he hasn't seen the Louvre, has he seen? The hard, unalterable fact remains that this colossal showcase ranks as one of Europe's top half dozen sights. It is, when all is said and done, the world's premier museum. And it is a safe bet that half of the approximately 7000 French and foreign visitors doing the Louvre on a busy summer day have never seen the inside of another picture gallery—if one must visit a museum once, one might as well see the museum par excellence.

Not the entire palace is filled with things to look at. About (Continued on Page 127)



The Venus de Milo, most famous statue in the world, came to Paris as a present for King Louis XVIII. She was exhumed on the Greek island of Melos (Milo) in 1820.

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"Alcie, Alcie, Alcie, Alcie . . ." Jack whispered. "I've got to say it to you."

DOUBLE LOVE AFFAIR

The day began as it begins for any actress, with a crisis. Alcie had not meant it to; she was as bored with crises as she was with everything else, but the moment seemed to demand it.

"Get up," Irish Mary said.

Alcie moved not a muscle.

"It's nine o'clock," Irish Mary said.

Nine o'clock. It was the cold gray dawn.

"All right," Irish Mary said, and ripped back the covers. The tangled nightgown showed the famous ankles, not to say the famous legs, and through the tangled hair the famous eyes showed fire. Mary grabbed an arm.

"I'll kill you for this," Alcie said, greeting the new day. But in an instant, despite holding and squirming and kicking, she was on the floor.

"You should be ashamed," Irish Mary said, "with rehearsal at ten."

Alcie sat up, shivering. Irish Mary threw a dressing gown around her and dragged her to her feet. "And he's all dressed and downstairs enjoying his breakfast," she said.

"Who?" Alcie said.

"Your husband," Irish Mary said; "who else?"

Alcie tottered into her bathroom, and for a moment stood without even looking into the mirror. The shower was already running. Finally Alcie stretched out a hand and felt the water; it was ice cold.

"That woman," she said, but not loud enough for Irish Mary to hear, "must be out of her mind."

But at twenty minutes of ten, as everybody had known all along, with the shower and even some breakfast behind her, Alcie sat in the car with Tom beside her, headed for the theater.

There was a picture of her on the theatrical page of the Times. And a little story: "This is the ninth play Tom Knight has produced starring his wife. Five of them. a remarkable number, have been hits."

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Life can get pretty complicated when a man and his wife both develop new romantic attachments at the same time . . .

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

Alcie looked out. The car was already on Park Avenue, heading for a traffic jam. Nine plays was one too many.

Tom said, "I won't be at rehearsal. I have too many things to do at the office."

Alcie turned and looked at him, at his rugged, imperturbable, New York profile.

"I'd give five hundred dollars spot cash," she said, "to be back in bed."

Tom frowned. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she said, lying.

It was not just this day, this morning; there had been months of it. Maybe it was the same with Tom; maybe he, too, felt the deadness—but there was no way of telling any more.

She tried the old trick—the one that always used to work. She thought of the young girl she had been, her first winter in New York. Broke, happy, maniacally ambitious. She thought of the cardboard she had had to put in her shoes when the soles had worn through. Those dear shoes. They were responsible for the two hundred pairs that were at home in her cupboards now. But none were as lovely as those first New York shoes. Had they been kid or lizard? And were they black or brown?

Alcie shrugged. It didn't work any more. Not even the shoes.

"Now listen," Tom said as they were stopped, apparently forever, at 59th Street. "We have to decide about those two today. Jack and—what's her name?—Marney."

"You mean I have to decide."

"Yes, well —— Oh, I'll come in late. If we're going to replace them, it has to be now."

The car began to move. Besides everything else, there had to be trouble with the cast.

"They both look so right," she said. "If only young actors would understand that acting is a craft as well as an art. That school ——"

(Continued on Page 101)

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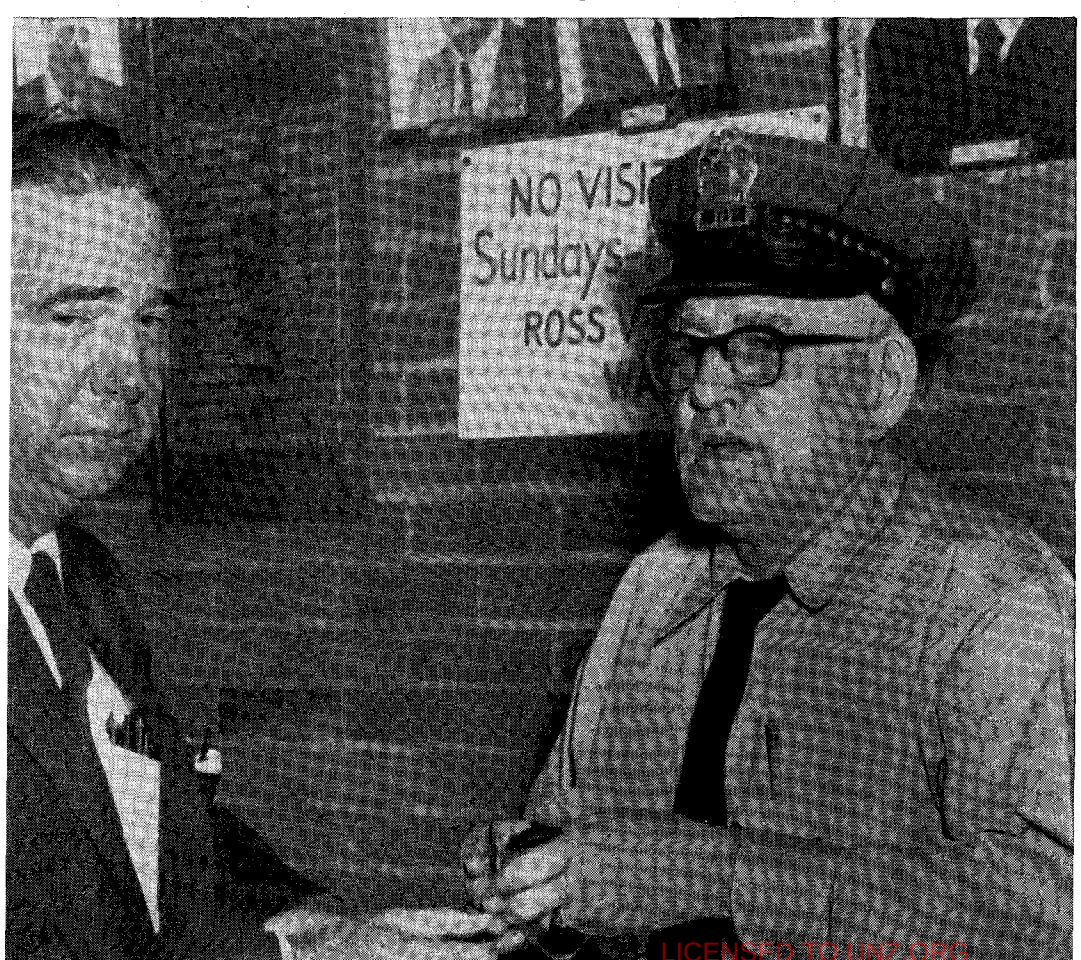
Before: Illinois state auditor Orville Enoch Hodge beamed with civic pride in May, 1955, as he was awarded a plaque for his assistance in the boys'-camp fund-raising project of a Chicago American Legion group.

After: Hodge turned over his personal effects to a guard as he entered Menard State Penitentiary in August, 1956. He was sentenced to serve twelve to fifteen years upon conviction for embezzlement of public funds.



SWINDLER IN THE STATE-HOUSE

Orville Hodge camouflaged his thievery with a staggering bluff. Even the cynics never dreamed that a man so undisguisedly rich would want to steal . . .

By Robert M. Yoder

Part Two

Where the Honorable Orville Enoch Hodge spent Saturday, May 12, 1956, is not clear. The auditor of public accounts of the state of Illinois wasn't in his walnut-paneled office in Springfield, the capital. But he had at his disposal two planes and six cars, so that any number of agreeable excursions were open to him.

He may have flown to Florida, to look over some palm-shaded ocean frontage; he had in mind a big development project there. Or he may have driven to his Missouri farm to inspect his registered livestock. Or he may have been in Granite City, Illinois, getting admired as that city's favorite son. He may have been taking the air on Lake Springfield in one of his speedboats or relaxing in his Drake Hotel suite in Chicago, a haven so pleasant that a reporter later hailed it as "Cloud 742."

Wherever he was, Hodge was undoubtedly having a good time. Why not? Thanks to a siphon he had secretly inserted into the state treasury, he was rich. He was fairly good-looking, healthy and popular. He was the champion vote getter of all Illinois and in line to be governor.

If he felt a premonition of disaster that bright May morning, he must have brushed it aside as ridiculous. But the fact is, that day was the solstice of Hodge's great deception. A chain of events was being set into motion which would expose and destroy him, causing him to be denounced as a "master con man" who deceived not only the voters of Illinois but even his confederates in massive crime.

This was the day that the Chicago Daily News got a tip that Hodge was carrying a few nonworking deadheads on his state payroll. The tip aroused no excitement. What state payroll isn't padded, especially in an election year? But you can't let a public official get away with "payrolling," and it is a newspaper's duty to call him on it. The News passed

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The Chicago Daily News printed this picture to show where Hodge and his girl friend Bonita Lillie lived. One reporter dubbed Orville's apartment "Cloud 742" after Bonita decorated it to suit Hodge's luxurious tastes.

Interior decorator Bonita Lillie later explained she and Orville used to spend evenings reading the Bible together.

the skinny facts along to its man in the state capital.

Anybody looking that Saturday morning for George Thiem, head of the News' Springfield bureau, could have found him engaged in a cleanup of the most prosaic kind. He was sweeping out his garage. Thiem is invariably described as a "Pulitzer-prize winning reporter." The tag is accurate, but misleading. Covering a state capital involves routine chores as well as big news and crusades. In the week just past, much of Thiem's time had been taken up writing three feature stories around a sixth grader who had won an award as the state's best "junior historian." The legislature wasn't in session, news was light.

On Monday the governor had his regular press conference. Thiem was heading there when he got the call from his managing editor in Chicago, relaying the tip about Hodge. The tipster was Michael J. Howlett, Hodge's Democratic rival for office. Thiem didn't think much of it. He figured this as a simple case of "Democrat trying to make trouble for Republican." But he put it down on a list of things to do, including running down the license numbers of cars involved in news stories, writing about the upcoming state fair and doing some farm stories.

Thiem would undoubtedly catch Hodge at payrolling. He had caught him before. The governor had sighed and said, "Why does Orville do these things?" That was easy. Hodge was a great one to make friends in both parties; he was politically ambitious and on the way up.

On Thursday, when he found time, Thiem went around to the auditor's office. State employees are listed by counties. Thiem had a look at the "county books." Howlett, the tipster, had supplied a list of supposed payrollers. If the list was right, the book for Madison County should include several of Hodge's relatives, and Anna Mae Harris. Anna Mae is the wife of a state representative from Hodge's home town. A Democrat, but Hodge was broad-minded about that.

Several people had told Thiem that Anna Mae had a state job, but she wasn't listed. Nor were the others. The next day Thiem went back and asked to see the auditor's payroll. "You'll have to clear it with Mr. Hodge," he was told. When Hodge came in, he assured Thiem that the Harris thing was a mix-up. "Woman of the same name has a job in some other state agency," he said.

Thiem said his paper was asking why Hodge needed so much more money than his predecessor to run the auditor's office. Hodge said he'd be happy to supply a breakdown in a day or two, showing how wisely he had spent the money. Turning on the high beam of his winning personality, he gave Thiem a sales talk on what an efficient job he was doing.

George Thiem, Chicago Daily News reporter who broke the case, in the pressroom at Springfield.

Thiem said his paper would be happy to print that too. Hodge said that of course his old friend George could look at the payroll. Unfortunately, it wasn't ready yet.

This was the run-around, and it made Thiem a little testy. It seemed to be a day when things dried up. He had just had a call from Ed Stratton—no relation to Gov. William Stratton—who is Thiem's partner on a farm near Thomson, Illinois.

Bad news. "George, the well's gone bad," said Stratton. "Mud and sand coming up, but no water. Stock's going thirsty."

That 450-foot well had cost $1100, but the unhappy decision was made to drill a new one, at $3.50 a foot. Nothing else to do, with 100 beef cattle on feed, 24 dairy cows, 150 hogs. Now information was drying up too. So Thiem went to the trouble of going through paycheck records in the state treasurer's office.

Anna Mae had been getting pay checks all right. So had others on the list. Hodge had lied, and that petty lie was going to be extremely expensive, for it whetted Thiem's interest in a dull story. So did a phone call when he returned to the pressroom. One of his many statehouse acquaintances was on the line.

"Boy, you sure stirred them up," he said, "when you asked for Hodge's payroll. Hodge is going around ordering people not to talk to George Thiem. What's up?"

Very little, so far as Thiem was concerned. What was Orville Hodge getting so worked up about? Maybe there was far more payrolling than Howlett's list indicated. (There was, it turned out later, much more. Hodge's successor, scrounging for enough money to keep things running, fired 110 people, among them the mayor of

(Continued on Page 135)

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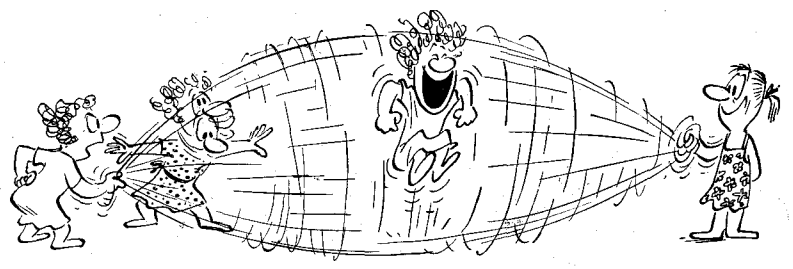
Post Scripts



The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

With the onset of Mother's Day I am always appalled by the curious assumptions people make about mothers in general. They are generally pictured as faintly wrinkled old women with pure white hair and a tendency to fold their hands in their laps and smile over their spectacles. As a result, they are usually on the receiving ends of quaint gifts like cashmere shawls, foot warmers and hand-painted watches that fasten on with a gold safety pin.

I happen to have a grandmother—who is also a mother—who must be at least one hundred and sixteen, and she is not in the least decrepit, gray-haired or vaguely beaming. She is spry as a kitten and her hair is a lovely shade of purple most of the time. She doesn't even wear glasses. She bumps into everything, but she doesn't wear glasses.

It was she who first protested to me about the peculiar picture of mother as someone confined to a rocking chair, chomping peanuts and watching birds build their nests outside the kitchen window; a picture that resulted in grandmother usually getting cookbooks, cases of lard, smelling salts, checker games, red nightcaps, lavender-toilet-water canes with rubber tips for Mother's Day.

"There it goes again," she exclaimed testily one year when she opened a package from one of her sons—a package that contained a hand-knitted bed jacket. "Why don't they ever send me anything practical."

"That's the way the cooky crumbles," I said philosophically.

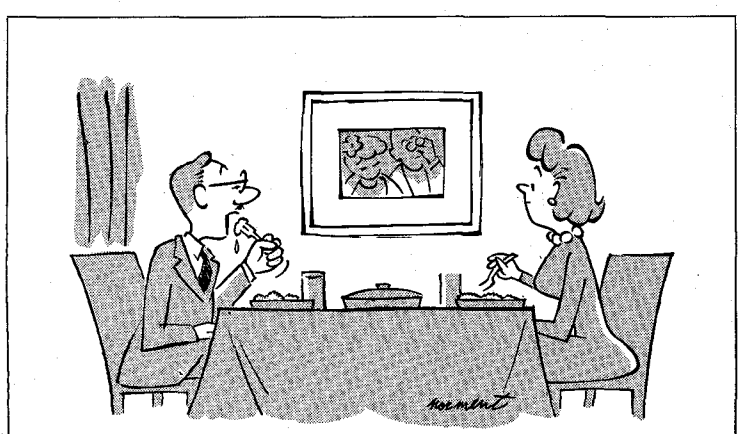
"Why don't they get hep and give me some good French perfume or a mink stole or an LP Frank Sinatra record?"

"They look at you through sentimental eyes."

Grandma sniffed. "They're trying to make me old before my time. I may be a bit mature, but there's still zip left in the old frame. Say, why don't we go out for a go at rumba and cha-cha tonight? I'll let you drive my sports car."

So we went on the town. I thought it was a nice Mother's Day present for a dear old sweet lady. I enjoyed it, too, except that she drives too fast.

ROBERT FONTAINE



"Chow mein, eh! What dynasty?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And Then He Says ——

(My favorite movie speeches)

"Frank, we're doing everything we can. The entire force is on duty. We've thrown up a roadblock on every road within a hundred miles of here. Now go on home and get some sleep."

"Did two men ride through here 'bout a week ago? One of 'em sort of short and squat?"

"Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha! So you think I'm in love with you. Ha-ha!"

"It's her, I tell you—the girl I saw checking out of the hotel last night. Come on."

"Give me the gun, Helen. Helen, I said give me the gun! Duh—oh-h-h-h ——"

"There's a boat leaving for Umikahia tonight. With a little luck, we could be on it."

"You may not know it, Garver, but you just signed your own death warrant."

"No, wait a minute, Ed. That's what he wants us to do. I've got a better idea."

PAUL C. LAW

Fatherly Advice

Daughter, when you're grown, I have no doubt you
Soon will hear some love-enraptured man
Claiming that he cannot live without you,
But he can.

Take him at his word, and hold him to it;
Grapple him with hoops of girlish skill.
If he says he can't, don't let him do it,
Or he will.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Unidentified Object

Is that our waitress? I don't think so.
(My throat is parched, I need a drink so.)
Is that one ours, the blonde, the tall one,
Or that one there, the dark, the small one?
It's been so long since I have seen her,
She might be larger now, or leaner.
Is that our waitress or her daughter,
Grown up while I have gasped for water?

RICHARD ARMOUR

"It's fragile — so throw it underhand, please."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tactful Comments My Associates Can Darn Well Keep to Themselves:

WIFE "I'm not saying you aren't a good provider, dear, but did you hear about that simply fabulous bonus Jim Slicker got? And he's no smarter than you, and ——"

BOSS "I want you to know that you were high on the list of candidates to head that new department, but whipping it into shape will be a long haul, so the board decided that young Strongwell ——"

DOCTOR "For a man of fifty-six you're in fairly good shape. . . . Oh, you're forty-six? Well, as I was saying ——"

TAILOR "I don't know why they insist on making trousers so skimpy in the seat these days, but—ha-ha—it's no trouble to let them out."

OCULIST "Well, it isn't likely that your arms will grow any longer—ha-ha—so it might be wise to consider bifocals."

DAUGHTER "Daddy, that new streak of gray in your hair is the most! It makes you look positively distinguished."

DANCE PARTNER "The music is a bit fast, isn't it? Perhaps if we wait until they play a waltz ——"

SON "Of course, everybody couldn't be a hero during the war, dad, but Eddie was showing me his old man's medals, and gee ——"

BANKER "We realize that a busy man like yourself can't watch all of the little details, but we have a rule that when an account falls below the minimum ——"

LAWYER "I'm sure that your relatives and—uh—friends think you have an honest face, but one never can tell how a jury may react. I suggest that you settle ——"

JOHN BIRD

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SUPER 88 FIESTA

Get in the act!

SUPER 88

THE VERSATILE "FIESTA" PUTS THE SPOTLIGHT ON YOU!

See what happened when Oldsmobile added the happy-go-lucky look of Holiday styling to the husky heft of a station wagon! It's the fabulous Fiesta!

This all-'round performer commands the spotlight wherever it goes. So let the Fiesta set the stage for *your* dramatic entrance into a whole new fun-filled way of going places and doing things!

Your *first* cue is to call or visit your Authorized Oldsmobile Quality Dealer. He'll show you how owning a Fiesta is like owning *two* Oldsmobiles in one!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION.

OLDSMOBILE

SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER

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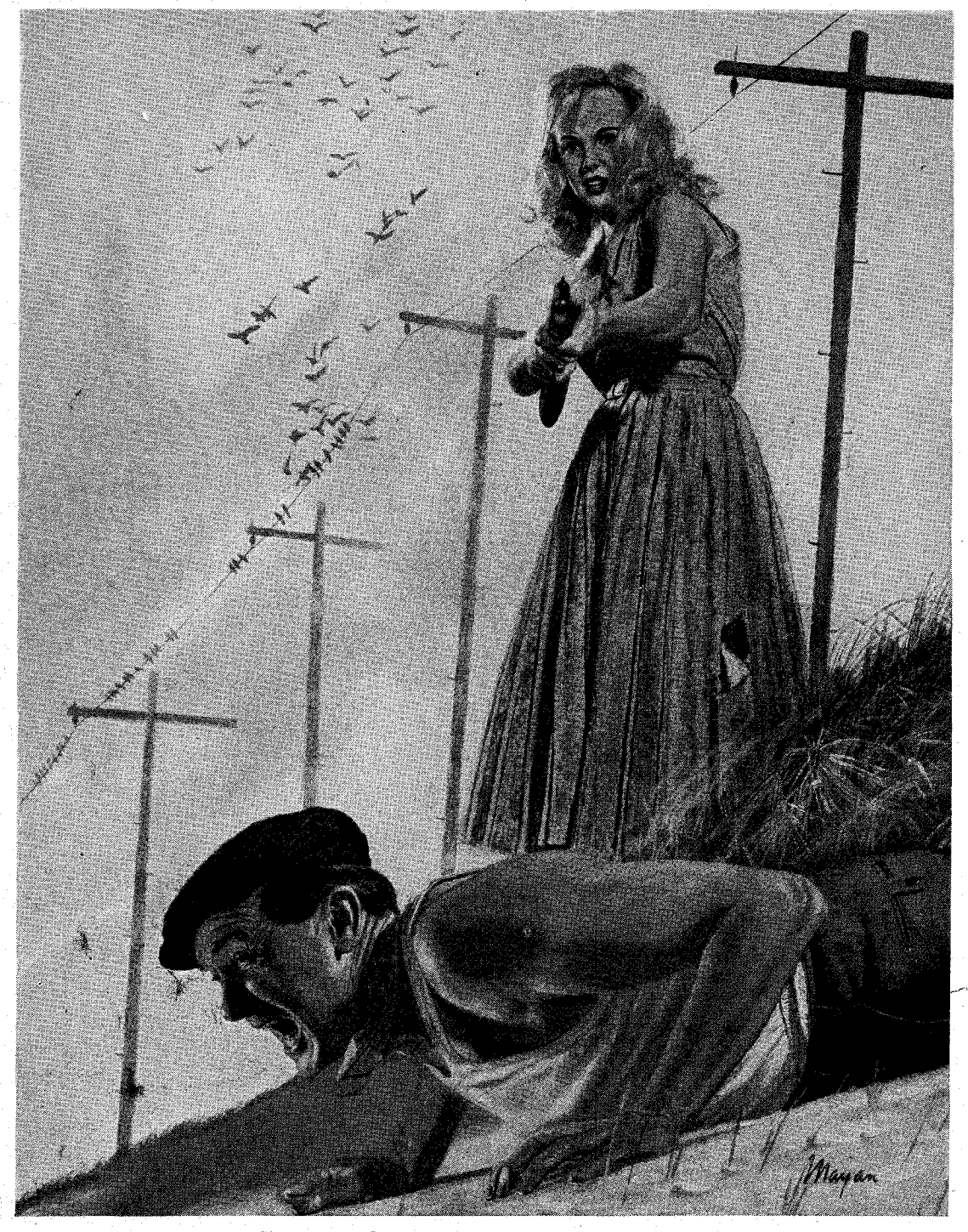

She went on firing until the magazine was exhausted.

NO BLADE OF GRASS

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

Savage looters stalked the land, and even the women turned into ruthless killers.

They've jumped the gun! Come on—let's try and crash through the roadblock. They may not be ready for us yet," urged Roger Buckley.

Without warning, the British Government sealed off escape from London in preparation for the destruction by atomic bombs of two thirds of the country's population. The survivors, it was hoped, might be able to exist on what little food remained from the world-wide devastation of the grass-killing Chung-Li virus, and might eventually rebuild the nation. When Roger got word of the secret plan, he alerted John and Ann Custance. They would flee with their families to Blind Gill, the valley in Northwest England that John's brother had fortified for such an emergency.

With them was Pirrie, the gun dealer. Needing weapons to break out of the city, they had been forced to take him and his young wife along in exchange. Now they shot their way through a roadblock in a lonely outskirt of the city.

III

According to plan, they kept off the main roads. They finished up in a remote lane bordering a wood, near Stapleford. There, under overhanging oaks, they had cocoa from vacuum flasks, with only the internal lights of one car on. Roger's Citroën was convertible into a bed, and the three women were put into that, the children being comfortable enough on the rear seats of the other cars. The men took blankets and slept out under the trees.

Pirrie put up the idea of a guard. Roger was dubious. "I shouldn't think we'd have any trouble here. And we want what sleep we can get. There's a long day's driving tomorrow." He looked at John. "What do you say, chief?"

"A night's rest—what's left of it."

They settled down. John lay on his stomach, in the posture that army life had taught him was most comfortable when sleeping on the rough ground. He found the physical discomfort less than he had remembered it. But sleep did not come lightly, and was broken, when it came, by meaningless dreams.

Saxon Court stood on a small rise; like many similar preparatory schools, it was a converted country house, and from a distance still had elegance.

Since three cars in convoy presented a suspicious appearance, it had been decided that only John's car should go up to the school, the others being discreetly parked on the road from which the drive diverged. Steve, however, had insisted on being present when Davey was collected, and Olivia had decided to come along with him. Apart from John, there were also Ann and Mary.

John was on the point of asking one of the boys where he might find the headmaster, when he appeared, hurrying down the stairs. He saw the small group waiting for him, and came down the last few steps more decorously.

Doctor Cassop was a young headmaster, comfortably under forty, and had always seemed elegant.

He recognized John. "Mr. Custance, of course, and Mrs. Custance. But I thought you lived in London? How did you get out?"

"We had been spending a few days in the country," John said, "with friends. This is Mrs. Buckley and her son. We've come to collect David. I should (Continued on Page 56)

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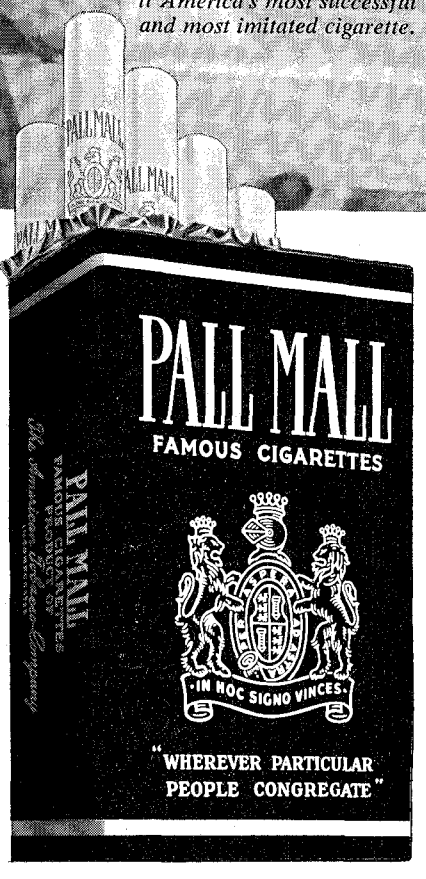
Mildness is a pleasure with Pall Mall

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.



Pall Mall filters the smoke–but never the fun of smoking

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but never the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package today!

Outstanding...*and they are* Mild!

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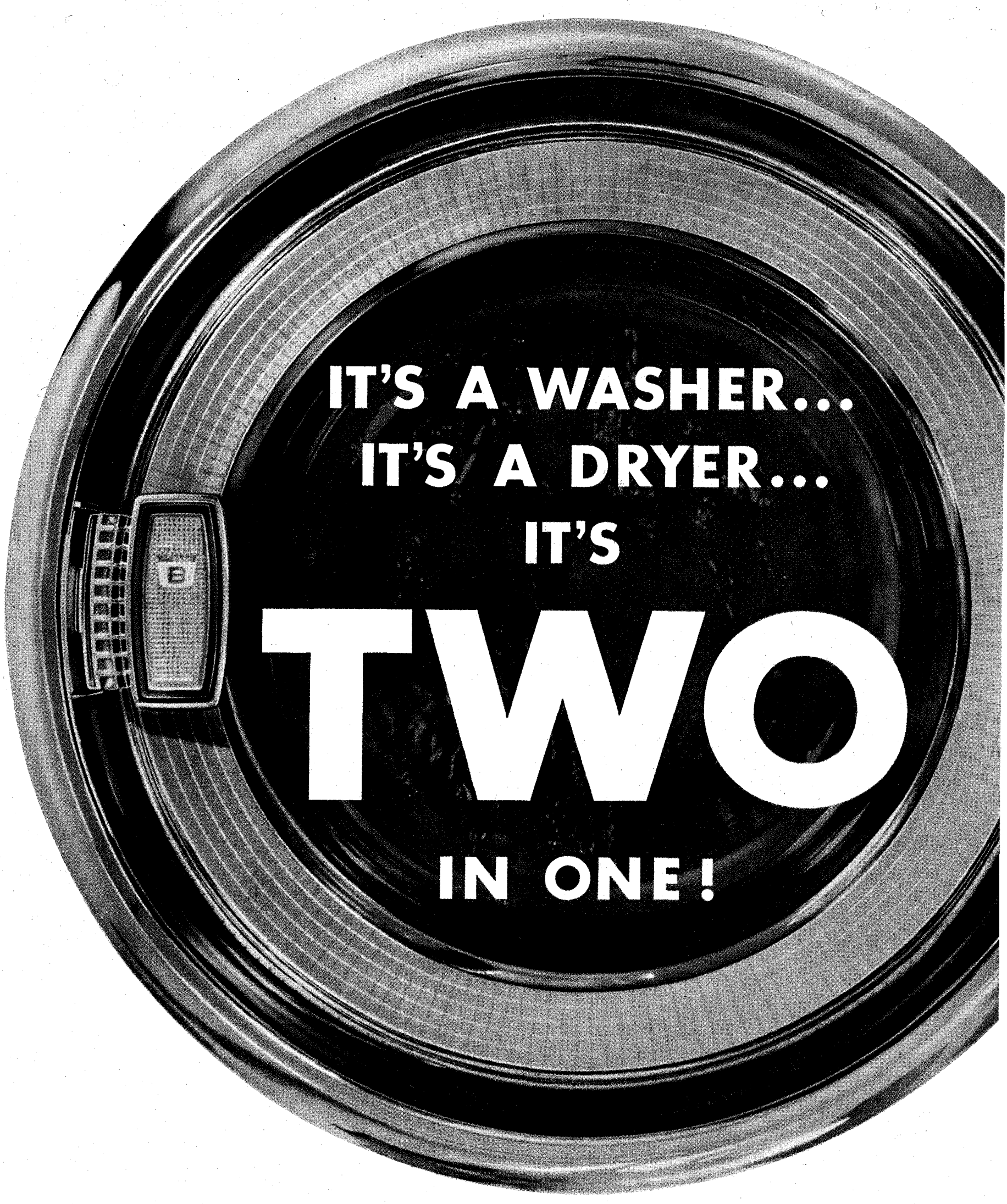

LOOK AHEAD . .

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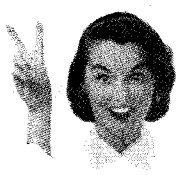


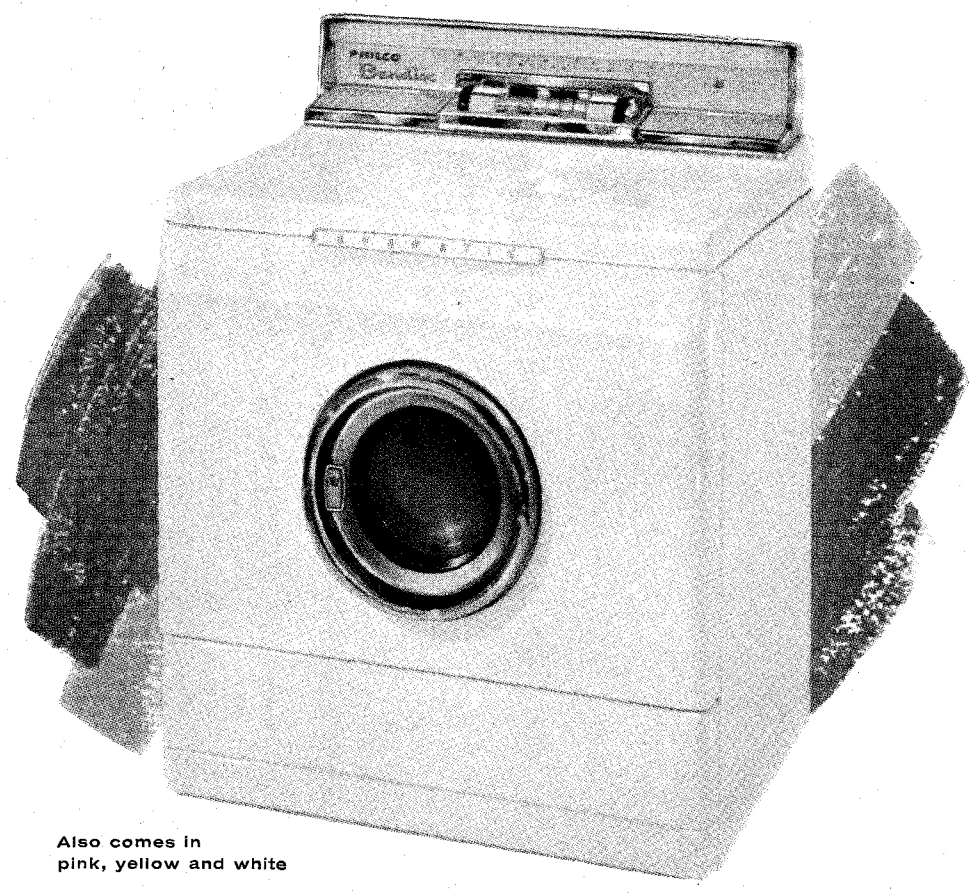
DOES THE WORK OF TWO MACHINES IN THE SPACE OF ONE!

It has happened in your lifetime . . . a magic hamper!

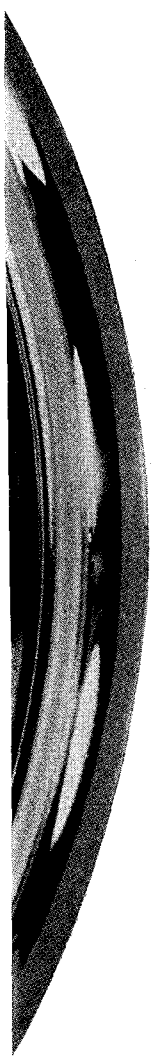
Just toss your soiled clothes into the Philco-Bendix DUOMATIC washer-dryer combination. When you come back, they are ready to be worn, ironed or put away. For the DUOMATIC is a washer and a dryer—it's two in one.

This "miracle" machine actually removes more dirt than any other washer and dries *faster* than any other combination. Think of it! With one setting of the dials, you get clothes that are washed clean, completely dry, sweet-smelling and *sanitized.*

But read on, see why we say . . . if you look ahead, you'll get a Philco-Bendix DUOMATIC for your *complete* home laundry.

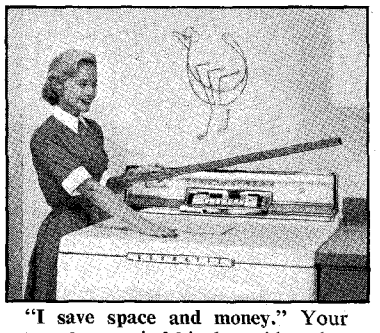


Also comes in pink, yellow and white



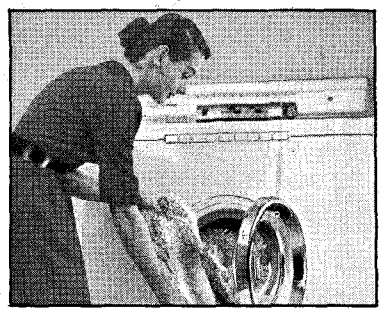
Why women beg...borrow...and trade to get the new DUOMATIC

"I get the cleanest wash." Your DUOMATIC reaches every fiber by its special washing action, two deep rinses! For stain removal, only DUOMATIC offers pre-soak cycle.



"I save space and money." Your DUOMATIC is 36 inches wide, takes less space than two separate units. Costs less, too. You save as much as $130 when you buy DUOMATIC.

"I save on clothes." You need fewer garments because DUOMATIC can wash-and-dry in less than an hour. Clothes last longer, too. No pull 'n' tug in the DUOMATIC.



"Dries like a breeze." *Low* heat, *high* air flow give you faster, safer drying for *all* fabrics. Wash and dry two, three, even four loads in a single morning with DUOMATIC.

"No lint at all." None on your clothes, none around the drum when you own the DUOMATIC. What's more, clothes don't tangle, twist or pull. No deep-set wrinkles!

"I save water!" You save up to 20 gallons in the wash cycle over center-post washers! And detergent manufacturers say: Use half as much detergent. How right they are!

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Now for so little . . .
you can give Mother so much!
UNIVERSAL
Coffeematic
with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR
THE NEW EIGHT-CUP MODEL
only $19.95
Only UNIVERSAL gives you
Chrome on Solid Copper at this low price!
This Mother's Day give her the wonderful enjoyment of real coffee brewed quickly and automatically in a famous Universal Coffeematic. There is nothing finer, and now this newest model is priced to bring it within the reach of everyone. She'll enjoy coffee made exactly to the strength she chooses and kept hot without becoming strong or bitter. She'll appreciate its lovely chrome-on-copper beauty whenever she serves.
NO GUESSING
Flavor-Selector gives the exact strength you prefer every single time.
NO WAITING
Cold water pump starts perking quickly. Coffee never comes to a boil.
NO REHEATING
Heat-Sentinel keeps your coffee at the perfect serving temperature.
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(*Continued from Page 52*) like to take him away for a little while—until things settle down."

Doctor Cassop showed none of the reluctance Miss Errington had at the thought of losing a pupil. He said eagerly, "Oh, yes. Of course; I think it's a good idea."

"Have any other parents taken their children?" John asked.

"A couple. You see, most of them are Londoners." He shook his head. "I should be most relieved if it were possible to send all the boys home and close the school for the time being. The news ——"

John nodded. He wanted to get away. He said, "If we can take David ——"

"Yes, of course. I'll —— Why, there he is."

Davey had seen them simultaneously. He dashed along the corridor and hurled himself, with a cry of delight, at John.

"You will be taking David to stay with your friends?" Doctor Cassop asked. "With Mrs. Buckley, perhaps?"

John felt the boy's brown hair under his hand. There would very likely be more killings ahead; that for which he would kill was worth the killing. He looked at the headmaster.

"Our plans are not certain." He paused. "We mustn't detain you, Doctor Cassop. I imagine you will have a lot to do, with all these boys to look after."

The headmaster responded to the accession of brutality in John's voice. He nodded, and his fear and misery were so apparent that John saw Ann start at the perception of them.

He said, "Yes. Of course. I hope—in better times —— Good-by, then."

He performed a stiff little half bow to the ladies, and turned from them and went into his study, closing the door behind him. Davey watched him with interest.

"The fellows were saying old Cassop's got the wind up. Do you think he has, daddy?"

They would know, of course, and he would be aware of their knowledge. That would make things worse all round. It would not be long, John thought, before Cassop broke and made his run for it.

He said to Davey, "Maybe. So should I have, if I had a mob like you to contend with. Are you ready to leave, as you are?"

"Blimey!" Davey said. "Mary here? Is it like end of term? Where are we going?"

Ann said, "You must not say 'Blimey,' Davey."

Davey said, "Yes, mummy. Where are we going? How did you get out of London? We heard about all the roads being closed. Did you fight your way through?"

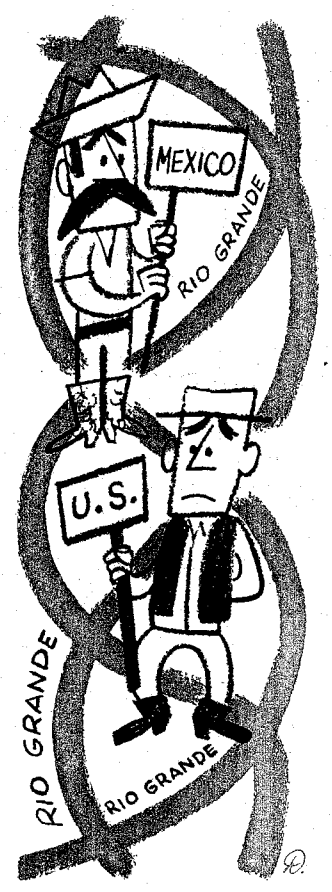
"We're going up to the valley for a holiday," John said. "The point is, are you ready? (*Continued on Page 58*)

Look at the State They're In!

Of all America's great rivers, the Rio Grande is perhaps the most prankish in international politics.

Ever since Texas became a state, the 1300 rambling miles of Rio Grande between the United States and Mexico have posed a turbulent problem. In 1849, with only 300 soldiers policing the empty desert expanses, 171 persons were murdered in the Nueces-Rio Grande country. Outlaws operated from both sides of the river. During the 1870–80 raids, bandits burned whole towns, robbed post offices and custom houses, murdered and fled into Mexico. Ten or more United States Army expeditions chased across the border after them, usually in vain. Mexico, bothered by American border villains, asked the right to pursue them through all of Texas if necessary. So from 1882 until 1896, a reciprocal agreement let either country send its cavalry after outlaws who fled into the nation next door. Although this agreement wasn't working in 1916, a United States Army force under Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing pursued Pancho Villa into Chihuahua—unsuccessfully, as usual—and Mexican bandits killed Americans in El Paso as late as 1919.

Meanwhile the Rio Grande was lending its sometimes shallow, sometimes roaring length to other international complications. Take the way it unsettled the life and ranch of one Josiah Turner. In 1852, Turner received 221 acres of Mexico overnight as a gift of the river, which changed its course. One night thirteen years later, the river carved off some Turner acreage and shunted it over to the Mexican side, meanwhile washing away the 221 acres previously bestowed. In 1886, the river handed Turner a huge hunk of Mexico. That time, however, the Mexican landowner successfully claimed it in court on the solid legal ground that it had never been Turner's land before.



To settle such runaway-land questions, an International Commission surveyed the river between 1889 and 1912 and erected eighty-nine steel-and-cement monuments to identify land along the lower Rio Grande as part of Mexico or the United States no matter how the boundary river shifted. Thus bits of this country are occasionally south of the Rio Grande, and Mexico is sometimes north of it—at least between floods.

Clarence M. Conkling

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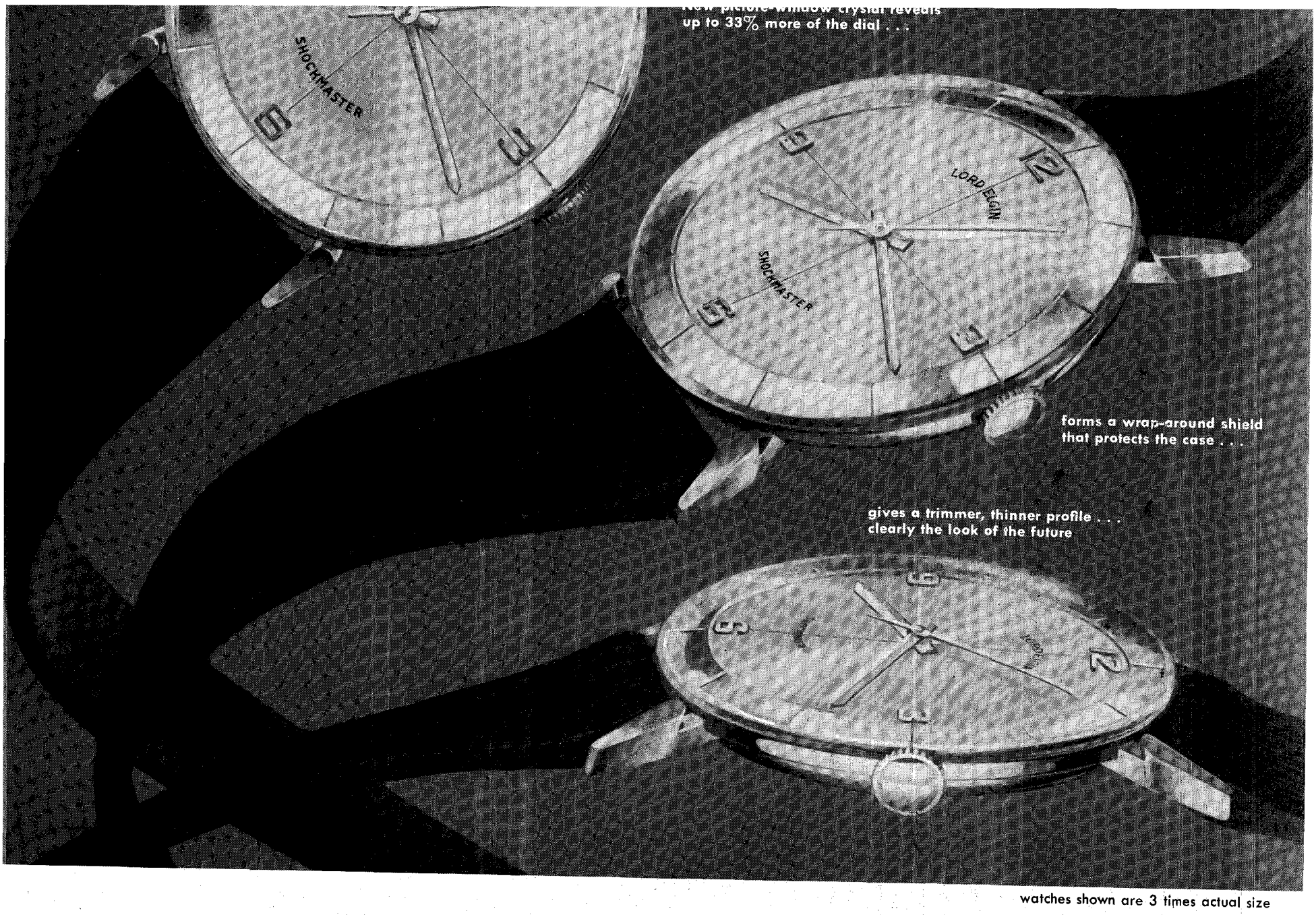
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SHOCKMASTER
forms a wrap-around shield
that protects the case . . .
gives a trimmer, thinner profile . . .
clearly the look of the future

watches shown are 3 times actual size

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. . . AN EXCLUSIVE, NEW Lord and Lady Elgin DESIGN IDEA!

*WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL ARE INTACT

"Personality-Styled"
FOR THE DYNAMIC TYPE:

Lord Elgin Meridian 14K gold-filled case. Sweep second hand. 21 jewels. Shock-resistant. Waterproof*

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(*Continued from Page 56*) Mary packed some of your things for you. You might as well come as you are, if you haven't any special things to get."

"There's Spooks," Davey said. "Hiya, Spooks!"

Spooks proved to be a boy considerably taller than Davey; lanky of figure, with a withdrawn, rather helpless expression of face. He came up to the group and mumbled his way through Davey's hasty and excited introductions. John recalled that Spooks, whose real name was Andrew Skelton, had featured prominently in Davey's letters for some months. It was difficult to see what had drawn the two boys together, for boys do not generally seek out and befriend their opposites.

Davey said, "Can Spooks come with us, daddy? That would be terrific."

"His parents might have some objection," John said.

"Oh, no. . . . That's all right, isn't it, Spooks? His father is in France on business, and he hasn't got a mother. She's divorced, or something. It would be all right."

John began, "Well ——"

It was Ann who cut in sharply, "It's quite impossible, Davey. You know very well one can't do things like that, and especially at times like this."

Spooks stared at them silently; he looked like a child unused to hoping.

Davey said, "But old Cassop wouldn't mind!"

"Go and get whatever you want to bring with you, Davey," John said. "Perhaps Spooks would like to go along and lend you a hand. Run along now."

The two boys went off together. Mary and Steve had wandered out of earshot.

John said, "I think we might take him. He is Davey's best friend."

Something in Ann's expression reminded him of what he had seen in the headmaster's—not the fear, but the guilt.

Ann looked at him. "When you told me—about Miss Errington, I thought it was dreadful. But I still hadn't realized what was happening. I do now. We've got to get to the valley, and get the children there as well. We can't afford any extras, even this boy."

John shrugged. Davey came back, carrying a small attaché case; he had a brisk and happy look and resembled a small-scale government official. Spooks trailed behind him.

Davey said, "I've got the important things, like my stamp album. I put my spare socks in too." He looked at his mother for approval. "Spooks has promised to look after my mice until I get back."

John said, "Well, we'd better be getting along to the car." He avoided looking at the gangling Spooks.

Olivia, who had taken no previous part in the conversation, broke her silence. She said, "I think Spooks could come along. . . . Would you like to come with us, Spooks?"

Ann said, "Olivia! You know ——"

Olivia said apologetically, "I meant, in our car. We only have the one child, after all. It would only be a matter of evening things up."

The two men stared briefly at each other. On Ann's side there was guilt again, and anger moved by that guilt. Olivia showed only shy embarrassment. Had there been the least trace of moral condescension, John thought, it would have meant a rift that the safety of the party could not afford. As it was, Ann's anger faded.

She said, "Do as you like. Don't you think you ought to consult Roger, though?"

Davey, who had been following the interchange with interest, but without understanding, said, "Is Uncle Roger here too? I'm sure he'd like Spooks. Spooks is ferociously witty, like he is. . . . Say something witty, Spooks."

Spooks stared at them in agonized helplessness. Olivia smiled at him. "Never mind, Spooks. You would like to come with us?"

He nodded his head slowly up and down. Davey grabbed him by the arm. "Just the job!" he exclaimed. "Come on, Spooks. I'll go and help you pack now."

John looked at Ann over their son's head; after a moment, she also smiled. John said, "We're leaving in five minutes. That's all the time you have for Spooks' packing."

They had expected to be stopped on the roads by the military, and with that possibility in view had devised three different stories to account for the northward journeys of the three cars; the important thing, John felt, was to avoid the impression of a convoy. But, in fact, there was no attempt at inquisition. The considerable number of military vehicles on the roads were interspersed with private cars in a normal and mutually tolerant traffic. After leaving Saxon Court, they made for the Great North Road again, and drove northward uneventfully throughout the morning.

In the late afternoon they stopped for a meal in a lane a little north of Newark. The three boys had found a bank and were sliding down it, using for a slide an old panel of wood, discarded probably from some gypsy caravan years before. Mary watched them, half envious, half scornful. She had developed a lot since the hill climbing in the valley of fourteen months before.

The men, sitting in Pirrie's car, discussed things.

John said, "If we can get north of Ripon today, we should be all right for the run to the valley tomorrow."

"We could get farther than that," Roger said.

"I suppose we could. I doubt if it would be worth it, though. The main thing is to get clear of population centers. Once we're away from the West Riding, we should be safe enough from anything that happens."

Pirrie said, "I am not objecting, mind you, nor regretting having joined you on this little trip, but does it not seem possible that the dangers of violence may have been overestimated? We have had a very smooth progress. Neither Grantham nor Newark showed any signs of imminent breakdown."

> The kind of dresses men admire most are the kind they object to seeing on their wives.
>
> MILDRED SILVER

"The trouble is," said John, "that we don't know just when Welling is going to take his drastic action. It's nearly twenty-four hours since the cities and large towns were sealed off. When the bombs drop, the whole country is going to erupt in panic. Welling hopes to be able to control things, but he won't expect to have any degree of control for the first few days. I still think that, provided we can get clear of the major centers of population by that time, we should be all right."

"Atom bombs and hydrogen bombs," Pirrie said thoughtfully. "I really wonder. I find it difficult to believe they could ever bring themselves to the sticking point."

"We haven't done so badly," Roger said. He grinned. "You, particularly."

The women were in the Buckleys' car. Millicent now put her head out of the window and called out to them, "News!"

One of the two car radios was kept permanently in operation. The men walked back to see what it was.

Ann said, as they approached, "It sounds like trouble."

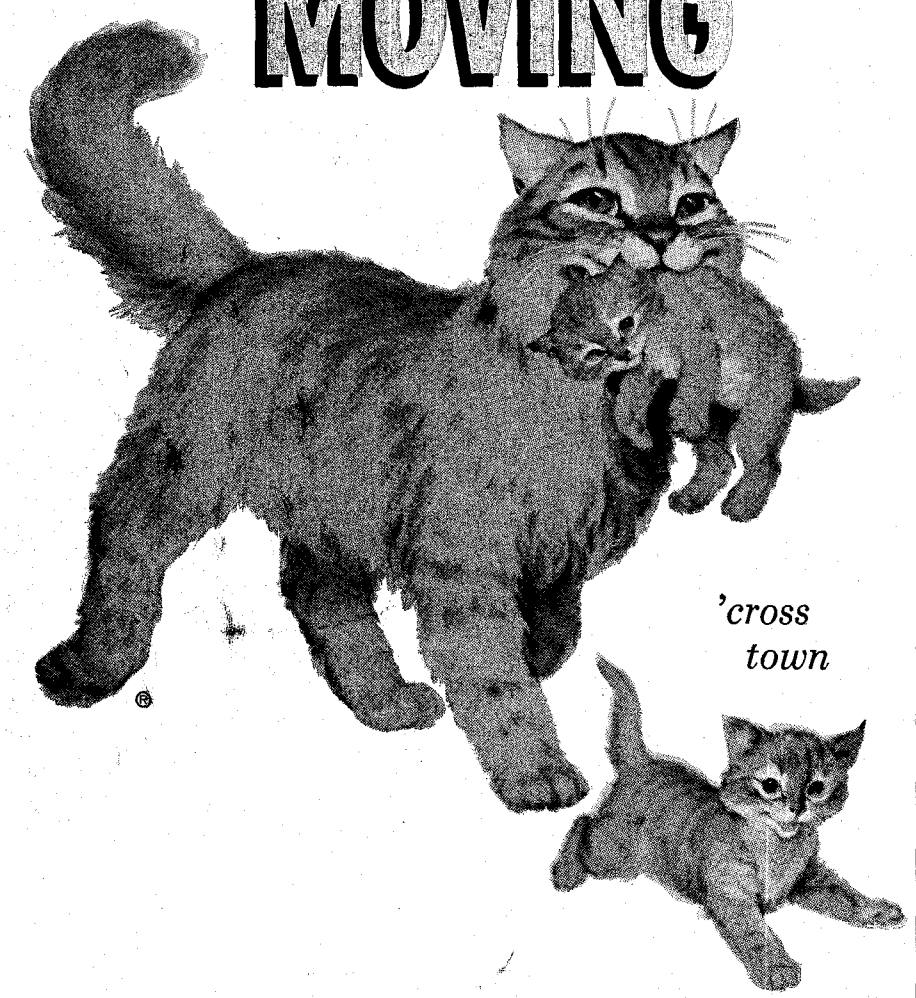
The announcer's voice was still suave, but grave as well, ". . . further emergency bulletins will be issued as they are deemed necessary, in addition to the normal news readings.

"There has been further rioting in Central London, and troops have moved in from the outskirts to control this and to maintain order. In South London an attempt has been made by an organized mob to break through the military barriers set up yesterday following the temporary ban on travel. The situation here is confused; fresh military forces are moving up to deal with it."

"Now that we're clear," Roger said, "I don't mind them having the guts to break out. Good for them."

The announcer continued: "There are reports of (*Continued on Page 62*)

for DEPENDABLE MOVING



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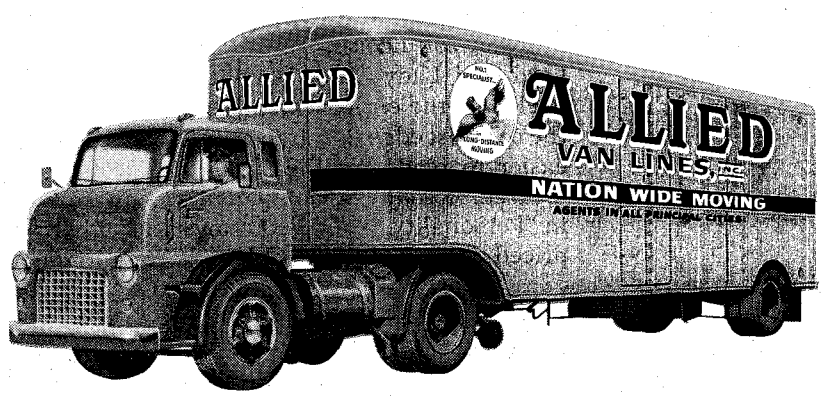

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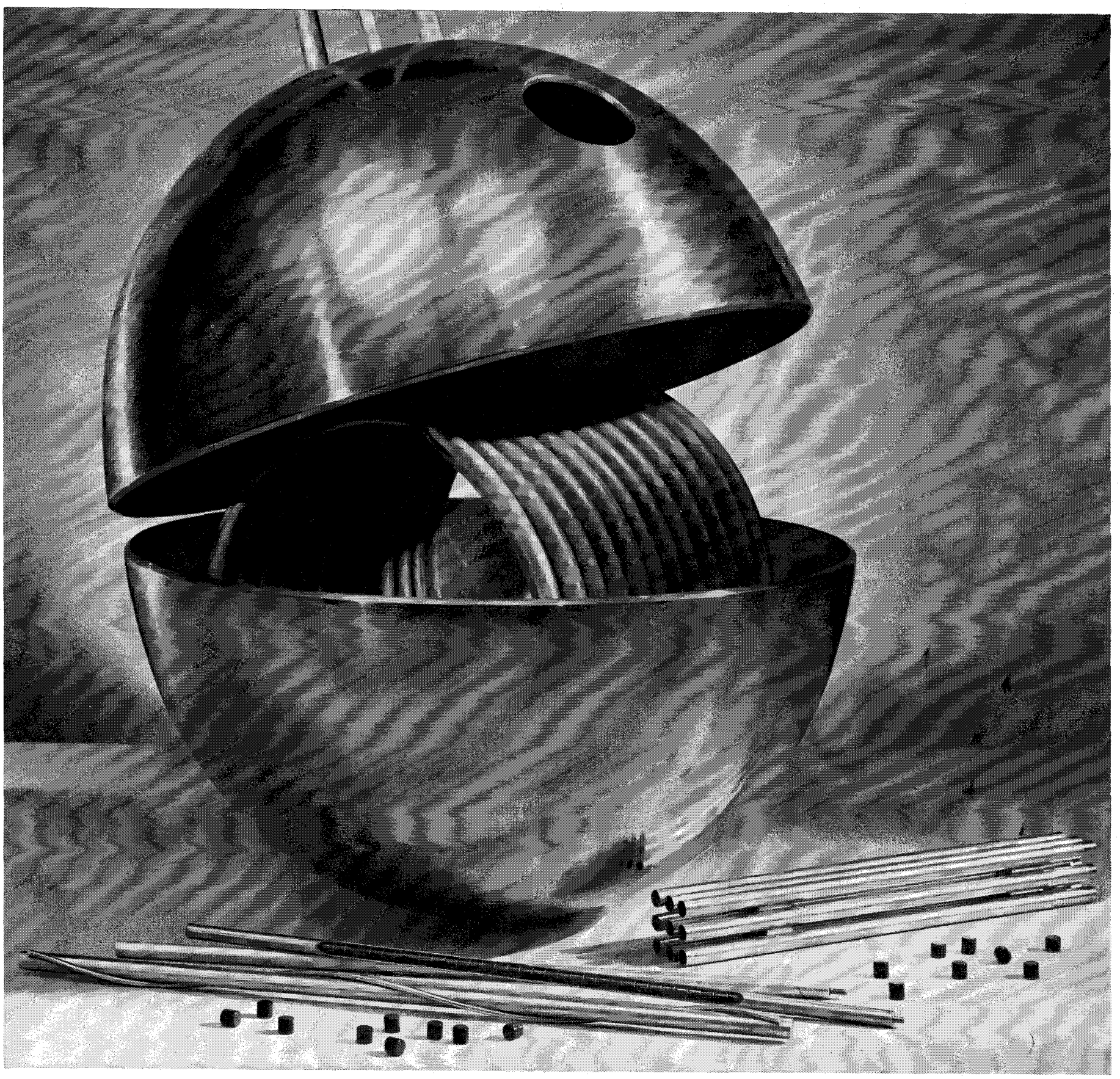

The sphere above is a "core" for one kind of research atomic reactor. The metal tubes in the foreground and at the right show various test designs for holding the small uranium fuel pellets in other kinds of atomic reactors.

Strange new "tools" of atomic-electric power

These are some of the strange new "tools" used to produce, test, or experiment with atomic-electric power. They are among the things that will help bring electricity from the atom.

"Tools" like these are being used in developing several atomic-electric plants now under way. A number of electric light and power companies from many parts of the country are working with each other and with equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission to develop the plants.

For more than 75 years, America's independent electric light and power companies have supplied more and more electricity to this growing nation. Today they produce more than any other single nation in the world. And they have helped develop ways to produce it more efficiently year after year. That's why you can expect electric companies to continue to do their part to advance the new science of producing electricity from the atom.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

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North, South, East, West–the news rolls in–

THE SWITCH IS ON TO

UP NORTH, people say they're switching to Chrysler Corporation cars because of wonderfully fresh, new styling . . . because of outstanding engineering . . . because in no other cars (as a showroom visit will quickly prove) can you get so *much* that's so *new* as in this PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE 4-door sedan . . . 3 years ahead of its field.

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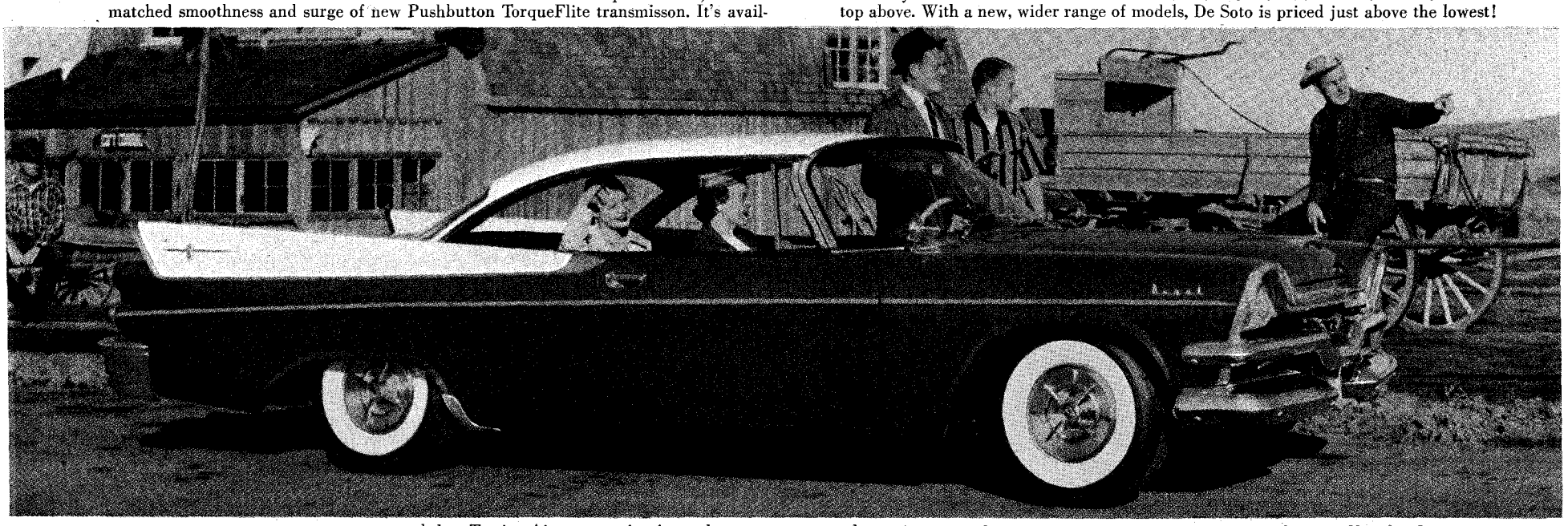
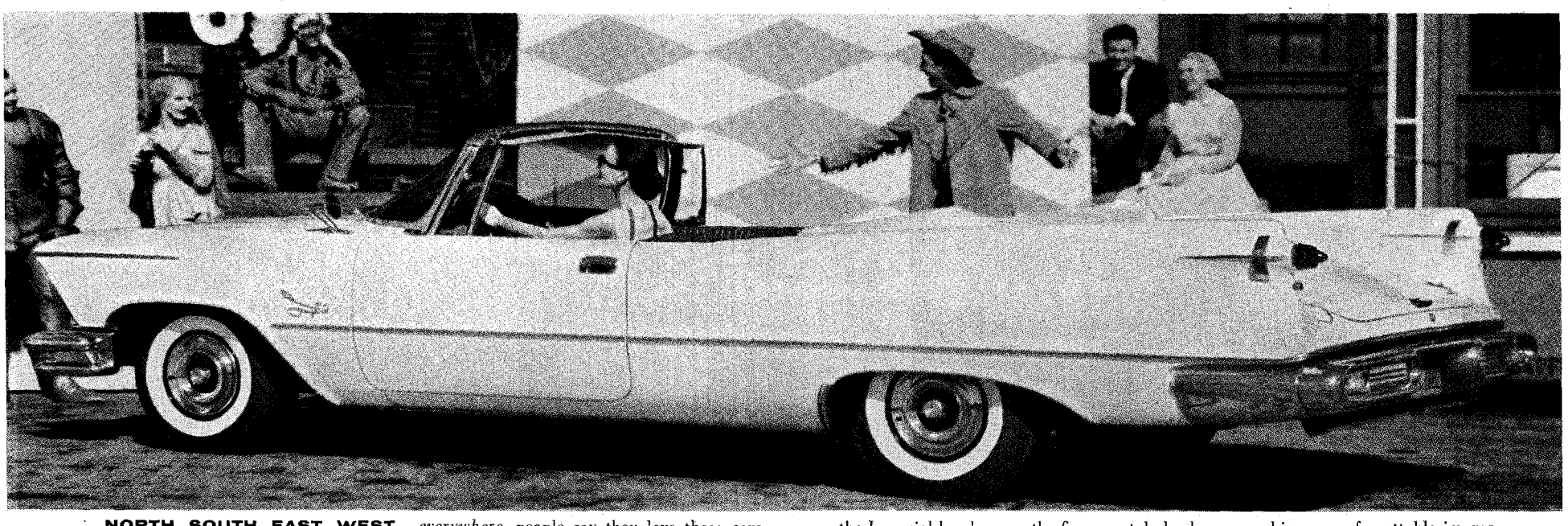
THE ALL-NEW CARS OF **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

EASTERNERS SAY THEY'RE SOLD! One reason is the quick reflex, the unmatched smoothness and surge of new Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmisson. It's available only on the cars of The *Forward* Look. That's a DE SOTO FIREFLITE 4-door hardtop above. With a new, wider range of models, De Soto is priced just above the lowest!



WESTERN ROADS get pretty rugged, but Torsion-Aire suspension irons them out smooth. It keeps the car flat around curves, lets you stop without front-end "dive". It's the engineering advance of the year! You can enjoy it with every Chrysler Corporation car. This value-loaded beauty is a DODGE ROYAL 2-door hardtop.



NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST — *everywhere*, people say they love these cars. Above is a magnificent reason why. It's an IMPERIAL CROWN convertible. Overnight the Imperial has become the fine-car style leader . . . making an unforgettable impression on motorists for purity of styling and overall *excellence* of design.

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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(*Continued from Page 58*) even more serious outbreaks of disorder in the North of England. Riots are reported to have occurred in several major cities, notably Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds, and in the case of Leeds official contact has been lost."

"Leeds!" John said. "That's less good."

"The government," the voice went on, "has issued the following statement: 'In view of disturbances in certain areas, members of the public are warned that severe countermeasures may have to be taken. There is a real danger, if mob violence were to continue, that the country might lapse into anarchy, and the government is determined to avoid this at all costs. The duty of the individual citizen is to go about his business quietly and to co-operate with the police and military authorities who are concerned with maintaining order.' That is the end of the present bulletin."

A cinema organ began to play The Teddy-Bears' Picnic; Ann switched the volume down until it was only just audible.

Roger said, "If we drove all night, we could reach the valley by the morning. I don't like the sound of all this. It looks as though Leeds has broken loose. I think we'd better travel while the traveling's good."

"We didn't get much sleep last night," John said. "A night run across Mossdale isn't a picnic at the best of times."

Pirrie said, "May I suggest that we concentrate immediately on getting clear of the West Riding? When we have done that, we can decide whether to carry right on or not."

"Yes," John said, "we'll do that."

From the top of the bank, the boys called down to them, waving their arms toward the sky. Listening, they heard the hum of aircraft engines approaching. Their eyes searched the clear sky. The planes came into view over the hedge which topped the bank. They were heavy bombers, flying north, at not more than three or four thousand feet.

They watched, in a silence that seemed to shiver, until they had passed right over. They could hear the engines and the excited chatter of the boys, but neither of these affected the sharp-edged silence of their own thoughts.

"Leeds?" Ann whispered, when they had gone.

Nobody answered at first. It was Pirrie who spoke finally, his voice as calm and precisely modulated as ever. "Possibly. There are other explanations, of course. But in any case, I think we ought to move, don't you?"

When they set off, Davey had joined Steve and Spooks in the Citroën, which was leading the way at this point. The Minx came second, and John's Vauxhall, carrying now only Mary and Ann in addition to himself, brought up the rear.

Doncaster was sealed off, but the detour roads had been well posted. Meshed in with an increasing military traffic, they went round to the northeast, through a series of little peaceful villages. They were in the Vale of York; the land was very flat and the villages straggling and prosperous. It was not until they had got back to the North Road that they were halted at a military checkpoint. There was a sergeant in charge. He was a Yorkshireman, possibly a native of these parts. He looked down at Roger benevolently.

"A-One closed, except to military vehicles, sir."

Roger asked him, "What's the idea?"

"Trouble in Leeds. Where were you wanting to get to?"

"Westmorland."

He shook his head, but in appreciation of their problem rather than negation. "I should backtrack on to the York road, if I was you. If you cut off just before Selby, you can go through Thorpe Willoughby to Tadcaster. I should steer well clear of Leeds, though."

Roger said, "There are some funny rumors about."

"I reckon there are, too," said the sergeant.

"We saw planes flying up this way a couple of hours back," Roger added. "Bombing planes."

"Yes," the sergeant said. "They went right over. I always feel 'appier being out in the country when things like that are up aloft. Funny, isn't it, being uneasy when your own planes go over? That lot went right over, but I should stay clear of Leeds, anyway."

"Thanks," Roger said; "we will."

The convoy reversed itself and headed back. The road by which they had come would have taken them south; instead they turned northeast and found themselves, with the military vehicles left behind, traveling deserted lanes.

Ann said, "Our minds can't grasp it properly, can they? The news bulletins, the military checkpoints—they're one kind of thing. This is another. A summer evening in the country—the same country that's always been here."

"A bit bare," John said. He pointed to the grassless hedgerows.

"It doesn't seem enough," Ann said, "to account for famine, flight, murder, atom bombs"—she hesitated; he glanced at her—"or refusing to take a boy with us to safety."

John said, "Motives are naked now. We shall have to learn to live with them."

Ann said passionately, "I wish we were there! I wish we could get into the valley and shut David's gate behind us."

"Tomorrow, I hope."

The lane they were in wound awkwardly through high-hedge country. They dropped back behind the other cars—Pirrie's Minx, with a surprising degree of maneuverability, hung right on to the Citroën's heels. As the Vauxhall approached a gatehouse standing back from the road, the crossing gates slowly began to close.

Braking, John said, "Damn! And a ten-minute wait before the train even comes in sight, if I know country crossings. I wonder if they might be persuaded to let us through for five bob."

He slipped out of the car and walked round it. To the right, a gap in the hedge showed the barren, symmetrical range of hills which were the tip for a nearby colliery. He put his head over the gate and looked along the line. There was no sign of smoke, and the line ran straight for miles in either direction. He walked up to the gatehouse, and called, "Hello, there!"

There was no immediate reply. He called again, and this time he heard something, but too indistinct to be an answer. It was a gasping, sobbing noise from somewhere inside the house.

The window on to the road showed him nothing. He went round onto the line, to the window that looked across it. It was easy enough to see, as he looked in, where the noise had come from. A woman lay in the middle of the floor. Her clothes were torn and there was blood on her face; one leg was doubled underneath her. About her, the room was in confusion—drawers pulled out, a wall clock splintered.

It was the first time he had seen it in England, but in Italy, during the war, he had observed not dissimilar scenes. The trail of the looter—but here, in rural England? The casual reality of this horror in so remote a spot showed more

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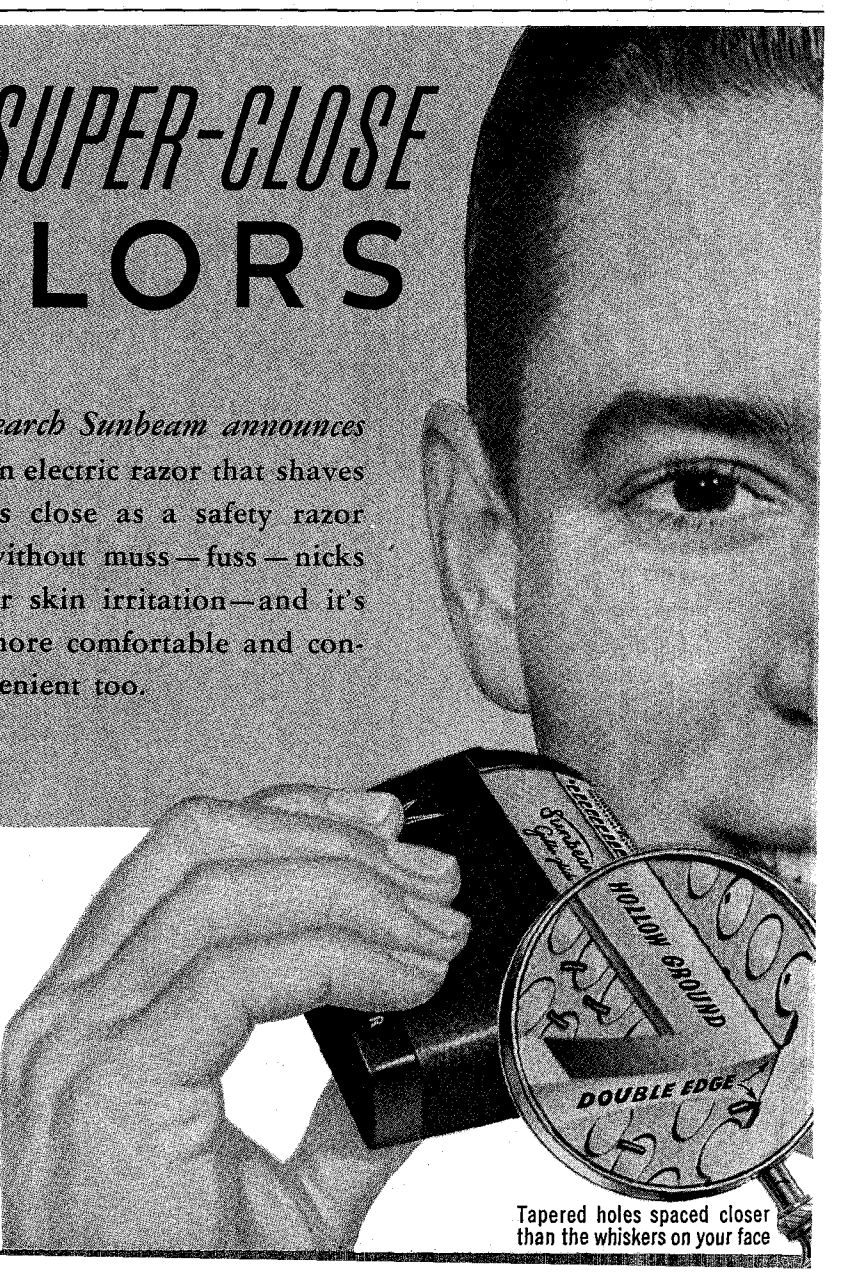

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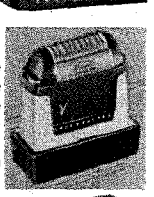
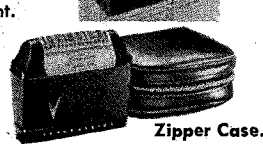


Model GZ



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clearly than the military checkpoints or the winging bombers that the breakup had come, irrevocably.

He was still looking through the window when memory gripped and tightened on him. The gates —— With the woman lying here, perhaps dying, who had closed the gates? And why? From here, the road and the car were invisible. He turned quickly, and, as he did, heard Ann cry out.

He ran round the side of the gatehouse. The car doors were open and a struggle was taking place inside. He could see Ann fighting with a man in front; there was another man in the back, and he could not see Mary.

He had some hope, he thought, of surprising them. The guns were in the car. He looked quickly for a weapon of some kind, and saw a piece of rough wood lying beside the porch of the gatehouse. He bent down to pick it up. As he did, he heard a man's laugh from close beside him. He straightened up again, and looked into the eyes of the man who was waiting in the shadow of the porch, just as the length of pit prop crashed down against the side of his head.

He tried to cry out, but the words caught in his throat, and he stumbled and fell. . . .

Someone was bathing his head. He saw first a handkerchief, and saw that it was dark with clotted blood; then he looked up into Olivia's face.

She said, "Johnny, are you better now?"

"Ann?" he said. "Mary?"

"Lie quiet." She called, "Roger, he's come round."

The crossing gates were open. The Citroën and the Minx stood in the road. The three boys were in the back of the Citroën, looking out, but shocked out of their usual chatter. Roger and the Pirries came out of the gatehouse. Roger's face was grim; Pirrie's wore its customary blandness.

Roger said, "What happened, Johnny?"

He told them. His head was aching; he had a physical urge to lie down and go to sleep.

Roger said, "You've probably been out about half an hour. We were the other side of the Leeds road before we missed you."

Pirrie said, "Half an hour is, I should estimate, twenty miles for looters in this kind of country. That opens up rather a wide circle. And, of course, a widening circle. These parts are honeycombed with roads."

Olivia was bandaging the side of his head; the pressure, gentle as it was, made the pain worse.

Roger looked down at him. "Well, Johnny, what's it to be? It will have to be a rush decision."

He tried to collect his rambling thoughts. He said, "Will you take Davey? That's the important thing. You know the way, don't you?"

Roger asked, "And you?"

John was silent. The implications of what Pirrie had said were coming home to him. The odds were fantastically high against his finding Ann and Mary. And even when he did find them ——

"If you could let me have a gun," he said. "They got away with the guns as well."

Roger said gently, "Look, Johnny, you're in charge. You're not just planning for yourself; you're planning for all of us." He shook his head. "If you don't get through into the North Riding, at least tonight, you may not be able to get clear at all. I'll manage."

Pirrie had moved a little way off; he was looking at the sky in an abstracted fashion.

"Yes," Roger said, "you'll manage. What the hell do you think you are—a combination of Napoleon and Superman? What are you going to use for wings?"

John said, "I don't know whether you could all crowd into the Citroën. If you could spare me the Minx ——"

"We're traveling as a party," Roger said. "If you go back, you take us with you." He paused. "That woman's dead in there—you might as well know that."

"Take Davey," John said. "That's all."

"You damned fool!" Roger said. "Do you think Olivia would let me carry on, even if I wanted to? We'll find them. To hell with the odds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's not what I meant by 'get into your evening clothes' and you know it!"

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(see pages 60 & 61)

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Pirrie looked round, blinking mildly. "Have you reached a decision?" he inquired.

John said, "It seems to have been reached for me. I suppose this is where the alliance ceases to be valuable, Mr. Pirrie? You've got the valley marked on your road map. I'll give you a note for my brother, if you like. You can tell him we've been held up."

"I have been examining the situation," Pirrie said. "If you will forgive my putting things bluntly, I am rather surprised that they should have left the scene so quickly."

Roger said sharply, "Why?"

Pirrie nodded toward the gatehouse. "They spent more than half an hour there."

John said dully, "You mean—rape?"

"Yes. The explanation would seem to be that they guessed our three cars were together, and cut off the straggler deliberately. They would therefore be anxious to clear out of the immediate vicinity, in case the other two cars should come back in search of the third."

"Does that help us?" Roger asked.

"I think so," Pirrie said. "They would leave the immediate vicinity. We know they turned the car back toward the North Road because they left the gates shut against traffic. But I do not think they would go as far as the North Road without stopping again."

"Stopping again?" John asked.

Looking at Roger's impassive face, he saw that he had taken Pirrie's meaning. Then he himself understood. He struggled to his feet.

Roger said, "There are still some things to work out. There are well over half a dozen side roads between here and A-One. And you've got to remember that they will be listening for the noise of engines. We shall have to explore them one by one, and on foot."

Despair climbing back on his shoulders, John said, "By the time we've done that ——"

"If we rush the cars down the first side road," Roger said, "it might be giving them just the chance they need to get away."

As they walked back, in silence, to where the two cars stood, Spooks put his head out of the back of the Citroën. His voice was thin and very high-pitched. He said, "Has someone kidnaped Davey's mother and Mary?"

"Yes," Roger said. "We're going to get them back."

"And they've taken the Vauxhall?"

Roger said, "Yes. Keep quiet, Spooks. We've got to work things out."

"Then we can find them easily!" Spooks said.

"Yes, we'll find them," Roger said. He got into the driving seat, and prepared to turn the car round. John was still dazed.

It was Pirrie who asked Spooks, "Easily? How?"

Spooks pointed down the road along which they had come. "By the oil trail."

The three men stared at the tarmac. Trail was a high term for it, but there were spots of oil in places along the road.

"Blind!" Roger said. "Why didn't we see that? But it might not be the Vauxhall. More likely the Minx."

"No," Spooks insisted. "It must be the Vauxhall. It's left a bit bigger stain where it was standing."

"My God!" Roger said. "What were you at school—Chief Boy Scout?"

Spooks shook his head. "I wasn't in the Scouts. I didn't like the camping."

Roger said exultantly, "We've got them! We've got the swine!"

At each junction they stopped the cars and searched for the oil trail. It was far too inconspicuous to be seen without getting out of the cars. The third side road was on the outskirts of a village; there the trail turned right. A signpost said: NORTON 1½ M.

"I think this is our stretch," Roger said. "We could try blazing right along in one of the cars. If we got past them with one car, we could make a neat sandwich. I think they would be between here and the next village. They sheered off sharply enough from this one."

"It would work," Pirrie said thoughtfully. "On the other hand, they would probably fight it out. They've got an automatic and a rifle and revolver in that car. It might prove difficult to get at them without hurting the women."

"Any other ideas?"

John tried to think, but his mind was too full of sick hatred, poised between some kind of hope and despair.

Pirrie said, "This country is very flat. If one of us were to shin up that oak, he might get a glimpse of them with the glasses."

... ...

Suppertime

By R. H. Grenville

The last called child has
scampered in,
The last door closed upon
the day;
Now kittens lap with milky
chin
And cattle munch their
scented hay;
A drowsy bird chirps from
its nest,
A new lamb bleats within
the fold;
Blue shadows climb the
mountain's crest
And night is one star old.

... ...

The oak stood in the angle of the road. Roger surveyed it carefully. "Give me a bunk-up to the first branch, and I reckon I shall be all right."

He climbed the tree easily; he had to go high to find a gap in the leaves to give him a view. They could barely see him from below.

He called suddenly, "Yes!"

John cried, "Where are they?"

"About three quarters of a mile along. Pulled into a field on the left hand side of the road. I'm coming down."

John said, "And Ann—and Mary?"

Roger scrambled down and dropped from the lowest branch. He avoided John's eyes.

"Yes, they're there."

Pirrie said thoughtfully, "On the left of the road. Are they pulled far in?"

"Clear of the opening, behind the hedge. If we went at them from the front, we should be going in blind."

Pirrie went across to the Minx. He came back with the heavy sporting rifle which was his weapon of choice.

He said, "Three quarters of a mile—give me ten minutes. Then take the Citroën along there fast, and pull up a few hundred yards past them. Fire a few shots—not at them, but back along the lane. I fancy that will put them into the sort of position I want."

"Ten minutes!" John said.

"You want to get them out alive," Pirrie said.

"They may—be ready to clear off before then." (*Continued on Page 66*)

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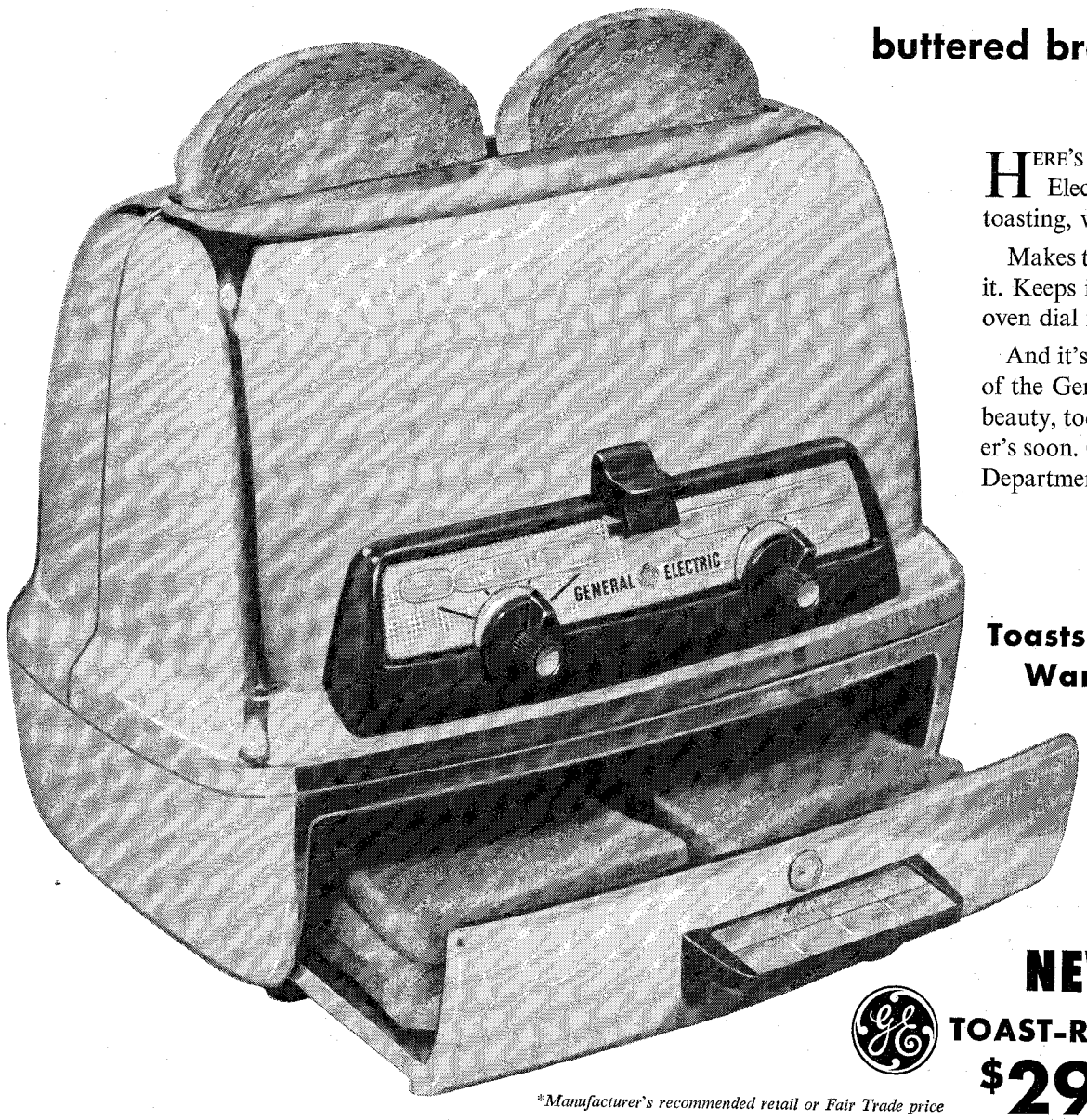
Introducing the new toaster that's an "oven," too!

The new General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes perfect toast "upstairs" or "down." Heats bread and rolls, toasts buttered bread right at the table!



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Makes toast "upstairs" to any delicious shade you want it. Keeps it warm "downstairs" in the oven. Just set the oven dial for warming rolls, buns or muffins.

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Warms 6

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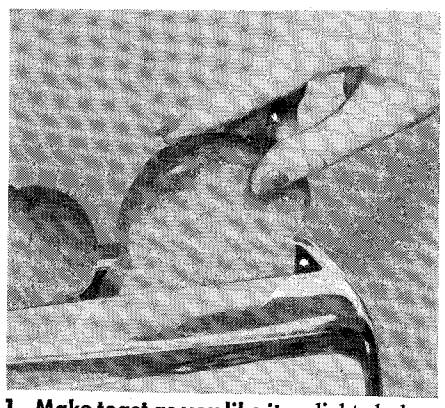
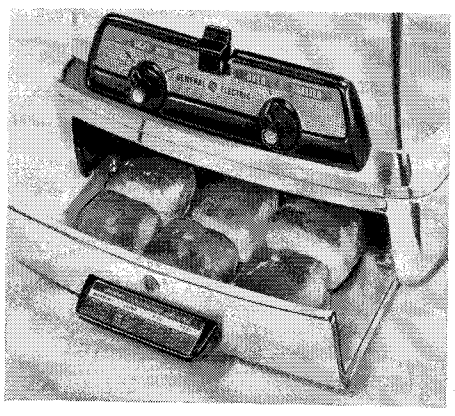
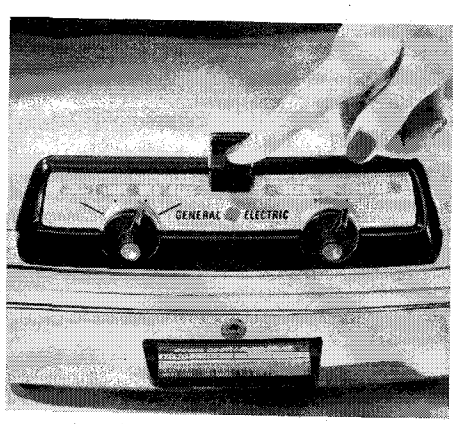


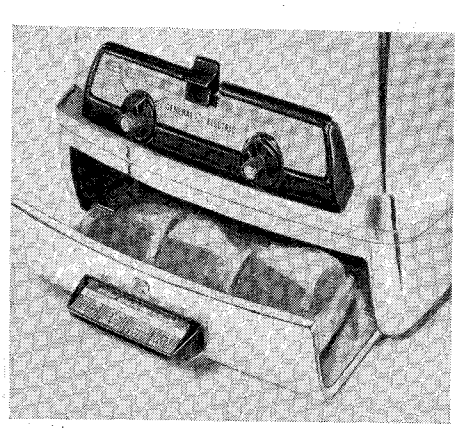
1. Make toast as you like it . . . light, dark or in between with the upper part of your new General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Every slice of toast pops up good and high, so you don't have to dig or burn your fingers.



2. Compact oven warms up to 6 rolls, heats muffins, buns—any baked foods that used to mean using the range oven. Holds 8 pieces of toast at one time . . . 6 keeping warm, 2 toasting on top.



3. Press a button to lower toast and start heat. To get the oven temperature you need, set dial at left. Temperature chart on oven door shows you the "just right" heat for whatever you're preparing.



4. Like to toast buttered bread? And how about garlic-y French bread and crunchy oven toast? Just dial the shade you want. You can fix all these treats at the table with this really *new* toaster.

5. Toasted or melted cheese sandwiches, too . . . topped with a slice of tomato for good eating! Lovely to look at, easy to clean. Oven drawer slides out. Chromium finish dazzles at the flick of a soft cloth.

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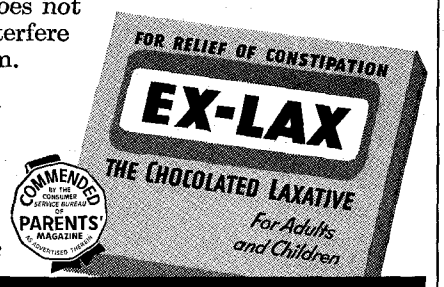
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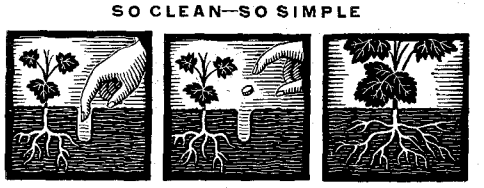

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(*Continued from Page 64*)

"You will hear them if they do. It will be noisy—backing out of a field. If you do, chase them with the Citroën and don't hesitate to let them have it." Pirrie hesitated. "You see, it will be unlikely that they will still have your wife and daughter with them in that case."

And with a small indefinite nod, Pirrie started off along the road. A little way along he found a gap in the hedge and ducked through it.

Roger looked at his watch. "We'd better be ready," he said. "Olivia, Millicent, take the boys in the Minx. . . . Come on, Johnny."

John sat beside him in the front of the Citroën. He grinned painfully. "I'm leading this well, aren't I?"

Roger glanced at him. "Take it easy. You're lucky to be conscious."

John felt his nails tighten against the seat of the car.

"Every minute ——" he said. "The bloody swine! God knows, it's bad enough for Ann, but Mary ——"

Roger repeated, "Take it easy." He looked at his watch again. "With luck, our friends along the road have got just over nine minutes to live."

The thought crossed John's other thoughts, irrelevantly, surprisingly; so much that he voiced it, "We passed a telephone box just now. Nobody thought of getting the police."

"Why should we?" Roger said. "There's no such thing as public safety any longer. It's all private now." His fingers tapped the steering wheel. "So is vengeance."

Neither spoke for the remainder of the waiting time. Still without a word, Roger started the car off and accelerated rapidly through the gears. They roared at the limit of the Citroën's speed and noisiness along the narrow lane. In less than a minute, they had passed the opening to the field and glimpsed the Vauxhall standing behind the hedge. The road ran straight for a further fifty yards. Roger braked sharply at the bend and skidded the car across to take up the full width of the road.

John whipped open the door at his side. He had the automatic from Roger's car; leaning across the bonnet of the Citroën, he fired a short burst. The shots rattled like darts against the shield of the placid summer afternoon. Then, in the distance, there were three more shots. Silence followed them.

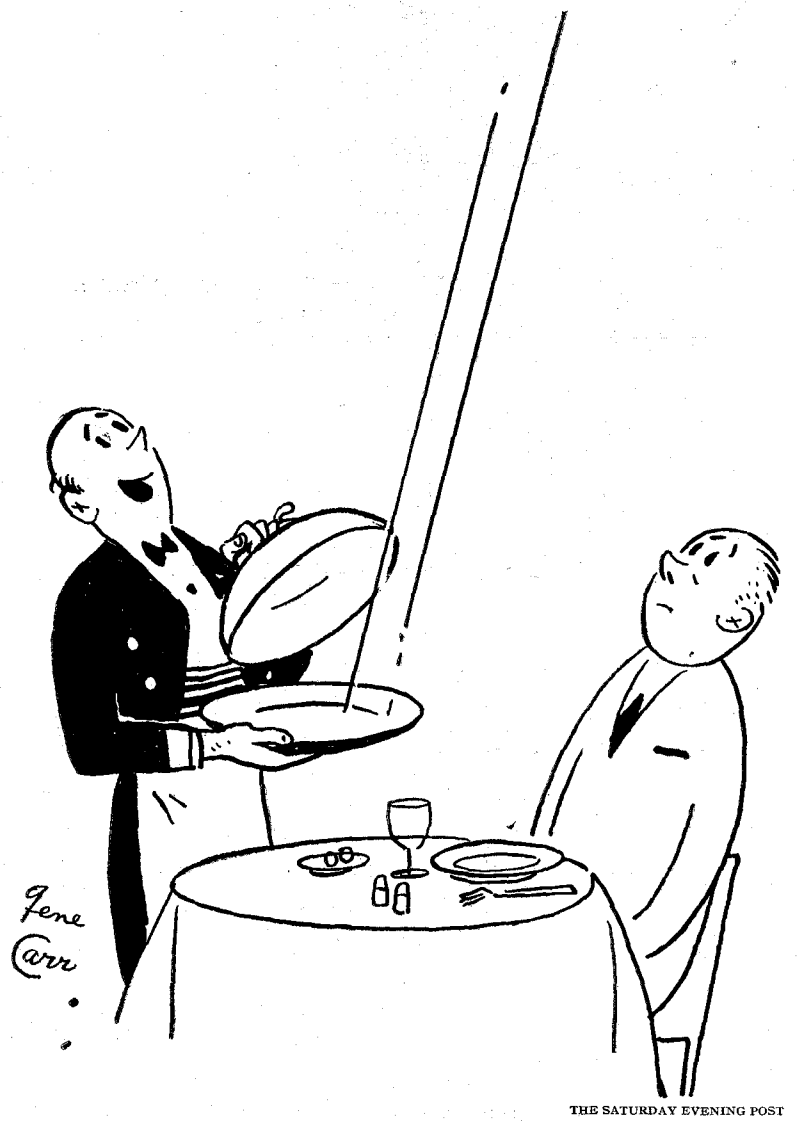
Roger was still in the car. John said, "I'm going through the hedge. You'd better stay here."

Roger nodded. The hedge was thick, but John crashed his way through it, the blackthorn spikes ripping his skin as he did so. He looked back along the field. There were bodies on the ground. From the far end of the field, Pirrie was sedately advancing, his rifle tucked neatly under his arm. Listening, John heard groans. He began to run, his feet slipping and twisting on the plowed ground.

Ann held Mary cradled in her lap on the ground beside the car. They were both alive. The groans he had heard were coming from the three men who lay nearby. As John approached, one of them—small and wiry, with a narrow face covered with a stubble of ginger beard—began to get up. One arm hung loosely, but he had a revolver in the other.

John saw Pirrie lift his rifle, swiftly but without hurry. He heard the faint phutting noise of the silenced report, and the man fell with a cry of pain. A bird, which had settled on the hedge since the first disturbance, rose again and flapped away into the clear sky.

John brought rugs from the car, and covered Ann (*Continued on Page 68*)



"Now, that's what I call a spring chicken."

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This is me 8 years
and 2 days old

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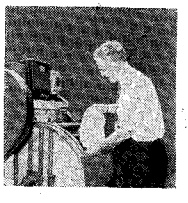
But Mommy says I'm not to blame. She's mad at the saleslady in your store.

The lady said it was a "Sanforized" dress. Then Mommy looked on the label, and it only said "pre-shrunk." The lady said that was the same thing.

Well, she told a fib! Mommy says now she knows it's *not* the same thing and these pictures show it.

Yours truly, Carolyn Harris



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(*Continued from Page 66*) and Mary where they lay. He said, speaking in a whisper as though even the sound of speech might hurt them further, "Ann darling—Mary—it's all right now."

They did not answer. Mary was sobbing quietly. Ann looked away.

Pirrie covered the last few yards. He kicked the man who lay nearest to him, dispassionately, but with precision. The man shrieked, and then subsided again into moaning. At that moment, Roger came through the gap from the road, revolver in hand. He examined the scene, his gaze passing quickly from the huddled woman and the girl to the three wounded men. He looked at Pirrie.

"Not as tidy a job as last time," he observed.

"It occurred to me," said Pirrie—his voice sounded as out of place in the calm summer countryside as did the scene of misery and blood in which he had played his part—"that the guilty do not have the right to die as quickly as the innocent. It was a strange thought, was it not?" He stared at John. "I believe you have the right of execution."

One of the three men had been wounded in the thigh. He lay in a curious twisted posture, with his hands pressed against the wound. But he had been attending to what Pirrie said. He looked at John now with animal supplication.

John turned away. He said, "You finish them off."

With flat, unhappy wonder, he thought: *In the past, there was always due process of law. Now law itself is a casual word in a plowed field backed by guns.*

His words had not been directed to anyone in particular. Looking down at Ann and Mary, he heard Roger's revolver crack once, and again, and heard the gasp of breath forced out by the last agony.

Then Ann cried out, "Roger!"

Roger said in a soft voice, "Yes, Ann."

Ann released Mary gently and got to her feet. She clenched her teeth against pain, and John went to help her. He still had the automatic strapped on his shoulder. He tried to stop her when she reached for it, but she pulled it from him.

Two of the men were dead. The third was the one who had been wounded in the thigh. Ann limped over to stand beside him. He looked up at her, and John saw behind the twisted, tormented fear of his face the beginning of hope.

He said, "I'm sorry, missus. I'm sorry."

Ann pointed the rifle. The man cried, "No, missus, no! I've got kids!"

Ann's voice was flat. "This is not because of me," she said. "It's because of my daughter. When you were—I swore to myself that I would kill you if I got the chance."

"No! You can't! It's murder!"

She found some difficulty in releasing the safety catch. He stared up at her incredulously while she did so, and was still staring when the bullets began tearing through his body. He shrieked once or twice, and then was quiet. She went on firing until the magazine was exhausted. There was comparative silence after that, broken only by Mary's sobbing.

Pirrie said calmly, "That was very well done, Mrs. Custance. Now you had better rest again, until we can get the car out of here."

Roger said, "I'll move her."

He got into the Vauxhall and reversed sharply. A back wheel went over the body of one of the men. He drove the car through the gap and out on to the road.

He called, "Bring them, will you?"

John lifted his daughter and carried her out to the car. Pirrie helped to support Ann. When they were both in the car, Roger sounded the horn several times. Then he slipped out.

He said to John, "Take over. We'll get clear of here before we do anything else—just in case the shots have attracted anyone. Then Olivia can look after them."

The Minx drove up and Olivia got out and hurried to join Ann and Mary. Pirrie walked back to take her place at the wheel.

Roger said, "No point in burying them. We've lost time, Johnny. Pull up just beyond Tadcaster. O.K.?"

John nodded.

Pirrie called, "I'll take over as tail-end Charlie!"

"Fair enough," Roger said. "Let's get moving."

Tadcaster was on edge, like a border town half frightened, half excited at the prospect of invasion. They filled up their tanks, and the garage proprietor looked at the money they gave him as though wondering what value it had.

They left Tadcaster and pulled into a lane just off the main road. They had filled their vacuum flasks in the town, but had to rely on their original stores of food. Mary seemed to have recovered by now; she drank tea and had a little from the tin of meat they opened. But Ann would not eat or drink anything. She sat in a silence that was unfathomable—whether of pain, shame or brooding bitter triumph, John could not tell. He tried to get her to talk at first, but Olivia, who had stayed with them, warned him off silently.

The Citroën and the Vauxhall had been drawn up side by side, occupying the entire width of the narrow lane, and they had their meal communally in the cars. The radio jabbered softly—a recording of a talk on Moorish architecture.

When the voice stopped abruptly, the immediate thought was that the set had broken down. Roger nodded to John, and he switched on the radio in his own car, but nothing happened.

"Their breakdown," Roger said. "I still feel hungry. Think we dare risk another tin, skipper?"

"We probably could," John said, "but until we get clear of the West Riding, I'd rather we didn't."

"Fair enough," Roger said. "I'll move the buckle one notch to the right."

The voice began suddenly and, with both radios now on, seemed very loud. The accent was quite unlike what might be expected on the B.B.C.—a lightly veneered cockney. The voice was angry,

A backward country is one where payrolls can be transferred without an armored truck.

FRANCES RODMAN

and scared at the same time: "This is the Citizens' Emergency Committee in London. We have taken charge of the B.B.C. Stand by for an emergency announcement. Stand by."

The new voice was more typical of a broadcasting announcer. But it still held an unprofessional urgency.

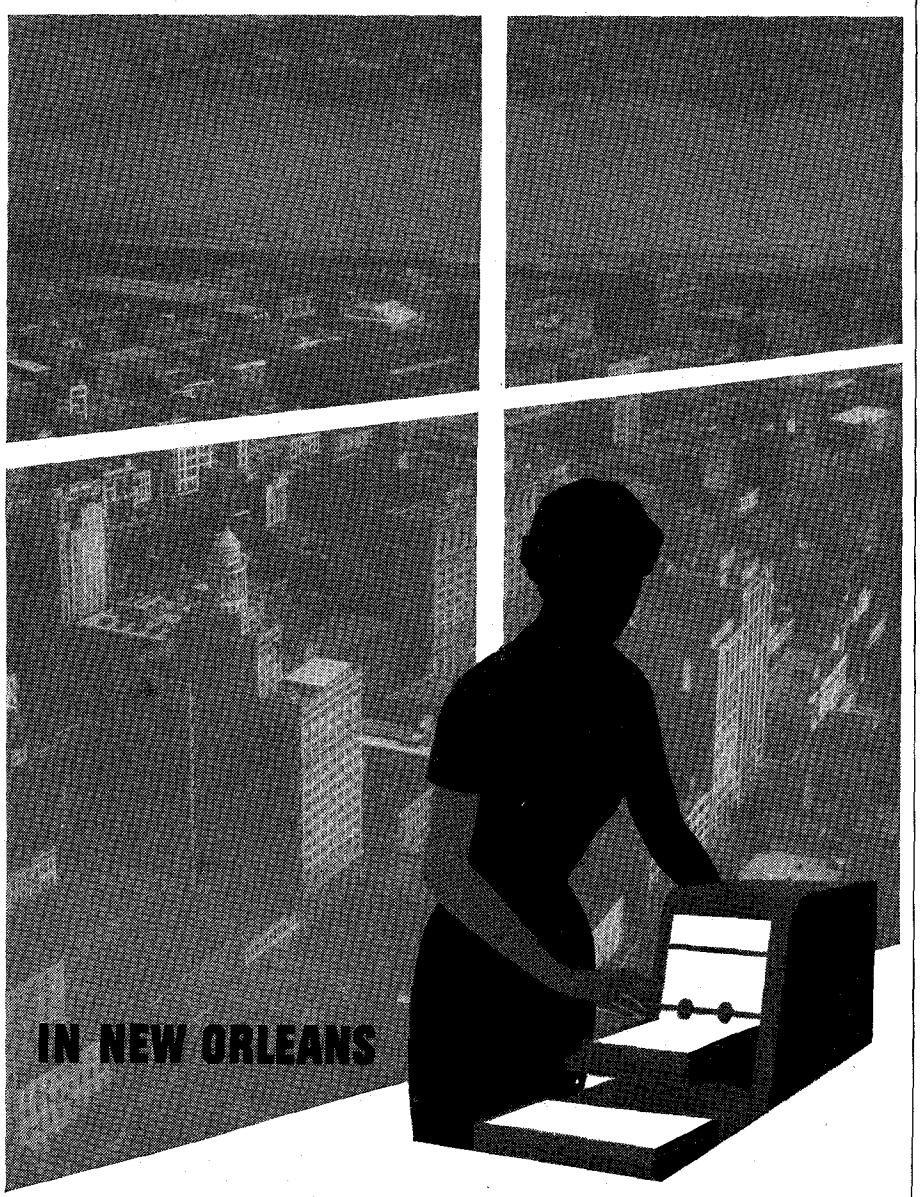
"This is London. We bring you the first bulletin of the Citizens' Emergency Committee. The Citizens' Emergency Committee has taken over the government of London and the Home Counties owing to the unparalleled treachery of the Prime Minister, Raymond Welling. We have incontrovertible evidence that this man, whose duty it was to protect his fellow citizens, has made far-reaching plans for their destruction. The facts are these:

"The country's food position is desperate. No more grain, meat, foodstuffs of any kind, are being sent from overseas. We have nothing to eat but what we can grow out of our own soil or fish from our own coasts. The reason for this is that the counter-virus which was bred to attack the Chung-Li grass virus has proved inadequate.

"On learning of this situation, Welling put forward a plan which was eventually approved by the cabinet, all of whom must share responsibility for it. Welling himself became Prime Minister for the purpose of carrying it out. The plan was that British airplanes should drop atomic and hydrogen bombs on the country's principal cities. It was calculated that if half the country's population were murdered in this way, it might be possible to maintain a subsistence level for the rest."

"That's not the gaff they're blowing!" Roger said. "They're blowing the top off Vesuvius."

"The people of London," the voice went on, "refuse to believe that English-



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men will carry out Welling's scheme for mass murder. We appeal to the Air Force, who in the past have defended this city against her enemies, not to dip their hands now into innocent blood. Such a crime would besmirch not only those who performed it, but their children's children for a thousand years. It is known that Welling and the other members of this bestial cabinet have gone to an Air Force base. We ask the Air Force to surrender them to face the justice of the people.

"All citizens are asked to keep calm and to remain at their posts. The restrictions imposed by Welling on travel outside city boundaries have now no legal or other validity, but citizens are urged not to attempt any panic flight out of London. The Emergency Committee is making arrangements for collecting potatoes, fish and whatever other food is available, and transporting it to London, where it will be fairly rationed out. If the country only shows the Dunkirk spirit, we can pull through. Hardship must be expected, but we can pull through."

There was a pause. The voice continued, "Stand by for further emergency bulletins. Meanwhile we shall play you some gramophone records."

Roger turned off his set. "'Meanwhile,'" he said, "'we shall play you some gramophone records.' I never believed that story of Nero and his fiddle until now."

Millicent Pirrie said, "It was true, then—what you said."

"At least," Pirrie said, "the story has now received wide circulation. That's much the same thing, isn't it?"

"They're mad!" Roger said. "Stark, raving, incurably mad. How Welling must be writhing."

"I should think so," Millicent said indignantly.

"At their inefficiency," Roger explained. "What a way to carry on! At my guess, the Emergency Committee's a triumvirate, and composed of a professional anarchist, a parson and a left-wing female schoolteacher. It would take that kind of combination to show such an ignorance of elementary human behavior."

John said, "They're trying to be honest about things."

"That's what I mean," Roger said. "I know I speak from the exalted wisdom of an ex-public-relations officer, but you don't have to have had much to do with humanity in the mass to know that honesty is never advisable and frequently disastrous."

"It will be disastrous in this case," Pirrie said.

"Too damn true, it will. The country faces starvation—things are in such a state that the Prime Minister decided to wipe the cities out—the Air Force would never do such a thing, but all the same we appeal to them not to—and you can leave London, but we'd rather you didn't. There's only one result news like that can have: nine million people on the move—anywhere, anyhow, but out."

"But the Air Force wouldn't do it," Olivia said. "You know they wouldn't."

"No," Roger said, "I don't know. And I wasn't prepared to risk it. On the whole, I'm inclined to think not. But it doesn't matter now. I wasn't willing to take a chance on human decency when it was a matter of hydrogen bombs and famine. Do you seriously imagine anyone else is going to?"

Pirrie remarked thoughtfully, "That nine million you spoke of refers to London, of course. There are a few million urban dwellers in the West Riding as well, not to mention the northeastern industrial areas."

"By heaven, yes!" Roger said. "This will set them on the move too. Not quite so fast as London, but fast enough." He looked at John. "Well, skipper, do we drive all night?"

John said slowly, "It's the safest thing to do. Once we get beyond Harrogate we should be all right."

"There is the question of route," Pirrie suggested. He spread out his own road map and examined it, peering through the gold-rimmed spectacles which he used for close work. "Do we skirt Harrogate to the west and travel up the Nidd valley or do we take the main road through Ripon? We are going through Wensleydale still?"

John said, "What do you think, Roger?"

"Theoretically, the byways are safer. All the same, I don't like the look of that road over Masham Moor." He looked out into the swiftly dusking sky. "Especially by night. If we can get through on the main road, it would be a good deal easier."

"Pirrie?" John asked.

Pirrie shrugged. "As you prefer."

"We'll try the main road then. We'll go round Harrogate. There's a road through Starbeck and Bilton. We'd better miss Ripon, too, to be on the safe side. I'll take the lead now, and you can bring up the rear, Roger. Blast on your horn if you find yourself dropping behind for any reason."

Roger grinned. "I'll put a bullet through the back of Pirrie's car as well."

Pirrie smiled gently. "I shall endeavor not to set too hot a pace for you, Mr. Buckley."

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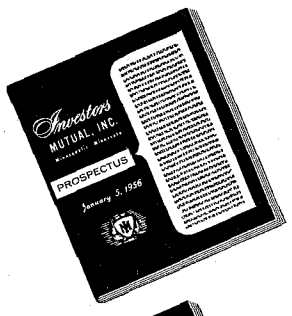
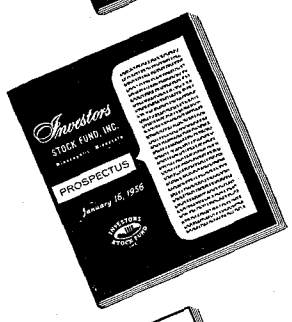


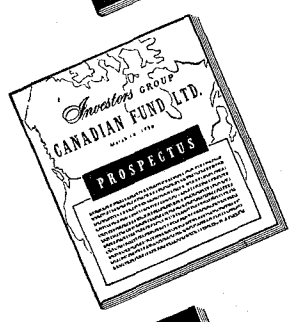
A balanced fund, for instance?

Investors Mutual, Inc., is a balanced fund with objectives of reasonable return, preservation of capital and long-term appreciation possibilities through diversified holdings of more than 500 common and preferred stocks and investment quality bonds.



A common stock Fund?

Investors Stock Fund, Inc., offers an open end mutual fund with professional supervision of diversified securities, emphasizing common stocks. The securities for this fund are chosen with objectives of long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income.



Canadian investments?

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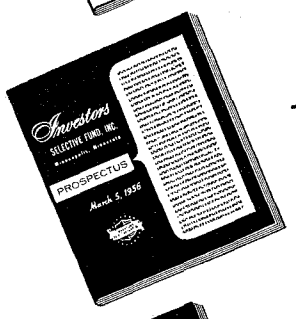
(1) Investments in companies participating in the development and expansion of Canadian natural resources, industry, and commerce.

(2) Automatic reinvestment of all dividends and other earnings.

(3) Special tax considerations.



A bond and preferred stock fund?

Investors Selective Fund, Inc.—the primary objectives of this mutual fund are to provide a reasonably stable quarterly income and to conserve the value of the investment.

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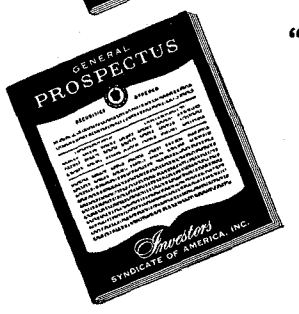

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Avalanche Warning (Continued from Page 30)

Latimer claimed to be a boomer right out of a book, a high roller from the four-track high lines. He could talk a tall job of railroading, but he was too starched and superior for a lighthearted drifter. He was contemptuous of the little old Monte, with her single track winding among the crags, and his scorn extended to the smoke-cured denizens who ran her.

He had figured out Miss Selby and had moved in. Deferential and agreeable, prompt to comply, he was soon promoted to conductor. Now, with the Clinker called in for repairs, Miss Selby had maneuvered Latimer into the job of acting trainmaster. He had convinced her he was that good.

"The doctors report that I am in perfect physical condition," she gloated.

Clinker Ward turned a weather eye on Latimer. The slick boomer had more in his mind than this temporary assignment. He'd crowd in and make a stab at a permanent appointment. And he'd pay off the grudges he'd already whipped up. He'd have the edge now in his feud with Double-Drop Brill, the snowplow train's skipper. But the Clinker put that worry far down on the list.

"Everything's going to be just fine and dandy," the Clinker assured Miss Selby. He was lying and he knew that she knew it.

He beckoned to Latimer and they went out together and crossed the yard.

The plow train was made up on the ready track, where the idle crews drew pay in the comfort of a snug caboose till the storms came. They were playing mild poker with considerable skill. All turned at once as the door opened on the biting cold.

Around the table sat Newbamer, the rear brakeman, ramshackle and sure-footed, who would follow Brill to the gates of hell. McRae, the engineer, gaunt as a ladder, big-boned, his serene eyes far back under sagacious brows. Eggert, the fireman, waspish and easily kindled, with a perpetual one-eyed squint, and a lump of eating tobacco in one black jaw. And the skipper himself, Double-Drop Brill, who had often clashed with the Clinker.

"I got to go to the hospital," Clinker Ward blurted. "The sawbones says so."

They received the news with startled disbelief. Up there where the snow sometimes piles to the height of the telegraph poles and death rides the frigid winds, the Clinker was considered indomitable and indestructible. The bottom'd drop out of the Monte and they'd drain down the gulch. Hell a mile! The storms would get lonesome romping among the pinnacles without their old playmate. The winds would moan and howl their grief.

"Look!" Brill pleaded. "Are you sure the medicine men got the right man?"

The Clinker waved him down. "I'll be back," he growled.

Brill gave him an oblique glance. When you have engaged in intermittent hostilities with a man for a quarter century, he becomes a habit. The Clinker was a grievous old autocrat, bullheaded and bellicose, but he'd bossed the Monte trains since they'd laid the first twenty miles of steel, and he knew how to make it stick.

Brill remembered the times when the Clinker had doggedly stood between his men and the brass collars straddling their swivel chairs, out of the East and not knowing about a country that was mostly scant roadbed and straight up. Brill remembered the desperate seasons when the Clinker had driven them to the edge of mutiny with the lash of his tongue, sixty hours straight away, fighting to open the line. But you can't run a headlong outfit made of rawhide and gunpowder with taffy words. And he was as square as a church.

"Meanwhile," Clinker Ward said, jerking his head, "the boomer here's taking over in my place."

Their eyes regarded Latimer. This boomer, they sensed, was out to cut the Clinker's throat. He'd slyly encourage Miss Selby to have the old trainmaster eased out of service for keeps. Then they'd be stuck with a four-track pilgrim who played a woman for his pull.

"If the boomer can't find his way about," Brill said with a wire twang, "some of the old-timers will be around to show him."

Departing, the Clinker slammed the door and rocked the caboose going down the steps. The job was in Latimer's lap.

You could hear the soft lick of the flames in the stove. The crew watched Brill, as they always did when there was a tight move coming up.

Latimer took over. "I'll find my way around without the help of the homesteaders, Double-Drop," he said. "I've worked the pikes that really move the merchandise." His smile was like a sleepy cat's when it stretches. He acted as if he'd bought the Monte and wasn't much pleased with his purchase. *Just a wooden-axle outfit run by a gang of settlers.* He could make the cinders fly when he related his exceptional exploits all over the railroad map. Smart, too, in a swell-headed way. But he didn't fool these frostbitten mountain runners.

"All you have to remember," Latimer said, "is no matter how you've been doing it, it goes like I say while I'm trainmaster." His sleepy smile vanished. "Don't make it necessary for me to repeat that—and don't forget I know all the angles."

"You and I are big boys now," Brill said, "and on our own. Let's get together on the job."

"It's up to you to get along," Latimer said. "And I'll tell you how to do it, any time you're in doubt." He paused, then added briskly, "That storm's moving in. I'll ride Number Seven to the other side and check on the equipment."

He strode toward the door; then halted and eyed the youngster of the crew, who was stretched on a cushioned bench, reading a tattered book. Gene Houghton, the head brakeman, had a yellow cowlick and amiable eyes, and he was so quiet that people seldom noticed him.

"That boy is too young and inexperienced to work the plow train," Latimer said sharply. "I'll send you another brakeman."

Young Gene grinned up at him cheerfully, but there was smoke in Brill's eyes.

"He was on the crew when we won the job from you," Brill said.

"For just one trip," Latimer snapped back.

"The one we took you on," Brill said softly. "We got him then because you tried to have him fired. He turned out to be a top car hand."

"Top?" Latimer sneered. "Because he verified your story of what happened on that last run?"

Brill's voice tightened. "Look, boomer. Let's put 'em out on the table where everybody can see the hands. The kid hung one on your chin when you called him a son of something besides a preacher. You'll ride him out of service for that if you can. But right now he stays on the plow train as long as I'm the skipper."

Latimer's voice went up. "Somebody tripped me when he swung on me. Then the Clinker stopped the fight."

"You're liable to stumble again, boomer," Brill warned.

"Not any more," Latimer said. "It's different now. The kid goes." Take him away from Brill and it would be easy to run him off the Monte. "I found out you won that assignment by fraud, and then the kid lied for you so it would stick with the Clinker."

Young Gene, in a single movement, rose from the flat of his back to his feet.

Brill, pushing back his chair, stood up. "Fraud?" he murmured. "That's a word I'd be glad to make you eat."

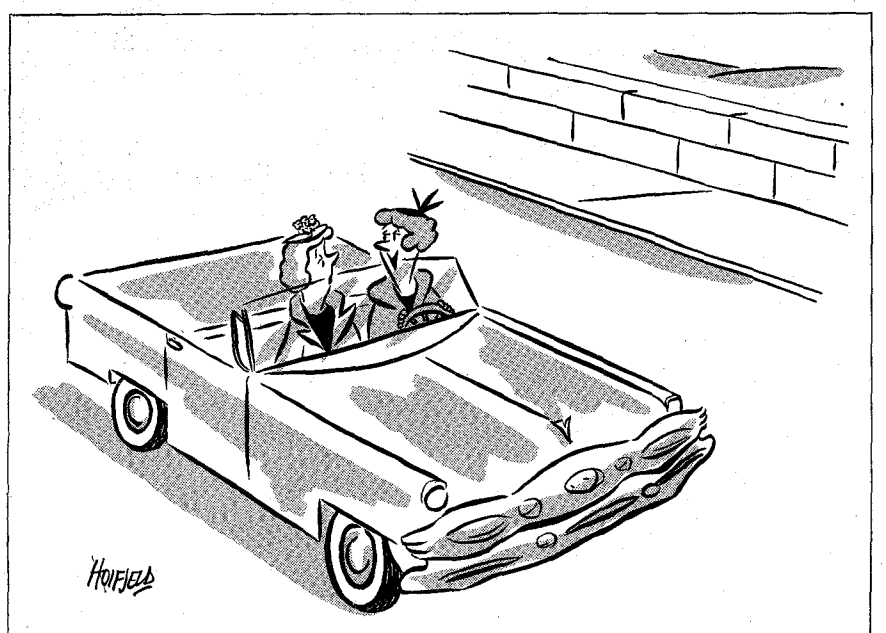
Latimer set himself for the showdown. The faces around him were gravely attentive, waiting for him to make his bet. He looked them over carefully—and decided not to call.

"So that's the way it is on the Monte?" he muttered.

"That's the way it is," Brill said, and Latimer pulled open the door and went down the steps.

And there they sat in the snowplow train: Brill, Newbamer and the young, yellow-haired Gene Houghton; McRae and Eggert. All of them were bleakly contemplating their predicament—the Clinker in the hospital, Miss Selby at large, and Latimer in command.

"The Monte is nobody's stepchild," Brill said presently, "and the Clinker needs a little (*Continued on Page 72*)



"I know a small out-of-the-way place
that weighs you eight pounds light."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Du Pont answers your questions about "Wash 'n' Wear"

Q. *Exactly what is a wash 'n' wear garment?*

A. It is a garment containing a high percentage of "Dacron"* or "Orlon"** that remains neat during wear, then can be easily washed, hung up dripping wet, and worn again when dry—and seldom requires ironing.

Q. *Can I find a good selection of styles, fabrics, and colors in wash 'n' wear garments?*

A. Yes. A variety of fabrics is now available in the latest colors, patterns and styles.

Q. *Are wash 'n' wear clothes comfortable in hot weather?*

A. Are they! Millions of men regularly buy wash 'n' wear clothes for their coolness and light weight.

Q. *Is it easy to wash these clothes?*

A. Yes—by hand or in a washing machine. At home or while traveling, slacks, shirts and even suits can be washed with ordinary soap and warm water. By morning, they are dry, free of wrinkles, ready to wear . . . and have that fresh, clean feeling.

Q. *Do you need to iron wash 'n' wear clothes?*

A. They seldom require ironing, even after washing. If you choose to touch up a wash 'n' wear garment occasionally, use a warm iron. It is quick and easy. And you seldom need to press these clothes between washings. Du Pont's modern fibers help them to stay crisp and neat even in humid or wet weather.

Q. *Is there a difference between washable and wash 'n' wear clothing?*

A. Definitely! A washable garment requires complete pressing after each washing. However, a wash 'n' wear garment made with "Dacron" polyester fiber or "Orlon" acrylic fiber retains its shape, crease, and fit through repeated washings and wearings and needs only an occasional touch-up ironing.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or suit shown here.

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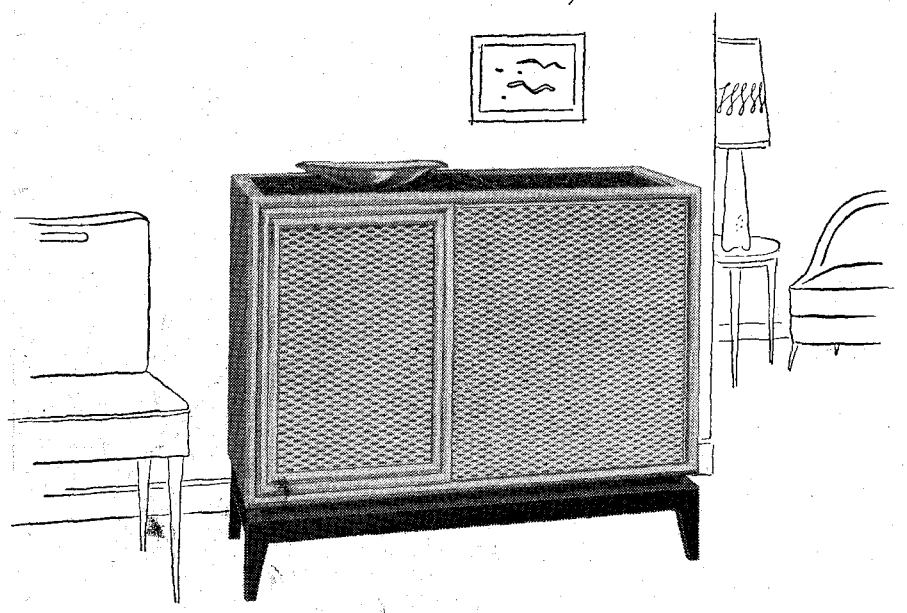

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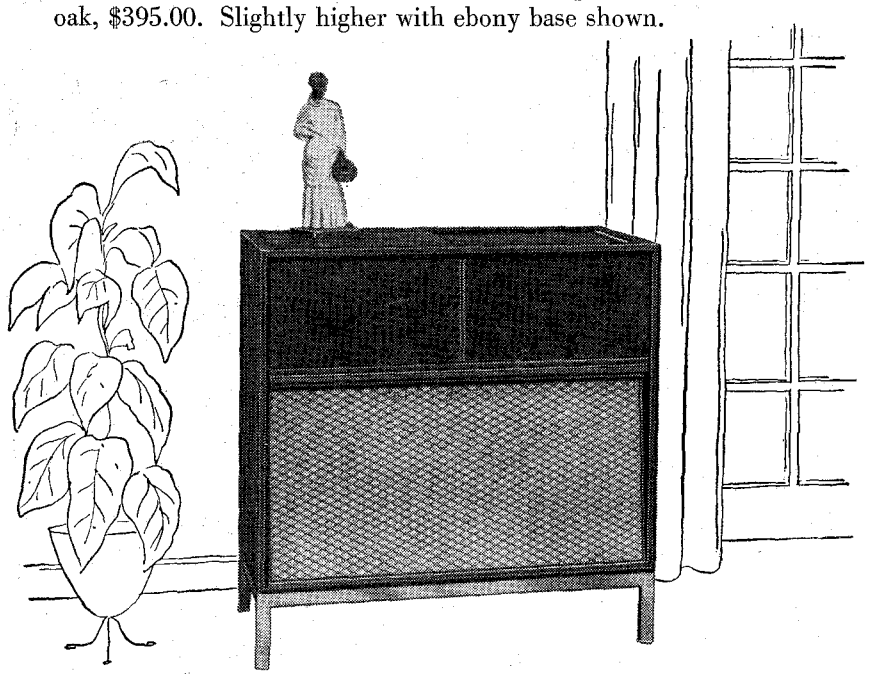

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the magnificent **Magnavox**
high fidelity television • radio-phonographs

(*Continued from Page 70*)

protection. We'll keep these things in mind as we go along."

They kept them in mind.

The storm raided in at dark, snow squally and a blustery gale, but it drew away before morning, sucked through the saddlebacks by a powerful back draft. The pale sun came up and there was no wind.

The plow train moved out like a furious dark worm, cutting a pathway through the drifts and flanging out the rails. The rotary wheel tossed trailing plumes across the slopes, and the echoes of the blasting stack spilled over the high sky line. It was soft stuff, but deep, in the Muleshoe, where the walls came down in a tight V, and there was a dogged climb to the open meadows at the top.

They were far down the gorge on the other side when the storm turned back, screaming across the towering jawbone, lashing down the slopes. They drove on blindly through the shrieking smother to Marble Gate in the lower levels and tied up to wait it out. This was the blizzard, full force. The wind packed the snow on walls and ridges and trampled it deep in the passes. All trains on the mountain came down in a hurry or were trapped. The Monte rolled to a standstill.

The next daylight struggled through and broke it up. The blizzard roared eastward across a thousand miles of prairie. Granite ribs showed through the rumpled fields of white, and the wind-whipped trees made dark markers on the slopes. The smoky sky hung low.

A wedge plow blasted through the drifts from below, clearing the way for reserves coming up to join them. Latimer brought another locomotive, cook car, tool car and an old coach filled with the track gang. They plowed and shoveled out the Y track and turned the rotary and McRae's engine, pointing them back toward the choked grades. They made up the train with McRae's engine first behind the plow and the second engine just behind him.

"Ever fight snow in high country?" Brill asked Latimer.

"Snow is snow wherever you find it."

"You just think so."

A dead world, buried deep, and the silence so brittle it shattered like glass when the engines took up their slow tramp. The two columns of smoke climbed into the lifeless sky and bent over, trailing behind.

From the cupola of their caboose, Brill and Newbamer watched the length of their stub train worm through the deep path, and the rotary sliced out along the ridges. Two weathered old mountain runners, competent in their trade, they knew what lay ahead in the gorges and canyons.

Latimer rode the rotary. Now, as always, he was driven by a restless urge for distinction, but he remembered that he had failed twice when they had promoted him out of the ranks back there on the four tracks. He tried too hard, tampered with a good job well done. But he told himself that he could do all right out here on this short line, where men held quietly to the slow channel of seniority and weren't smart enough to take sly advantage of the breaks.

Despite his efforts to reassure himself, a gnawing sense of apprehension returned to plague him. He shivered. This tall country had a temper that didn't suit him. There was the chill dampness of dissolution, boxed up here in the cramped compartment, and the air outside had the feel of steel needles. And even through the rock and racket of the rotary he could hear the deadly whisper of the upper cold.

In the cab of McRae's engine, young Gene Houghton amused himself by feeling sorry for the poor unfortunates who chose a desk job by the fire, down there in the bleak prairies where he came from. These heights made his spirits soar and his blood bubble. The smell of bitter coal smoke was enthralling. He was thrilled to the marrow by the walls, by the feel of power sliding up his legs from the shuddering deck.

He admired the expert ease with which Eggert, the ash cat, stoked the fire, and his deadly accuracy when he spat a stream of amber tobacco juice into the muttering flames.

"Gene," said Eggert, "she looks like a long, hard winter, and I wonder what's become of my summer wages."

Eggert hunkered and shaded the firebox doorway with his shovel and inspected his fire with his one-eyed squint. He would shovel fifteen, maybe twenty tons before they broke through on the other side. He rubbed the firelight out of his eyes and gave Gene a wolfish grin.

"Easy come, easy go!" he howled above the noise in the cab.

Gene's highest esteem went to McRae for the benign way he prevailed upon the roaring engine to exert her last horsepower when needed. He would ease against a drift that bulked above the rotary, gently moving in until the snow clogged the spinning wheel. Then, signaling with his whistle, he would back out. When the rotary spewed forth the accumulated overload, he would ease in again and again till they had chewed the drift down and blown it far to the side.

Tingling with hero worship, young Gene watched McRae stop the train as they came to a deep cut that had filled to the brim with wind-driven snow. McRae knew it was always like this after a heavy fall, too deep for the rotary to handle. If he tried to plow through, they would get buried and stick there, unable to move ahead or back out.

"Quit stalling," Latimer said briskly. "Go ahead; plow through it."

McRae listened placidly to the quarrel that promptly flared up between Latimer and Double-Drop Brill. Refusing to allow the train to be moved, Brill said they would have to call out the track gang and shovel the pack down so the rotary wheel would clear. And that was the way they did it eventually.

At midday, in the gorge, they came to a small slide that had dropped from the abrupt walls. Not bothering to argue, Brill told Latimer what had to be done. Latimer ordered McRae to take an easy try at it anyway. Standing in the gangway, McRae looked down upon him benevolently and shook his head.

"It will be the way Double-Drop says," he announced pleasantly.

This was insubordination, no matter how you worded it, and Latimer said so. He delayed the hot noon meal while the gang prodded the slide with long poles, probing for rocks and tree trunks that would have ripped the blades from the

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By Carolyn Ellis

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wheel. One by one, they dug them out as they found them, a mean, cold job for hungry men.

It was slow, hard slugging, and Latimer's voice got noticeably hoarser from barking at the track gang. They were dark-skinned immigrants from the southlands of Europe, bundled in nondescript old garments, shivering and floundering, terrified by the dreadful cold and overpowered by this chaotic land. They didn't know the language, but they caught the significance of Latimer's rage at their ineptness. Once, his fury mounting, he pulled a man out of a drift and began to muss him up, but Brill stepped in quickly.

"You can't move snow with a punch on the nose," he said.

Latimer wrenched his arm free of Brill's grip. "So it isn't the way the Clinker would do the job? I warned you it goes like I say while I'm running it! I'll be glad to report all this stalling to the superintendent when we get in. He'll want to know about it."

"Look, boomer," Brill said quietly. "It's like I said before. We're both big boys now."

Elder Creek and Aspen Springs showed nothing above the snow but smoking chimneys and the station semaphores. They took on coal at Shadow Rock. The water tank was frozen, so the track gang filled the tender tanks with snow to be melted by the steam pipes that lined them. As they started up again, they jerked a drawbar out of the front end of the coach. With the coupling gone, they had to plow out a siding and switch the coach to the hind end of the train and chain it to the caboose.

Eddie Sand, the operator on duty, with his muffled head showing above the edge of the path he'd shoveled from his station door, gave them the last report he'd had—that another storm or the tail end of the first one was moving in. But the wires were down and he had no news about how things were along the line.

They climbed on through the relentless cold. The smoky sun dipped to the old Dragoon, hunched far back against the lifeless sky. The Red Pinnacle waited for them in the creeping gray light, cliffs and ridges and long slopes, and a soaring spire, serene and terrible, thrust up above the ice-bound Yellow Jacket. Streamers fluttered in the upper air current from the lofty fang, crawling with the scarlet wash of the sunset. The rails ran through a cut and crossed the river on a high trestle. The snow in the cut came little more than halfway to the top of the rotary wheel, but McRae brought the train to a stand.

For years on end, the Red Pinnacle had slumbered through the winters under accumulated snows, and emerged peacefully in the spring, painted with the colors of wild flowers and the dark green of gnarled trees. Then came a season when it made a joke of the Monte, dropping slides with the roll of thunder, blocking the line with snow packed like concrete and laced with boulders and twisted trees that had to be dynamited and dug out. And always it was a threat to men and equipment. There was blood on the Red Pinnacle.

They met on a wind-swept bench under the head engine's boiler: Brill and McRae and Creller, the second engineer. Young Gene was so quiet he wasn't noticed; Eggert hunkered in the gangway. Then Latimer came back from the rotary.

"What are you waiting for, McRae?" Latimer coughed and cleared his throat. "Found another excuse to hold us up?"

McRae looked at Brill. That inevitably brought them back to the Clinker. They were at a loss, bewildered and abandoned. The Clinker was the only one who could cope with the Red Pinnacle. He could read the conditions up there as if they were printed for him, determine the depth and quality of the snow at a glance, and the way it had drifted and caught against ledges and on the slopes. He knew when a slide was in the making. They had always left it to him to keep them out of trouble with the Red Pinnacle. But they didn't know how he did it.

Brill asked, "How deep is it up there, Mac?"

McRae measured the snow in the cut with his eye, and he was scrutinizing the slopes when Latimer barked, "Can't you men make up your minds about anything? This railroad is standing still!"

"It will run twenty feet, and better," McRae estimated.

"What are you talking about?" Latimer demanded.

"Giving the Red P a chance to show his hand," Brill said. "He's a murdering old devil."

"Not so loud!" McRae cautioned. "He'll hear you."

Latimer looked them up and down with utter contempt. These old mountain runners, long in this high isolation, had absorbed the superstitions of the aborigines.

"You scare easy!" he said derisively.

"As you say," Brill nodded. "The Red P scares the daylights out of me."

"Quit talking like cackling old hens," Latimer ordered, "and let's move on."

"Your railroad," Brill said, "will stand still for a long while if the Red P drops a good one. A slide can bury a train. Or sweep it over a precipice, and they won't find the remains till the spring thaws."

His glance lifted to the smoking fang and moved down the snow field. It seemed

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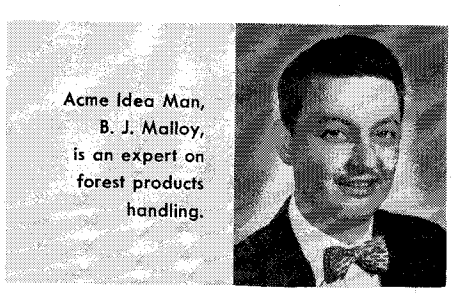
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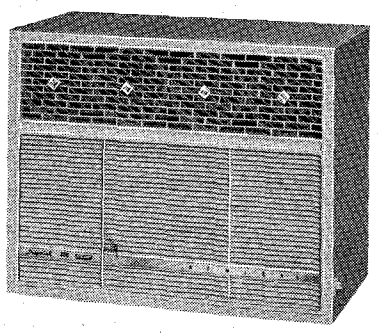

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for a second that he caught a shift on the slope, and then he couldn't find it.

"Are you going to move?" Latimer demanded. Ignoring him, Brill turned to McRae.

"What do you think, Mac?" Brill asked.

"I don't know," McRae answered promptly. "I'll go if the rest are willing. But not if anybody objects."

"Objects!" Latimer stormed.

"Ho-kay," Brill said wearily. "We'll let it go like that."

The stamp of the engines and the shrill whine of the rotary wheel tore across the dead silence.

Brill told Gene, "Catch the hind end with me, and you can take a pot of coffee from the cook car to the boys on the head end at the next stop."

Latimer waited with them, and they caught the caboose as it came along.

Inside, standing by the stove, they heard the muffled beat of the stacks and the jostling of towering elements. The air pulled away and they had to drag it back into their lungs. Brill set down his mug of coffee. He turned quickly and the others followed him out onto the rear platform. They were well into the cut, and the snow walls of the passage closed out the view of the slope. Brill went up the ladder to the top of the caboose like a wily cat. Gene was right after him, but Latimer hesitated before he started to climb. The roof was a frozen glaze and they had to hold to the railing around the top of the cupola to keep their footing.

Then McRae caught the sign from the Red Pinnacle. His whistle screamed a signal, and the offbeat of the two stacks turned into a resolute thunder. Tornadoes of smoke climbed into the last of the sunlight. The engines bellowed like great beasts under the lash.

The unruffled surface of the Red Pinnacle suddenly puckered. There was a slow shift far up among the naked crags and a sly scurry in the deep folds. Trickles began and joined together, spilling over the lip of a long shelf, building up into a foaming breaker. A drift detached itself and plunged. It struck a ledge and sprawled. The field of snow began to move.

Forces worked to the surface from deep below. Powder puffs exploded, gossamer plumes whipped in the drafts, and projecting spurs tore rents in the uneasy fabric. Whirlpools and cascades frothed and bubbled. Crosscurrents ran through the crumbling slope, and then it was like water in wild rapids, checked by the rocks, circling against the stream. Boulders were churned to the surface and bobbed there like corks. An uprooted tree boiled up, turning end for end, and then was submerged again in the gathering avalanche.

They watched the whole panorama revolve and go out of focus; they listened to the sounds of strife and fury, inhuman shrieks and the blare of Judgment Day. And all they could do was to wait for it to destroy them.

The short train struggled like a raging mammoth, half smothered, the rotary wheel tearing at the clogged throat of the cut. The stacks beat with pile-driver blows, and then blew up, raving, as the rotary broke out of the choked runway and the plow train stormed onto the gaunt trestle that spanned the gorge of the Yellow Jacket.

The face of the Red Pinnacle wrinkled, folded and came off like a tattered mask. It crumpled and lashed down in a torrent that brimmed the cut with a rending explosion, and the overflow roared into the gorge. Jagged fragments and rocks and stones pelted the caboose. The men on the roof turned their backs and ducked their heads against the fusillade. Gene felt the sting of hard objects. A chunk of frozen snow shattered on the back of Latimer's head. Latimer let go the railing and snatched at the hurt.

The stub train seemed suspended in cold space as it moved along the high trestle. The brakes ground when McRae slowed, and that started Latimer sliding toward the edge of the roof and the bottom of the gorge, far down in the dark. He stiffened and leaned back, trying to make his boots hold to the slippery glaze.

Gene's free hand snagged out at the tail of Latimer's jacket. His mitten was cumbersome, and he got a mere inch of the jacket under his thumb. It was a long reach at an awkward angle. Latimer poised on the brink of the next world, strained to avoid the plunge and began to slip.

As Brill came around the corner of the cupola, his feet flew from under him. He held to the railing with one hand and, sitting on the other, pulled off his mitten. His bare hand flashed up and fumbled for Gene's waistline under his jacket. He got a grip. "You can let go the railing now, Gene," he said.

It wasn't that easy. Gene let go and got a wad of Latimer's jacket in a two-handed grip. But Brill didn't have the leverage to pull them back. Balanced on the slick glazed roof, Gene felt his footing slide away at his slightest movement. Latimer, as rigid as a telegraph pole, had stopped trying to back up, but the jar of the slowing train inched his boots toward the thin edge of eternity.

A window in the cupola rasped open. Newbamer's head came out, his face bitter with resentment and disgust. "I don't know why you blamed fools want to take the trouble to save him," he said, "and it's over my objections." He tucked a big hand inside Gene's belt. "Ho-kay, Double-Drop, I got him. . . . Gene, you set down slow and I'll drag you in."

"The Red P," Brill said slowly when they were all back in the caboose, "slammed the door and locked it tight. We've got the plow pointed the wrong way for that one."

Latimer waited for the cold shock to subside. He swallowed till he got hold of his voice; then said harshly, "They told me the slides didn't begin this early in the season. Do any of you know a thing about prevailing conditions on the Monte?"

"I know all about them," Brill said. "There's just one thing for sure. You can never be certain what to expect."

The mumble of the wheels sank and rolled alongside the bed of the icebound river. They nosed up to the farther end of the trestle where the portal to Windy Pass stood at the lip of the gorge of the Yellow Jacket. McRae let the train drift cautiously inside the gateway, and as it climbed between canyon walls, a mist erupted, high up and just ahead, with a quick blast and the roar of falling rubble. The line of wheels set under the grip of brake shoes.

"Not so big this time, but about as close," Brill said. He looked back. The rear trucks of the caboose barely cleared the gorge. The coach, chained on behind, remained on the trestle. "We're fast working ourselves from one bad position into a worse one," he observed.

They walked over crusted snow to the head end. Figures were grouped in the pallid beam of the rotary's headlight. Nick, the track-gang foreman, skirted the new slide, looking it over. In the slim gut of abrupt walls it had piled to the height of the engine's stack and sprawled out on the bench. Rocks showed on the surface, big ones caught in the spread of snow, and boulders had tumbled out like dice across the track at the rotary's pilot.

"That one," Brill murmured, "just about had our range." He shook his head. "The track gang now has itself a job of clearing that mess out in the dark. We can't move till they do."

"What are you muttering about?" Latimer growled.

"The condition this railroad has been got into," Brill said, and turned to McRae. "Mac, it's good you weren't moving faster or we'd be under that drop."

"On this man's railroad," McRae reflected, "you have just so many chances allotted you when you start out. You never know when you've used up the last one—till the next one gets you."

Latimer grunted. "Bring up your men," he ordered Nick, "and let's see how fast they can get this cleared."

Nick sighted down his beak doubtfully. "They're pretty hungry," he said. "You feed them first?"

"Feed them, hell!" Latimer stormed. "This railroad is out of business till we get it cleared. Let's get at it."

Soon Nick came back with the track gang, their dragging shovels chiming softly. They bunched and stared at the slide. They began to chatter among themselves; then (*Continued on Page 78*)

"There isn't any hot water."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Now! Homeowners are saying...

"Dutch Boy is the 5-year house paint"

Here's why...

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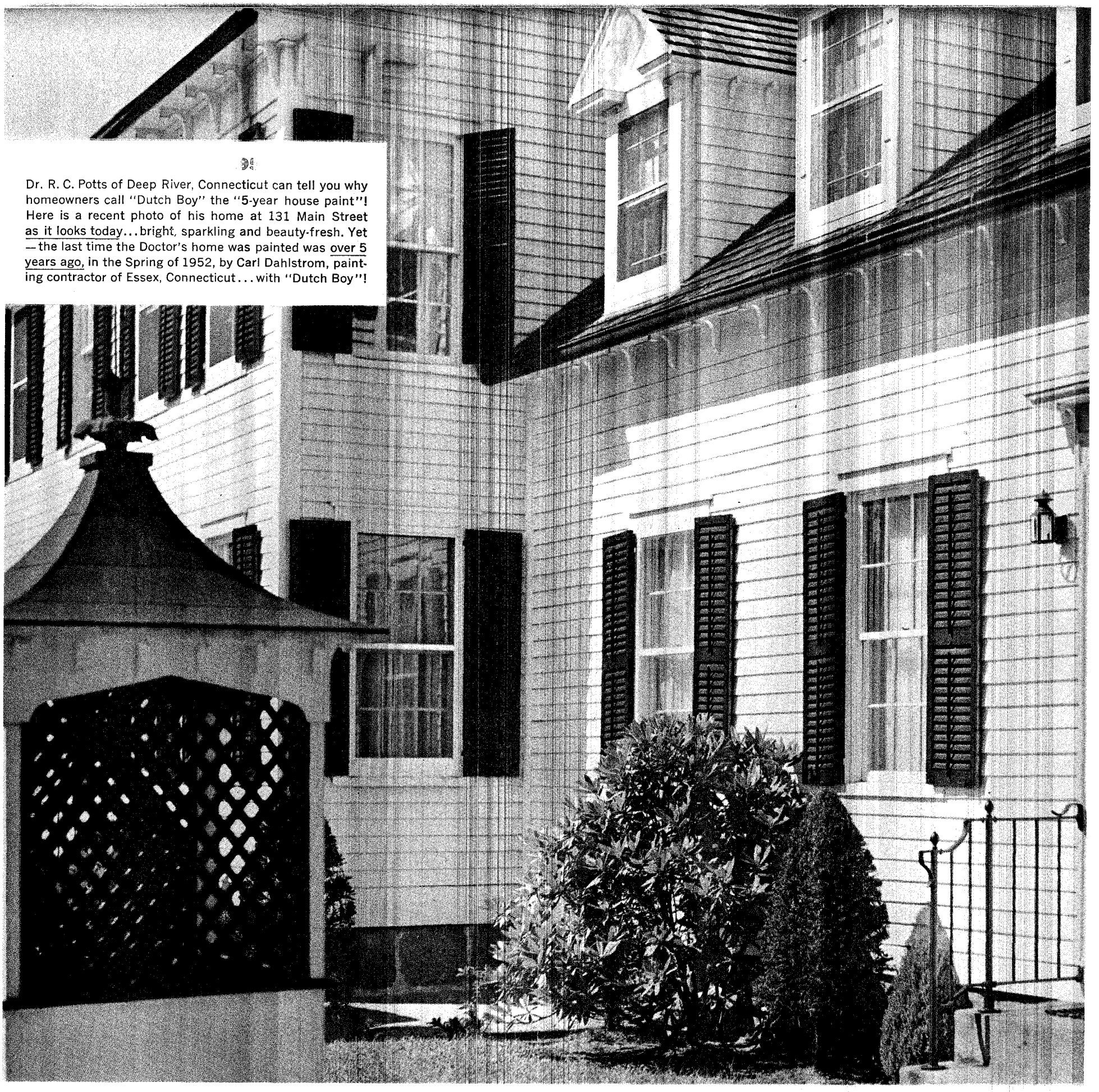
Dr. R. C. Potts of Deep River, Connecticut can tell you why homeowners call "Dutch Boy" the "5-year house paint"! Here is a recent photo of his home at 131 Main Street as it looks today... bright, sparkling and beauty-fresh. Yet — the last time the Doctor's home was painted was over 5 years ago, in the Spring of 1952, by Carl Dahlstrom, painting contractor of Essex, Connecticut... with "Dutch Boy"!



Your home stays lookin protected year after yea

Paint *your* house with "Dutch Boy" and see what a difference it makes. See how even *one* coat hides better than you ever thought possible. See how smoothly, evenly and easily it brushes on . . . how a little goes a long, long way. See how it dries to a tough, durable, gleaming finish that safeguards your house . . . keeps it beauty-fresh. Here's the *finest* house paint ever made . . . and your house will show it *for years!*

Yes, "Dutch Boy" paint is priced slightly higher than ordinary paint. But it starts *saving you money* from the moment it goes on your home. You paint *less* often to keep your house looking the way you want . . . protected the way it should be.

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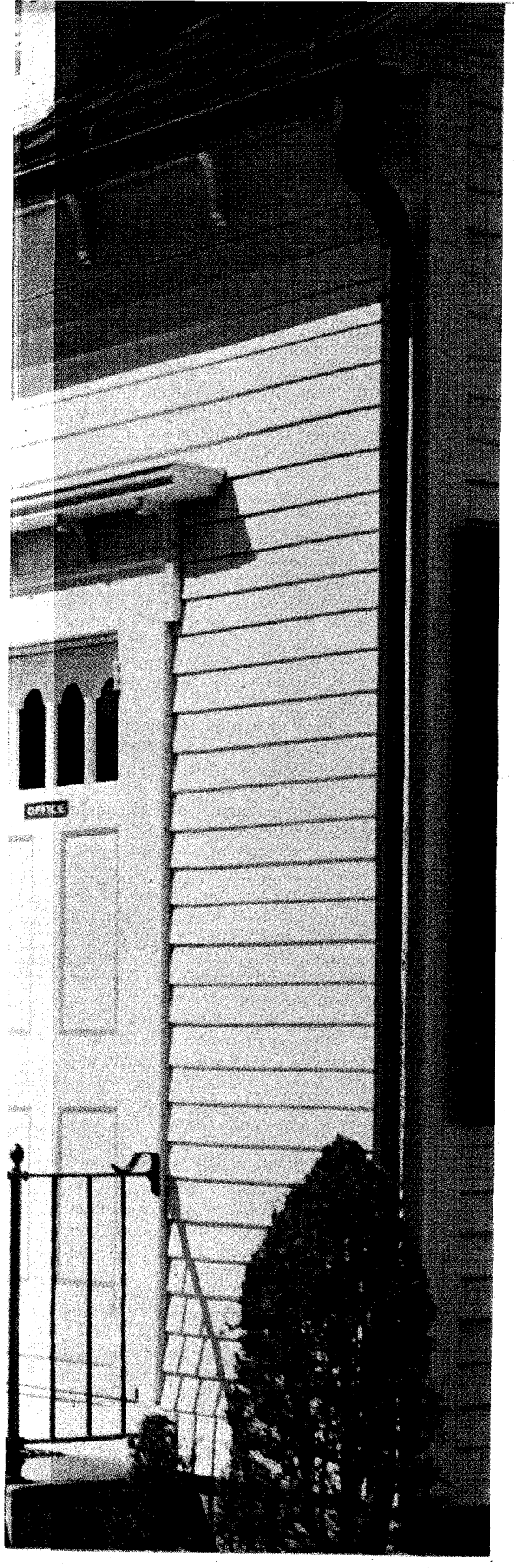

HERE'S CLOSE-UP PROOF that you get longer-lasting protection with "Dutch Boy". This section of siding on the Dr. Potts home in Deep River has not been painted for over 5 years! See how the surface, painted with "Dutch Boy" in 1952, is still smooth, bright and weather-tight!

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the paint homeowners are calling the "5-year house paint"!

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It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

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Give yourself a FLAVOR BREAK

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YES, THAT'S DONNA REED . . . SEE HER IN "BEYOND MOMBASA," COLUMBIA RELEASE

(*Continued from Page 74*) they turned on Nick with shrill demands and furious gestures.

"You see?" Nick said to Latimer. "They won't work till they eat."

Latimer strode at the men, his words lashing them. The gang broke and scattered. They dropped their shovels and floundered back along the train toward their warm coach.

Double-Drop Brill looked at McRae. "Have we got enough coal to last the night and get us out of here in the morning?"

"Not for tonight and still reach the next coal chutes tomorrow," McRae said. "We figured on being at Index before midnight."

"And why not get there by midnight?" Latimer demanded.

"That could be," Brill said. "But the way things are going, I doubt it."

"I'll make that gang tear out the slide just as soon as they've been fed," Latimer announced fumingly.

Thin smoke from the cook-car stovepipe spired into the first starlight. There came the mingled fragrance of beans and bacon and coffee steaming on the big coal range.

"Chow," said Brill. "I can use some." And they trailed back to the caboose.

The track gang couldn't get down from the coach, hanging out on the trestle. When the Chinaman beat the supper call, they swarmed through the caboose on their way to the cook car.

But the plow-train crew scorned the Chinaman's cooking, for Newbamer was the best caboose cook on the Monte. Chicken that had been obtained by stealth simmered in a stew. And there were hot biscuits and honey, and coffee that would float a wedge. Latimer horned in. They stopped eating only when there was nothing left.

Brill felt trouble coming when the track gang, returning from the cook car, burst into the caboose. There were no stragglers. They crowded through the doorway and down the aisle. Latimer tried to stop them. They thrust him aside and threw up their arms to ward off his blows when he started swinging. They poured through the rear doorway into the coach and the last one slammed the door.

Latimer went after them, and Brill and young Gene followed out to the platform. They could hear Latimer's voice rising in exasperated fury; then it ceased abruptly. He came out and closed the door hastily. He looked at Brill as if he scarcely recognized him.

"Some of those men have knives that long," he said, holding his hands a foot apart.

Brill glanced up at the frozen disk of a moon that threw black shadows across the bottom of the gorge. In his bones he could feel the threat of another storm, and he saw the outlines of it making up behind the peaks.

That headland bulging above the wall of the gorge, pointing a pair of granite ears at the stars—as Brill gazed at it he was instantly back in the time when he first had seen the Sulky Rabbit covered with snow, on a snapping clear moonlit night like this. He was a bug-eyed youngster then, riding the smoky end of a freight train, and the old hogger, Jawbone Jupena, was batting out the sullen miles with his thrusting drivers and swinging onto the long trestle. And there it was, a breathless white tower soaring against the brilliant night sky. Old Jawbone's words came back to him across the years: "The Rabbit's got his fur on thick. It's an awesome sight when he peels it."

So clear was his memory of the words that Brill repeated them now, and didn't know he had said them aloud until Latimer's voice brought him back to the present.

"Oh, for gosh sake, Double-Drop, quit croaking!" Latimer barked. "The Rabbit's too far away to do us harm. A slide would dump into the gorge without touching us."

Brill looked at him from away back in time. "Nothing's certain about a slide," he said musingly.

Young Gene was gazing with awe at the incredible, sky-rimming heights. "Gosh!" he said in a hushed voice. "It's magnificent!"

Brill turned a paternalistic eye on the kid. "Did the Red P scare you when he peeled off?" Brill asked. "Or does your piety sustain your courage?"

"I was so scared," said Gene, grinning, "that I wanted to climb a tree."

"Can't you talk about anything but what a hell of a place this is?" Latimer said restlessly. "Get out the cards and let's see whose luck is in."

Brill turned and looked him over carefully. "You sure that's the way you want it?"

"That's the way," said Latimer.

So, while Gene alternately tended the fire and read his book, the others gathered around the table in the yellow lamplight—Brill, McRae, Newbamer, Eggert and Latimer.

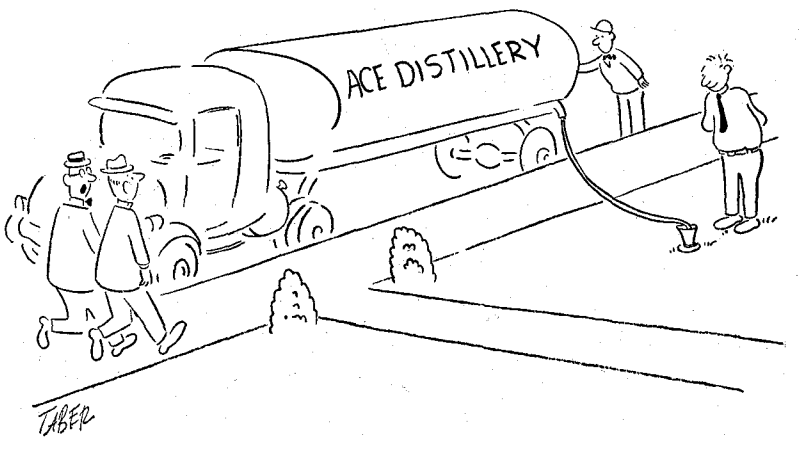
"They tell me," said Latimer mockingly, "that this is the best poker-playing crew on the Monte."

"Well," Brill drawled, "we've managed to keep the city slickers from making us put another mortgage on the old homestead."

"It's different now," said Latimer exultingly. "Keep your hands above the table."

In five sharp skirmishes, Latimer took the first five pots.

"That's how it is down on the four tracks," he (*Continued on Page 82*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I understand he throws some pretty big parties."

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LOVE FRESH NEW BEAUTY?

Pontiac's the whole Bloomin' Show!*

Everywhere you go these days, Pontiac's got the spotlight all to itself! Could be the fresh, zestful colors. Maybe it's mainly the clean, natural lines, so refreshingly free of frills and flairs. Or perhaps it's the way Pontiac translates that "go-ahead" look into spirited action! Whatever it is, you should see this husky honey close up; then, if you're game for an eye-opener, take over the wheel! Responsive? Wait'll you feel the full, sweeping surge of its big, brawny V-8 engine! Smooth? You'll think there's a feather bed beneath each wheel with Pontiac's Level-Line Ride! There's more, of course: sterling features like big, multiple-sealed brakes, a rugged X-member frame based on a whopping 124- or 122-inch wheelbase—these and more first-time features than you could count on *seven* pairs of hands! The price? It's a breath-catcher—so far off the big-car rate you'd expect that most guesses run hundreds too high! But come in and see the whole bloomin' show! That's Pontiac for '57 . . . America's Number One Road Car!

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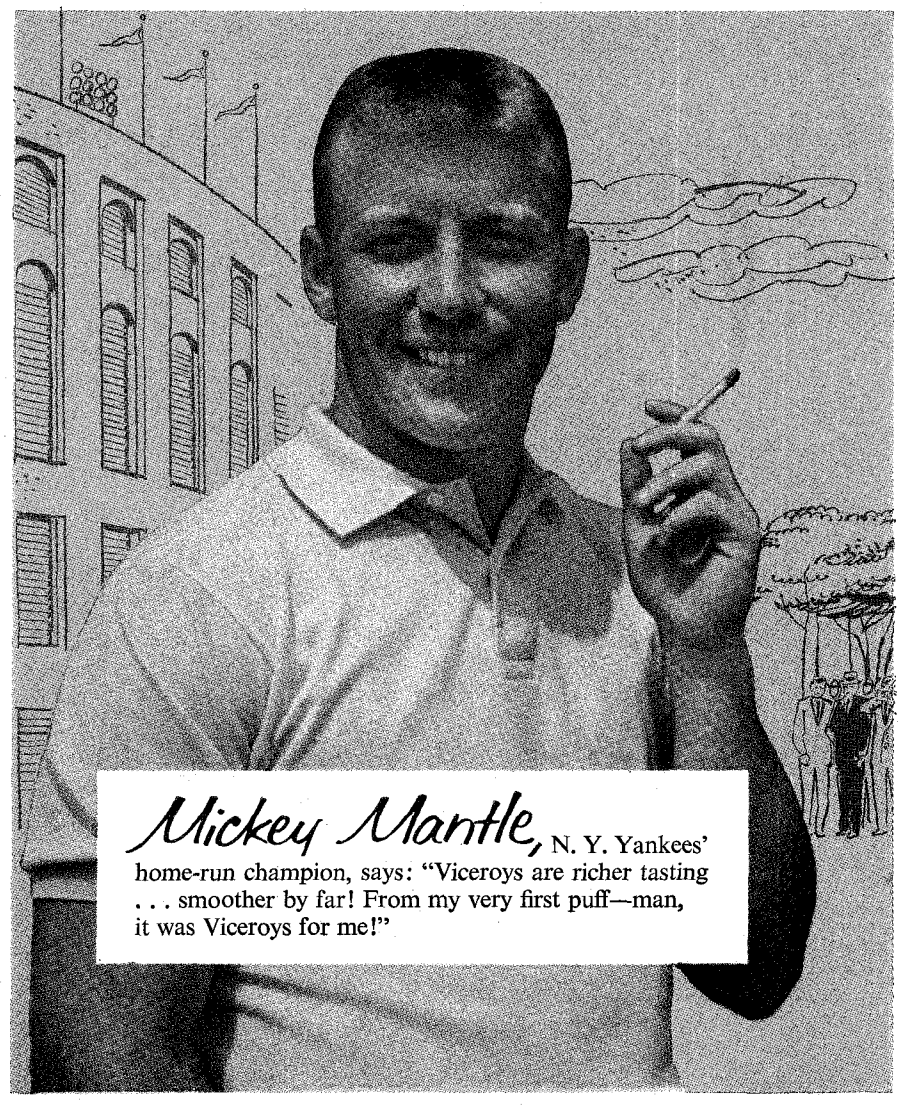
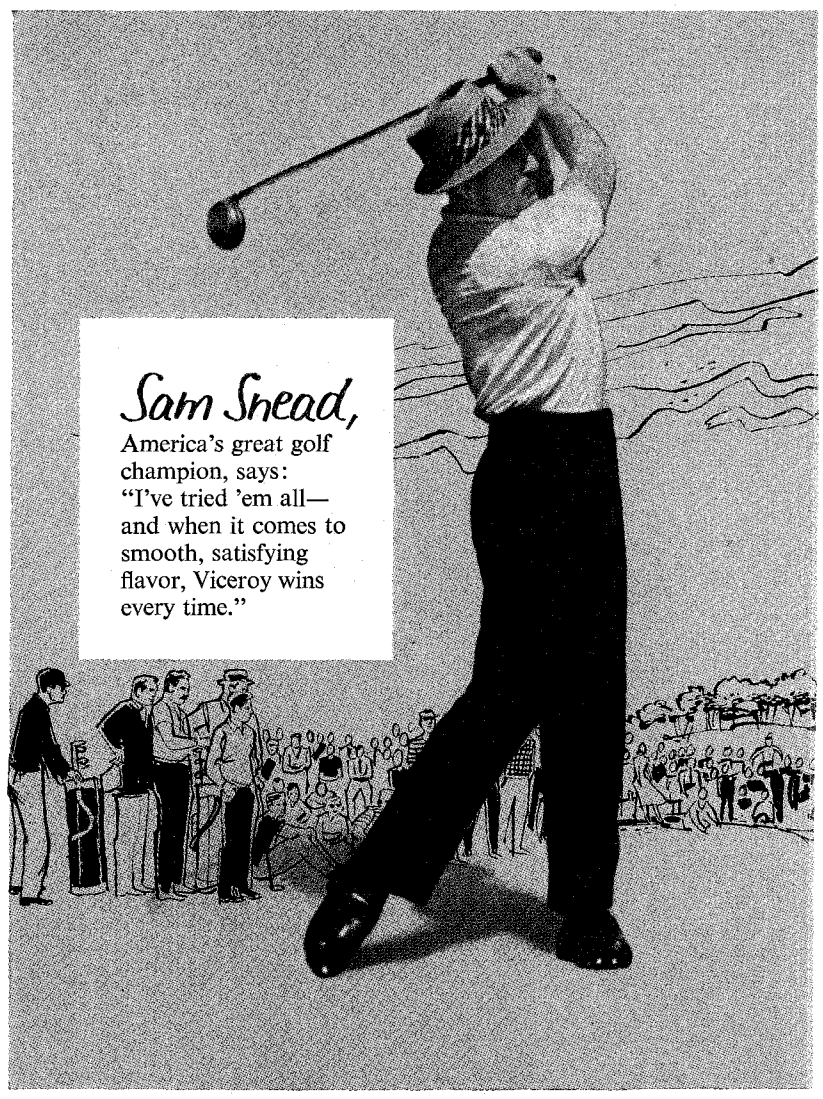
Why do America's Champio



Mickey Mantle, N. Y. Yankees' home-run champion, says: "Viceroys are richer tasting . . . smoother by far! From my very first puff—man, it was Viceroys for me!"



Sam Snead, America's great golf champion, says: "I've tried 'em all—and when it comes to smooth, satisfying flavor, Viceroy wins every time."

"Viceroy has the smoothes

Smart Smokers Everywhere Know— Only Viceroy Takes The Three Steps That Lead To Smoothest Smoking!

Discover the secret of Viceroy's *super-smoothness* in the three pictures at the right—the three important steps only Viceroy takes to give you the *smoothest taste of all.* No wonder America's champion athletes, and smart smokers everywhere, agree on Viceroy! Join the champions—smoke smoother Viceroys!

1. Smooth!

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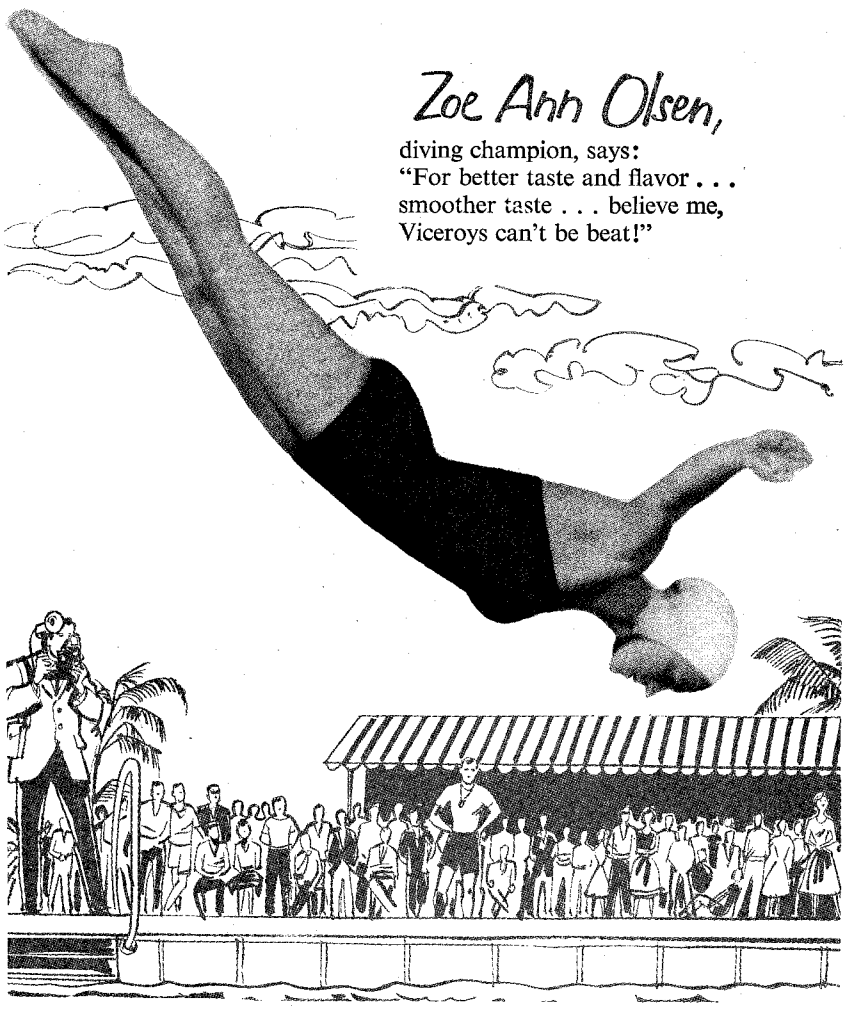
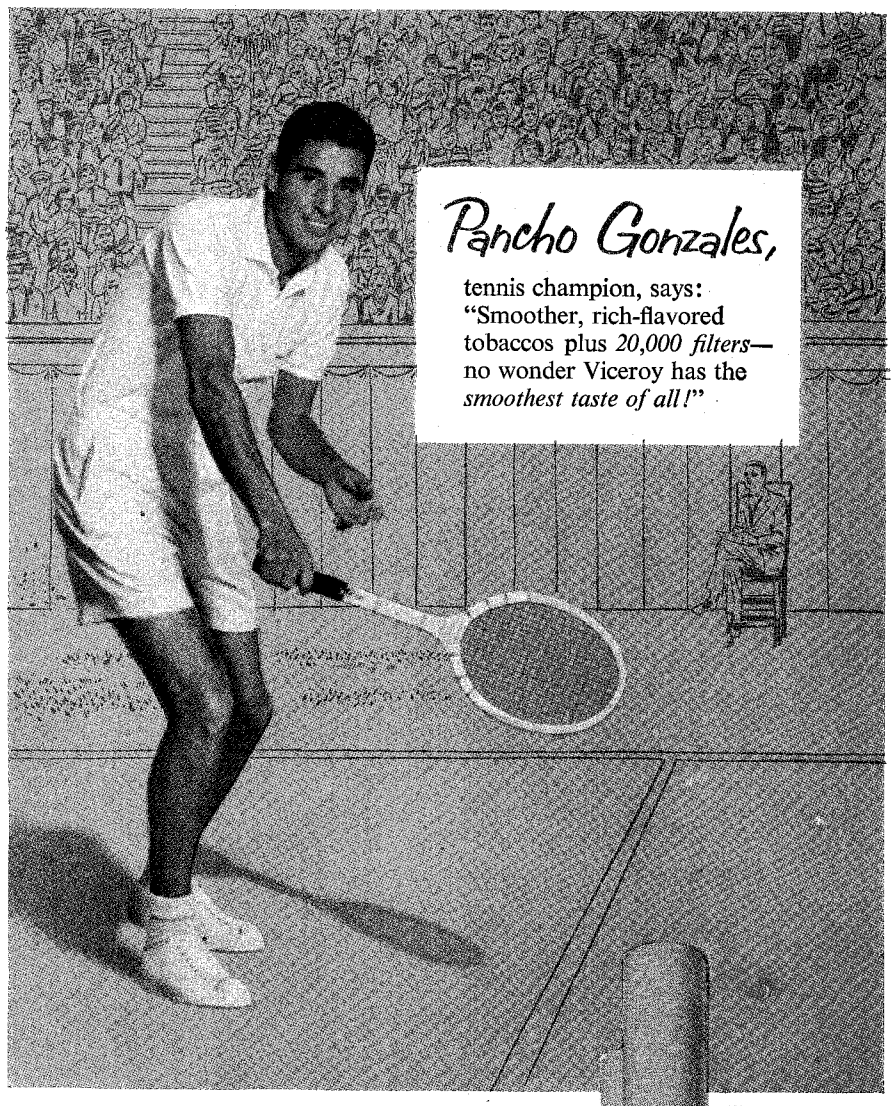
May 11, 1957

Athletes Choose Viceroy?



Zoe Ann Olsen,
diving champion, says:
"For better taste and flavor . . .
smoother taste . . . believe me,
Viceroys can't be beat!"



Pancho Gonzales,
tennis champion, says:
"Smoother, rich-flavored
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no wonder Viceroy has the
smoothest taste of all!"

taste of all!"

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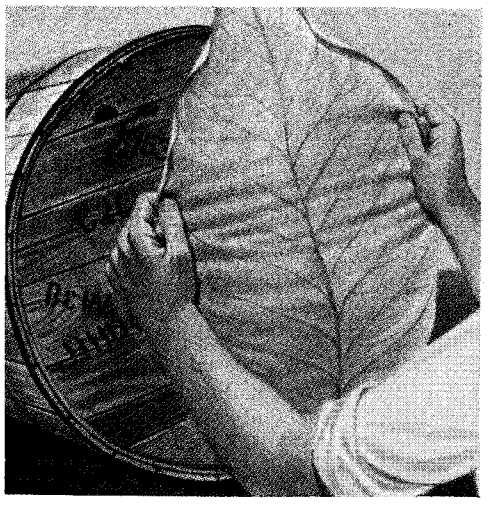

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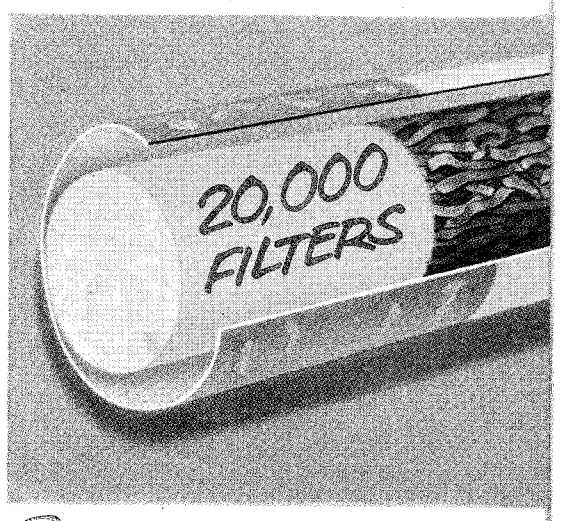
Each Smooth Flavor Leaf is specially Deep-Cured, golden brown through and through, for *extra* smoothness!



3. Super Smooth!

Only Viceroy smooths each puff through *20,000 filters* made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!

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(*Continued from Page 78*) said complacently. "Take a day off sometime and I'll give you a lesson."

McRae was prudent and seldom got his feet wet. Eggert played an explosive game, on hunches, but he could light up with sudden brilliance and run them all out. Newbamer glumly kept his pile intact. Brill played a cool, smart game, but lost steadily. Latimer was after him, and he held the cards or caught them when needed.

"This grows monotonous," Latimer said, yawning. "And penny ante don't get you anywhere." He gave Brill a sleepy-cat look. "Let's up the limit," he challenged. "I'll be glad to take an assignment on your property, Double-Drop, when you run short of cash. Now that I'm going to stay on the Monte indefinitely, I wouldn't mind owning that house of yours."

"Somebody'll get hurt if we raise the lid," Brill said pleasantly.

"Scared?" Latimer taunted.

Brill's quick glance, whipping around the table, read the quiet faces that gave no sign. "Take off the bridle," he said, nodding. "It's your deal."

Latimer laughed softly. He didn't observe that the tempo gradually tightened up. They frequently waited with sardonic impassivity for him to make up his mind. That got under his skin, and he began to hurry his decisions. A pot, begun like any other, was gently nudged, and grew. All contributed, and then Monte men began to drop out as the chips littered the center of the table. Latimer didn't get the change of pace. Confidently, he stacked his remaining chips and set them in. And then the lightning struck. Brill called, and he had them that time.

Anyone on the Monte could have told you it would happen. If you wanted to play cutthroat, that crew was glad to oblige. But Latimer couldn't believe it was so. He stared at Brill's cards as if he thought they had dropped from the ceiling, face up.

"What's this?" he demanded, getting slowly to his feet.

"It started out to be a gambling game," Brill said. "But nobody except you had any doubt about the way it would come out."

Latimer looked at the faces, quietly waiting. He held on while his temper raked him. Gene stirred the fire and, as he added a chunk of coal, Latimer took him by the arm and turned him around.

"Tell me, sonny," said Latimer harshly, "exactly what happened on that last run, when your crew won the plow-train assignment. Let's get this all straightened out right now. The poker you men play seems as fraudulent as your train operations—and I'll have to keep these things under control."

Gene shrugged the hand from his arm and went back to his bunk and his tattered book. Latimer took a menacing step to follow, but Brill's voice cut in sharply.

"Look, boomer," he said, "your hand's played out. You don't know poker or railroading, either, the way we do it in this man's country. You're through as of right now."

"Through?" Latimer scoffed. "Your bluff won't hold. I'm still the trainmaster."

"You've lost too many jack pots today, boomer," Brill said. "It's got us in a bad hole."

"Just an old croaker," Latimer sneered. "I haven't an idea what you're talking about, and it wouldn't do you any good if I had."

"I'll explain it for you." Brill leaned his elbows on the table. "When we were completely trapped, you got the track gang in an uproar, so now they won't dig us out till morning. That will be too late. With what coal we use tonight, we won't have enough left to get us off the mountain."

"Not my fault the gang quit on us!" Latimer snapped.

Brill went on, unheeding, "Another storm is on the way, and if it catches us up here, we may never get out. It's happened before. This is the only rotary plow the Monte has. There's a wedge plow on the other side, but it can't get through the deep stuff. So there's no help can reach us from over there, and the Red P has locked the back door on us. Do you get it so far?"

"There's damn little to get that makes sense. You're scared."

"Keep adding, boomer," Brill said. "It's the custom, when the tool car is assigned to the plow train, to include snowshoes. The trainmaster makes sure they are. But there are no snowshoes in our tool car."

"How would I know about snowshoes?" Latimer demanded.

"Somebody would have told you if you'd stopped talking long enough to listen."

"You're just trying to hang it on me," Latimer said. "How would snowshoes help us?"

"If we get caught up here, somebody could snowshoe out. He could get to the nearest ranch or town and bring in food and fuel to keep us alive till they dug us out. There are about fifty of us, you know, boomer. We did it last time with a bobsled, pulled by eight men and two mules."

"All right, go on," Latimer growled. "What's the answer?"

"Beginning right now," Brill said evenly, "I'm in charge of this outfit. I'm going to let the track gang sleep another hour, and then I'll put them to shoveling. From then on, we keep moving until we're out of this or stuck for good. If the storm hits before morning, it may be too late. But we'll give it a try. And if you raise one objection, boomer, I'll ram it down your throat! You get it now? I'm boss from here out!"

Obviously, Latimer didn't get it—just as he didn't feel in his bones the menacing pressure of the storm outside that was gathering for a raid across the high divide.

"Still trying to make a bluff stand up, eh?" he said, chuckling. "Well, I can tell you now, Double-Drop, they'll never let Clinker Ward back, even if he gets out of the hospital alive. That's all been arranged. His methods of operation leave with him." He glared at Brill. "And that means you, too, Double-Drop!" he added, his voice rising in sudden fury.

Breathing hard, his mouth taut, Latimer scanned the faces before him, faces that showed their silent contempt for a man who would use a foolish woman to build him up.

"You all heard Double-Drop's threat," he told them warningly. "Well, you'll all be asked to repeat it to the superintendent. . . . You understand that, McRae?"

"I understand," said McRae, nodding. "I understand that Brill should've kicked you out when you first started mishandling the track gang."

Latimer's eyes danced wickedly. He would trap them all into committing themselves now.

"Fine, just fine!" he crowed sarcastically. "The rest of you feel the same way, I suppose?"

"Right down the line," Eggert said, and spat at the ash box.

"Me?" Newbamer muttered. "I'd delight to toss you in the gorge, boomer, if I wouldn't get hung for it."

There was a silence, and Latimer's lips curved in a triumphant, sleepy-cat smile.

"Then there'll be another plow-train crew for the rest of the winter," he said softly. "And look, Double-Drop! If you get off that chair, I'll pull off your right leg and beat your brains out with it!"

Brill stood up and came slowly around the table. The silence was so complete that they all could hear the murmuring of the fire.

Then with lightninglike suddenness, Latimer lashed out with a murderous right—and the world collapsed.

From outside came a high scream; then the roar (*Continued on Page 86*)

The First Spring

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Alice Boyd Stockdale

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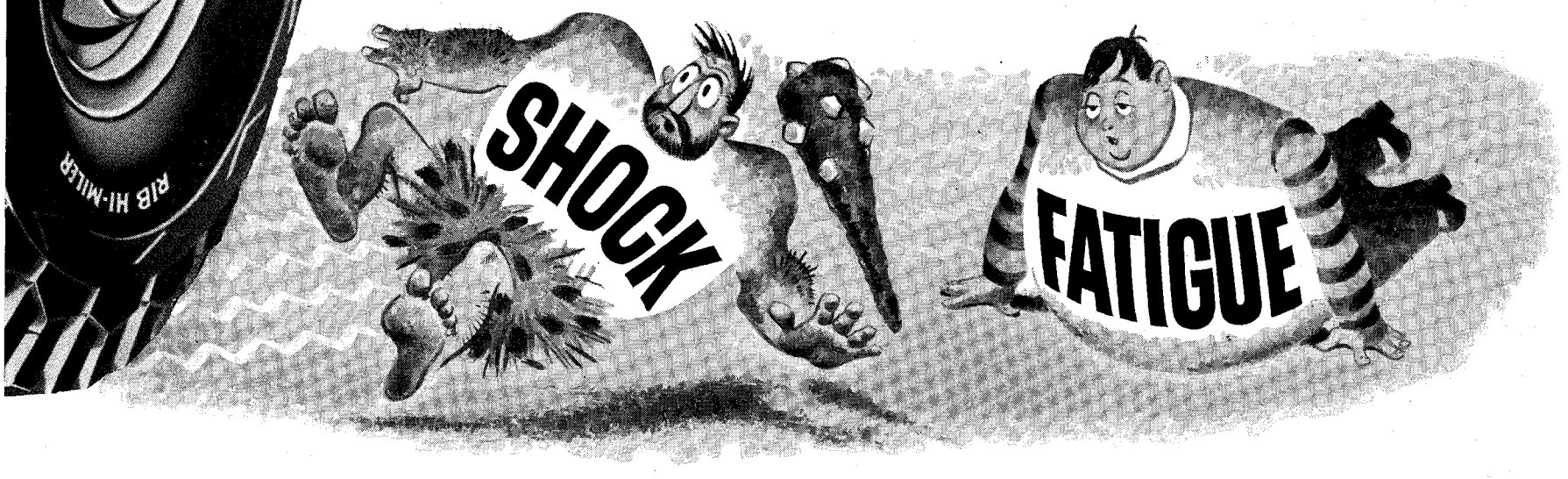

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(*Continued from Page 82*) of blind destruction as splitting fury stormed across the walls and died in rolling thunder down in the gorge. No one who heard it would ever forget the sound, the mad ferocity of an avalanche.

The caboose shuddered. The gritty squawk of couplings, tightening all along the train, was like the rasp of a rusty file. The group in the caboose divided evenly. Three men collided as they dashed for the front door, then wrenched it open and sprawled onto the snowdrift outside.

The three who remained in the caboose did not move until McRae stood up.

"Well," McRae said, "what now?"

"The Rabbit sure shucked his fur in a hurry," Brill said. "Gene, were you scared bad?"

"My feet tried to leave," Gene drawled, "but my mind froze onto them."

Brill moved to the back door. As he opened it, he muttered, "I sure hate to look."

Staring out, they saw, in the bleak moonlight, the last of the slide dribbling over the lip of the gorge. Snow dust floated up from the black depths and trailed along the naked flank of the Sulky Rabbit. The coach slanted down, its front end leaning back. The caboose stood on solid roadbed, but the full length of the coach was on the trestle, and that structure, too, was slanting.

Brill leaned from the platform. "Look at that swayback in the bridge!" he said. "Where'd it come from?"

"A boulder," said McRae. "A boulder in the slide bounced on the river ice and knocked down the first set of piling. That section of the trestle—that part from the abutment to the second set of piling—sagged when its support collapsed."

"We're sure losing out with the lapse of time," Brill mumbled. "But it's a good thing the coach is chained to the caboose. Otherwise, with that tilt, it would've slipped its coupling knuckle and its full weight would be on the span."

"Look again," McRae said. "The caboose has a slight tilt. A little more, and it'll disengage its coupling from the car ahead. If that happens, coach and caboose could roll down to the center of the swayback."

"And both of 'em break through the trestle?" Brill inquired.

McRae nodded. "And suppose there's some disturbance inside the caboose?" he remarked. "With the weight of the coach dragging on it, it might not take much to tilt the caboose enough to turn it loose."

"In that case," said Brill, "the only track gang we've got would lie all splattered out down there on the ice."

"Yeah," said Gene, "and we'd be down there too."

"Well, if the track gang is lost, we're goners too." Brill, grinning sheepishly, turned to McRae and said, "Mac, you never expected to hear me wish that the old Clinker would arrive in the nick of time, did you? Well, you hear me now." He peered at the murky horizon. "We haven't got room to pull the coach off the trestle either. So we're stuck right here till we do something about it."

"Till we get the track gang out and clean that slide," McRae told him.

"Yeah," said Brill. "The track gang—we're back to them again. We've got to rescue those gandy dancers or throw in our hands. I wish I knew a nice, neat way to do it."

Gene thought he could feel the pull of the coach crawl up his heels, and it seemed the caboose teetered when he took a deep breath. He was thinking of the drawbars of the caboose and the car ahead, knuckled together, with the knuckle in the caboose's drawhead slipped up maybe three inches above that of the car. Another five or six inches, and it would come free. They'd be safe, he knew, if they just stepped out onto the snow bank with the others. But he didn't let himself think about that. His job was to stick and be at hand when Brill needed him.

Dim light showed in the line of coach windows. A wisp of smoke curled from the chimney. There was no sign of movement inside.

"All that racket didn't decrease their snoring a bit," Brill said. "They were sure beat up good, and they ate enough to stuff a cow." He took off his mittens and shoved them into his jacket pocket. "The only way to get them out is to fetch 'em. One at a time, and don't let 'em stampede." He looked at McRae. "I admit I'm remembering what you said about any disturbance inside the caboose."

"They ran Latimer out with a show of knives," McRae said.

"Yeah," Brill nodded. "I remembered that too."

Newbamer, who was standing by the steps, asked, "Need any help, Double-Drop?"

"I do," said Brill. "But it's the kind that's got to come from above." He looked down. The caboose steps cleared the edge of the gorge by a scant yard. "You fellows take care of them when I bring 'em out—one at a time," he repeated. "And watch they don't fall in."

Gene added up the situation with a desperate eye. "I don't weigh as much as you do," he heard himself saying, "and just a few extra pounds at the wrong place might make all the difference. Besides, I've picked up some of their lingo and I could talk to them."

Brill gave him a quick glance. "This is the skipper's job," he said curtly.

"Let Gene do it," said McRae.

There was a pause, and Gene squirmed with impatience. It was harder to endure this dribbling away of precious time than to imagine the spectacle they'd all make mangled in wreckage down there in the black shadows on the frozen river.

"Let Gene do it," McRae said again.

"Why?" Brill asked.

"Youth," McRae said gently. "It moves with a lighter zest. Gene barely touches the ground when he walks. That's the help from above you were asking for." He smiled at Brill. "You've already used up more chances to survive than you have a right to, Double-Drop, and you must be near to the end of your allotment."

But Brill was stubborn. They went on arguing, the vital minutes slipping by, until Gene's boots suddenly walked away with him. He flitted over the railings, across the tilted platform and through the dark doorway of the coach. Inside, sour body odors and the smell of kerosene lamps, turned low and smoking, enveloped him like an acid fog. Inert figures lay doubled up on the seats, dead to this confused and appalling country, snoring shadows unaware that they were hanging on the brink of the life to come.

It takes time to awaken a man who has been drugged by cold, exhaustion and a full belly. It was worse when you had to arouse him gently, and not scare him into starting a rush, and get him on his feet and walk him to the doorway.

There were, Gene knew, forty men in the car. They came up from the deep dark, choking and muttering. They stumbled, dragging their feet, as he led them, one by one, up the aisle. He wasn't sure of the meaning of some of the phrases in their language he used to soothe them. He mumbled as he walked beside them, and at the same time fought against his own panicky urge to hurry.

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The confusion outside grew as the crowd increased. The men of the track gang broke through the crust as they came down and waddled in the snow. They bunched, shivered in the piercing cold and complained. Some of them tried to push back into the coach—a few at first, and Newbamer and Eggert were able to hold them back.

Then Latimer started yelling, and the men clamored back at him. Furious, Brill tried to make Latimer shut up; for he knew what would happen if the shouting wakened the men in the coach. If they panicked in there and started milling around, the caboose would tilt and ——

Suddenly Latimer's yapping ended—simultaneously with the sound of a loud smack, followed by a grunt. Newbamer had enjoyed reducing Latimer to silence.

Meanwhile, Gene was bringing the men out singly, delivering each to Brill at the doorway, and turning back into the coach as Brill pushed the latest arrival down the steps to McRae.

Brill smoldered with frustration and worry. He could sense the panic and desperate terror building up in the gang huddling out in the snow. It was plain in the sullen way they milled around; it hummed in the mounting hysteria of their voices.

"O.K., Gene," Brill said, grabbing the man Gene led out to him. "Down you go, gandy dancer!"

As Gene darted back into the coach, Brill's worried gaze shifted again to the dark cluster of men in the snow. When would they make a break for the coach? If they did, Brill knew, they would shove McRae, Newbamer and Eggert into the gorge when they tried to stop the stampede. And he would go, too, if he tried to stand in their way. And the men still left in the coach, when the caboose broke loose, would ride down to the center of the swayback, break through the trestle, and wind up dead down there on the river ice.

Brill suddenly made up his mind about Gene. The yellow-haired youngster was doing all right. He hadn't lost his nerve, however scared he might be. And it took real nerve to keep going back into that coach, delicately balanced on the brink of death. But this had gone on long enough, Brill decided, and he swung around to the doorway as Gene reappeared, leading another stumbling, sleep-drugged man.

"You call it quits right now, Gene," he ordered. "Come out of there until these jittery gandy dancers quiet down."

Gene, ignoring the order, whirled and started back for another trip into the coach. Then, suddenly, he halted; and all of them were stopped in their tracks, frozen stiff, by an incredible, gravel-rough roar, "What the hell goes on here?"

Nobody moved. A kind of paralysis fell upon them. It was plainly impossible—that couldn't be Clinker Ward.

"Can't anybody tell me why you're all stalling around here?"

If it wasn't the Clinker, then it must be his ghost, for there wasn't any doubt as to whose that voice was. Double-Drop Brill was the first to shake off the spell that bound them.

"How'd you get here?" he asked hoarsely.

"Snowshoes!"

And then Clinker Ward, coming into the light, kicked up a leg to show the webs he was wearing. He shuffled to the brink of the gorge, sized things up; then swung around to get the wheels rolling, to start putting his railroad back in service.

"You waiting for the spring thaws to liberate you?" he roared bitterly. "How'd the trestle buckle like that? And why you got the coach hanging out on it? Another storm's coming up, and there's a passenger train snowed in at the upper end of the Muleshoe. Out of coal, no heat in the coaches. Women and children. We got to reach them before they freeze."

"How did you know?" Brill blurted.

"Come up on a wedge plow till the snow got too deep. Snowshoed to the stuck passenger train; then up here looking for you." He kicked off the snowshoes. "Let's get started. Jerk the rest of the track gang out of there. Stand back, Mac, and let me get aboard."

"Don't you put a foot on that step!" Brill snarled at him.

"Why not?"

"You'd bust the balance," Brill said. "Take a look at the position we're in, and then stand aside till Gene finishes what he started."

Meanwhile, inside the coach, Gene moved swiftly but warily down the aisle. Some of the sleepers stirred and grumbled; some sat up and stared wordlessly at him. Then one jerked to his feet and, spurred by some instinctive fear, started to make a break for the door.

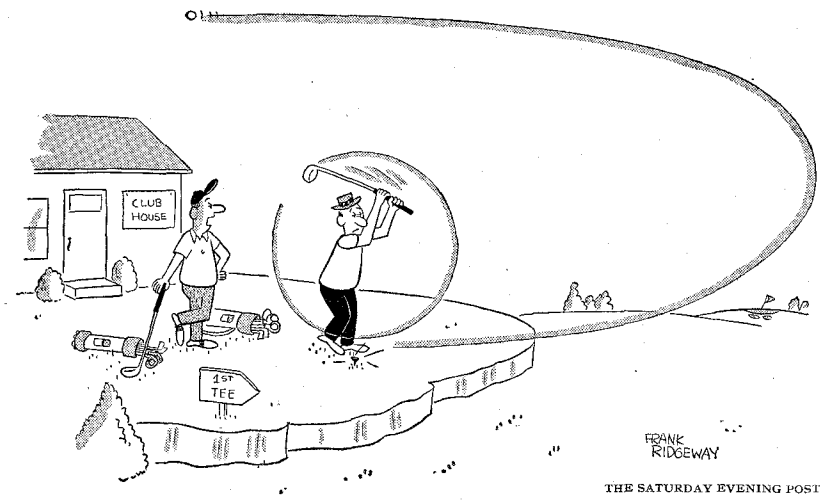
"Sit down!" Gene snapped at him.

The man tried to push past. Gene, from close in, hit him sharply on the button, caught him as he crumpled and draped him over a seat. Then whirling around, he faced the others.

"Sit down," he ordered.

They sat down, cowed and shivering, waiting for him to lead them out. And they showed no further defiance while he hurried them out, one by one, until presently he made his final trip out to the platform, dragging with him the still-groggy man he had knocked senseless.

"If you offered up a prayer, Gene," said Brill, "it sure was answered."



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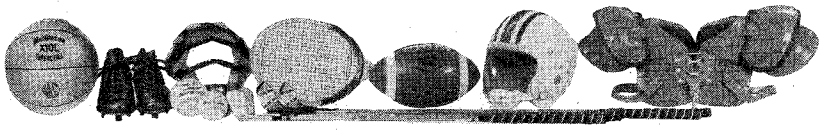

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Outside, Gene noticed, things had changed. The confusion was gone, a project had been organized; for nothing stood still after Clinker Ward took charge of an undertaking.

He had set the track gang to moving rocks and shoveling out the slide. He had hustled each man onto the job as he jumped down from the coach. Suppose they were exhausted? Suppose they were frozen, sullen and rebellious? He prevailed over their fatigue; he banished their rebellion with a gesture; and he warmed their bodies with the tasks he drove them to.

The engines were muttering in their boilers. McRae took a pull on the short train, and the coach crawled onto the solid track. The snarl of the rotary wheel suddenly deepened into a gulping roar as it bored into the remainder of the slide and cut a path through the dense drifts in the pass.

The abrupt change in their situation simply confirmed their belief that the Clinker could command the elements. The gathering storm delayed its approach, and they would have sworn that even the moon slowed its descent to give Clinker Ward additional light while they roared their way up to the stalled passenger train.

They cleared a siding and cut out the second engine. They tied her onto the rear end of the train and pulled it back and off the main line. The engine ran around it, cut in behind the dead engine and began to heat the coaches with her steam.

"Cut your train in two behind the tool car and the cook car." Clinker Ward, standing in the snow beside the looming rotary, was king of this upended world. "Put the track gang in the cook car, and to hell with the Chinks if they object. We'll leave the hind end of your outfit here and go down and clear the Muleshoe so the passenger train can follow with Creller's engine."

Then, suddenly noticing Latimer standing nearby, he frowned. "You can put your name back on the conductors' runboard when you get in, boomer," he said. "I'm back on the job."

"Is that so?" said Latimer, unconsciously rubbing his jaw where Newbamer had rocked him. "That order will have to come from the superintendent's office."

"Time will tell," the Clinker grunted.

A question had been nagging at Brill all the way through the pass. "Clinker," he demanded, "how come you got out of the hospital so fast? Did you burn the place down and escape?"

"Hospital!" The Clinker snorted. "What an outfit that is! But this is one mistake they won't bury."

"What kind of a mistake?" Brill asked.

"You said it yourself," the Clinker growled. "Remember you asked was I sure the sawbones'd got the right man? So I put it up to them. They hooted, but not for long. When they checked, they found they'd shuffled the examiner's reports. After they got them straightened out, mine showed there wasn't a damn thing wrong with me!"

"Who'd they get yours mixed up with?" Brill asked.

"Miss Selby!" the Clinker roared.

The group stared at one another in stunned silence.

"The docs found," the Clinker added, "that she can't endure the altitudes and the rigors of our climate any more."

McRae asked, "What's she going to do now?"

The Clinker looked at him and looked away. "Joe Terry inherited a little place down at one of them California beaches that he ain't got any use for. Joe told her she could live there till he got rid of it." Clinker Ward swept them all with a challenging glare. "We'd better chip in and buy it from Joe and give it to her."

McRae nodded amiably. "In appreciation," he said, "of the ever-cordial fortitude she has shown to those who deceived her in the matter of broken rules."

Brill grinned in an embarrassed way. "The money I won in that last pot," he said, "ought to damn near furnish the place."

Slowly the Clinker turned and looked at Latimer.

"Boomer," he said, "you still don't want your name back on the runboard?"

"Certainly not," Latimer rasped. "I'm all through with this wooden-axle railroad!"

"That," said Clinker Ward softly, "is exactly what I been thinking."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When you ask if I favor capital punishment—do you mean for men or women?"

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Admiral Hornblower (Continued from Page 27)

Hornblower remembered discussions at home, when he was a half-pay officer awaiting his promotion to flag rank, when the "steam kettles" had been mentioned. Even the possibility of ocean-going ships propelled by steam had been suggested, and had been properly laughed to scorn—it would mean the ruin of good seamanship. Hornblower had not been quite so sure on either point, but he had been careful to keep his opinions to himself, having no desire to be regarded as a dangerous crank. He did not want to be drawn into any similar discussions now, not even with a mere civilian.

"What intelligence do you have for me, sir?" he asked.

"A considerable amount, my lord." Mr. Sharpe produced a fold of papers from his tail pocket.

"Here are the latest advices from New Granada—more recent I expect than anything you have had. The insurgents ——"

Mr. Sharpe entered into a rapid exposition of the military and political situation in South America. The Spanish colonies were entering into the final stage of their struggle for independence.

"It cannot be long before his majesty's government recognizes that independence," said Sharpe. "And our minister in Washington informs me that the Government of the United States meditates a similar recognition. It remains to be seen what the Holy Alliance will have to say on that score, my lord."

Europe under the rule of absolute monarchy would turn a jaundiced eye upon the establishment of a whole new series of republics, no doubt. But it hardly mattered what Europe had to say, as long as the Royal Navy—even the depleted peacetime navy—controlled the seas and the two English-speaking governments continued in amity.

"Cuba shows small signs of restlessness," went on Sharpe, "and I have information of the issue of further letters of marque by the Spanish Government to vessels sailing from Havana."

Letters of marque were one of the principal sources of Hornblower's troubles. They were being issued by insurgent and nationalist governments alike, to prey upon ships flying the old flags and the new, and the bearers of letters of marque turned pirates in the twinkling of an eye in the absence of legitimate prizes and efficient prize courts. Thirteen of Hornblower's fourteen small craft were scattered over the Caribbean keeping an eye on the activities of the privateers.

"I have prepared duplicates of my reports for your lordship's information," concluded Sharpe. "I have them here to give to your lordship, along with copies of the complaints of the master mariners concerned."

"Thank you, sir," said Hornblower, while Gerard took the papers into his charge.

"Now for the slave trade, with your lordship's permission," went on Sharpe, opening a fresh series of papers.

The slave trade was as acute a question as piracy, even more acute in some ways, because the Anti-Slavery Society in England commanded a great deal of powerful and vocal support in both Houses of Parliament, and would raise an even more violent to-do about a cargo of slaves run into Havana or Rio de Janeiro, than a shipping company pestered by privateers.

"At this moment, my lord," said Sharpe, "a raw hand newly brought from the Slave Coast is selling for eighty pounds in the Havana barracoons, and he costs no more than a pound in trade goods at Whydah. Those profits are tempting, my lord."

"Naturally," said Hornblower.

"I have reason to believe that ships of both British and American registry are engaged in the traffic, my lord."

"So have I."

The First Sea Lord had tapped ominously on the table in that interview when touching on this part of his instructions to Hornblower. Under the new law, British subjects who engaged in the slave trade could be hanged and their ships seized. But care would be necessary in dealing with ships flying American colors. If they refused to heave to on the high seas for examination, the utmost tact would have to be employed. To shoot away an American spar or to kill an American citizen would mean trouble. America had gone to war with England only nine years before over matters very similar.

"We want no trouble, my lord," said Sharpe. He had a pair of hard, intelligent, gray eyes deep set in his puffy face.

"I am aware of that, sir."

"And in this connection, my lord, I must employ special emphasis in calling your lordship's attention to a vessel making ready for sea here in New Orleans."

"Which ship is this?"

"She is visible from the deck, my lord. In fact ——" Sharpe struggled out of his chair and walked to the cabin window. "Yes, there she is. What do you make of her, my lord?"

Hornblower looked out from beside Sharpe. He saw a beautiful ship of eight hundred tons or more. Her fine lines, the

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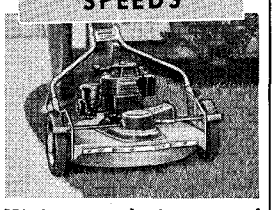
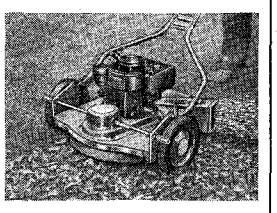


Higher speeds for normal grass, faster mowing. Slower speeds for heavy grass, weeds, mulching leaves or for use by elderly people.



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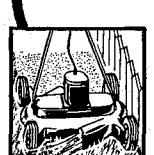
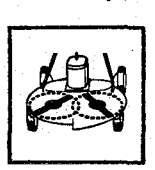


Close Side Trim



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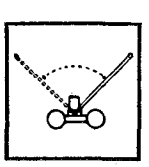
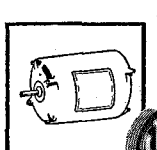


Swing over handle for 2-way mowing



Powerful One Horsepower Motor

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lofty rake of her masts, the wide spread of her yards, were all clear indications of speed, for which some sacrifice of cargo-carrying capacity had been made. She was flush-decked, with six painted gun ports along each side. American shipbuilders had always evinced a tendency toward building fast ships, but this was an advanced example of the type.

"Are there guns behind those ports?" asked Hornblower.

"Twelve-pounders, my lord."

"She was built as a privateer," said Hornblower.

"Quite right, my lord. She's the Daring; she was built during the war and made one voyage and took six prizes from us before the Treaty of Ghent. And now, my lord?"

"She could be a slaver."

"Your lordship is right again, of course."

That heavy armament would be desirable in a slaver anchoring up a West African river, liable to a treacherous attack; she could easily have a slave deck with that flush build; her speed would minimize deaths among the slaves during the middle passage; her lack of capacity for bulk cargo would be unimportant in a slaver.

"Is she a slaver?" asked Hornblower.

"Apparently not, my lord, despite her appearance. She is being chartered to carry a great many men, all the same."

"I would like you to explain further, if you please, Mr. Sharpe."

"I can only tell your lordship the facts as disclosed to me. She is under charter to a French general, Count Cambronne."

"Cambronne? Cambronne? The man who commanded the Imperial Guard at Waterloo. What does he want with this ship?"

"It is all open and aboveboard, apparently. After the war, Boney's Old Guard formed an organization for mutual aid. In 1816 they decided to become colonists. Your lordship must have heard something about the project?"

"Hardly anything."

"They came out and seized an area of land on the coast of Texas, the province of Mexico adjacent to this state of Louisiana."

"I have heard about it, but that is the extent of my knowledge."

"It was easy enough to start, with Mexico in the throes of her revolt against Spain. There was no opposition to them, as you understand, my lord. But it was not so easy to continue. I cannot imagine that soldiers of the Old Guard would ever make good agriculturists. And on that pestilential coast—it is a series of dreary lagoons, with hardly an inhabitant."

"The scheme failed?"

"As your lordship might expect. Half of them died of malaria and yellow fever, and half of the rest simply starved. Cambronne has come out from France to carry the survivors home, five hundred of them. The Government of the United States never liked the project, as your lordship can imagine, and now the insurgent government is strong enough to take exception to the presence on the shores of Mexico of a large body of trained soldiers, however peaceable their intentions. Your lordship can see Cambronne's story could be perfectly true."

"Yes."

An eight-hundred-ton ship equipped as a slaver could pack five hundred soldiers on board and feed them during a long passage.

"Cambronne is stocking her largely with rice and water—slave rations, my lord, but the best adapted to the purpose for that very reason."

The slave trade had had long experience of how to keep alive a close-packed body of men.

"If Cambronne is going to take them back to France, I should do nothing to hinder him," said Hornblower. "Rather on the contrary."

"Exactly, my lord."

Sharpe's gray eyes met Hornblower's in an expressionless stare. The presence of five hundred trained soldiers afloat in the Gulf of Mexico was very much the concern of the British admiral commanding in chief, when the shores of the Gulf and of the Caribbean were in as much of a turmoil as at present. Bolivar and the other Spanish-American insurgents would pay a high price for their services in the present war. Or someone might be meditating the conquest of Haiti or a piratical descent upon Havana. Any sort of filibustering expedition was possible. The actual Bourbon government in France might be looking for a pie in which to put a finger, for that matter, a chance to snap up a colony and confront the English-speaking powers with a *fait accompli.*

"I'll keep my eye on them until they are safely out of the way," said Hornblower.

"I have called your lordship's attention officially to the matter," said Sharpe.

It would be one more drain upon Hornblower's limited resources for the policing of the Caribbean; he already was wondering which of his few craft he could detach to observe the Gulf Coast.

"And now, my lord," said Sharpe, "it is my duty to discuss the details of your lordship's stay here in New Orleans. I have arranged a program of official calls for your lordship. Does your lordship speak French?"

"Yes," said Hornblower, fighting down the urge to say, "My lordship does."

"That is excellent, because French is commonly spoken among good society here. Your lordship will, of course, be calling upon the naval authorities here, and upon the governor. There is an evening reception planned for your lordship. My carriage is, of course, at your lordship's disposition."

"That is extremely kind of you, sir."

"No kindness at all, my lord. It is a great pleasure to me to assist in making your lordship's visit to New Orleans as enjoyable as possible. I have here a list of the prominent people your lordship will meet, along with brief notes regarding them. Perhaps it might be as well if I explain it to your lordship's flag lieutenant?"

"Certainly," said Hornblower; he was able now to relax his attention a little; Gerard was a good flag lieutenant and had supported his commander in chief very satisfactorily during the ten months that Hornblower had held command. He supplied some of the social flair that Hornblower was too indifferent to acquire. The business was rapidly settled.

"Very well then, my lord," said Sharpe. "Now I can take my leave. I will have the pleasure of seeing your lordship again at the governor's house."

"I am deeply obliged to you, sir."

This city of New Orleans was an enchanting place. Hornblower was bubbling internally with excitement at the prospect of exploring it. Nor was he the only one, as appeared as soon as Sharpe had taken his leave, when Lieutenant Harcourt, captain of the Crab, intercepted Hornblower on the quarter-deck.

"Pardon, my lord," he said, saluting. "Are there any orders for me?"

There could be no doubt about what Harcourt had in mind. Forward of the mainmast most of the crew of Crab were congregated, looking eagerly aft; in a tiny ship like this, everyone was aware of everyone else's business, and discipline ran

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on lines different from those in a big ship.

"Can you trust your men to be steady on shore, Mr. Harcourt?" asked Hornblower.

"Yes, my lord."

Hornblower looked forward again. The hands looked remarkably smart; they had been laboring on making new clothes for themselves all the way from Kingston, from the moment when it was announced that Crab would have the astonishing distinction of flying the admiral's flag. They were wearing neat blue frock jumpers and white ducks and shady straw hats; Hornblower saw their self-conscious poses as he glanced toward them—they knew perfectly well what was being discussed. These were peacetime sailors, voluntarily enlisted; Hornblower had had twenty years of wartime service with pressed crews who could never be trusted not to desert, and even now he had consciously to adjust his mind to the change.

"If you could give me notice of when you intend to sail, sir—I mean, my lord ——" said Harcourt.

"Until dawn tomorrow in any case," said Hornblower, coming to a sudden decision; his day was full until then.

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Would the grogshops of New Orleans water front be any different from the grogshops of Kingston or Port of Spain?

A modern wife is a woman who, instead of cooking meals, just thaws them.

RAYMOND HUBBARD

"Now perhaps I can have my breakfast, Mr. Gerard," said Hornblower. "Unless you have any objection?"

"Aye, aye, my lord," answered Gerard, carefully ignoring the sarcasm.

It was after breakfast that a colored man, trotting barefooted along the pier, came bearing on his head a basket of fruit, which he handed in at the gangway at the moment when Hornblower was about to start off on his official round of calls.

"There's a note with it, my lord," said Gerard. "Shall I open it?"

"Yes."

"It is from Mr. Sharpe," reported Gerard, after breaking the seal, and then, some seconds later, "I think you had better read this yourself, my lord."

Hornblower took the thing impatiently. The note read:

My Lord: I have imposed upon myself the pleasure of sending some fruit to your lordship.

It is my duty to inform your lordship that I have just received information that the freight which Count Cambronne brought out here from France, and which has been lying in bond in charge of the United States customs service, will shortly be transferred by lighter through the agency of a bonded carrier to the Daring. As your lordship will, of course, understand, this is an indication that the Daring will be sailing soon. My information is that the amount of bonded freight is very considerable, and I am endeavoring to discover in what it consists. Perhaps your lordship might, from your lordship's coign of vantage, find an opportunity of observing the nature of this freight.

I am, with great respect,

Your lordship's humble and obedient servant,

CLOUDESLEY SHARPE,

H.B.M.'s Consul General at New Orleans.

Now what could Cambronne have possibly brought from France in large amount that could be legitimately needed for the purpose he had avowed when he chartered the Daring? Not personal effects, certainly. Not food or liquor—he could pick those up cheaply in New Orleans. Then what? Warm-weather clothing would be a possible explanation. Those guardsmen might well need it when returning to France from the Gulf of Mexico. It was possible. But a French general, with five hundred men of the Imperial Guard at his disposal, would bear the closest watching when the Caribbean was in such a turmoil. It would be a great help to know what kind of freight he was shipping.

"Mr. Harcourt!"

"Sir—my lord!"

"I would like your company in the cabin for a moment, if you please."

The young lieutenant stood at attention a little apprehensively, waiting to hear what his admiral had to say.

Hornblower took him to the cabin window and pointed out through it, just as Sharpe had done previously.

"That's the Daring," he said. "An ex-privateer, now under charter to a French general."

Harcourt looked his astonishment.

"That is the case," went on Hornblower. "And today she will be taking on some cargo out of bond. It will be brought round to her out of bond by lighter."

"Yes, my lord."

"I want to know as much about that cargo as possible."

"Yes, my lord."

"Naturally, I do not want the world to know that I am interested. I want nobody to know unnecessarily."

"Yes, my lord. I could use a telescope from here and see a good deal, with luck."

"Very true. You can take note of whether it is bales or boxes or bags. How many there are of each. From the tackle employed, you can guess at the weights. You can do all that."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"Make careful note of all you see."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Hornblower fixed his eyes on his youthful flag lieutenant's face, trying to estimate his discretion. He remembered so well the emphatic words of the First Sea Lord regarding the necessity for the utmost tenderness regarding American susceptibilities. Hornblower decided the young man could be trusted.

"Now, Mr. Harcourt," he said, "pay special attention to what I have to say. The more I know about that cargo the better. But don't go at it like a bull at a gate. Should an opportunity present itself for finding out what it is, you must seize upon it. I can't imagine what that opportunity may be, but opportunities come to those who are ready for them."

Long, long ago, Barbara had said to him that good fortune is the portion of those who merit it.

"I understand, my lord."

"If the slightest hint of this gets out—if the Americans or the French get to know what you are doing—you will be sorry you were ever born, Mr. Harcourt."

"Yes, my lord."

"I've no use for a dashing young officer in this connection, Mr. Harcourt. I want someone with ingenuity, someone with cunning. You are sure you understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

Hornblower at last took his eyes from Harcourt's face. He himself had been a dashing young officer once. Now he had far more sympathy than ever before with the older men who had entrusted him with enterprises. A senior officer had perforce to trust his juniors, while still carrying the ultimate responsibility. If Harcourt should blunder, if he should be guilty of some indiscretion leading to a diplomatic protest, it would certainly be

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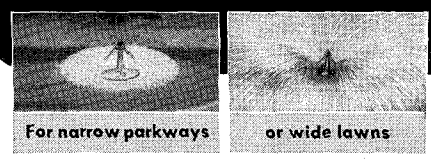

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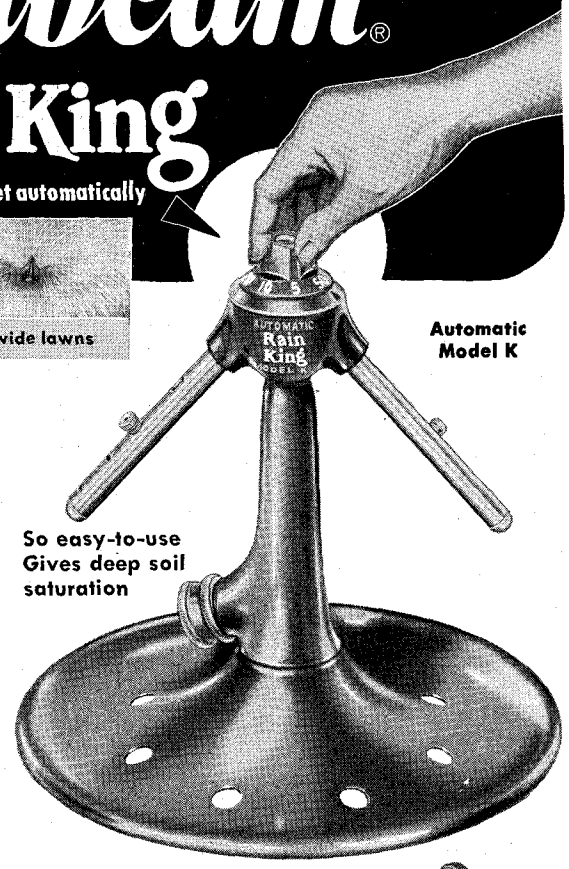

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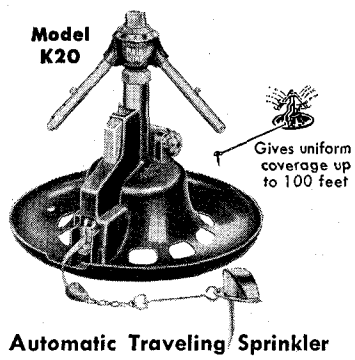

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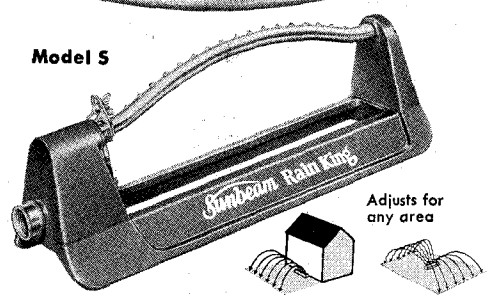

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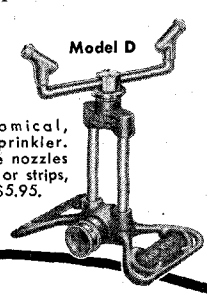

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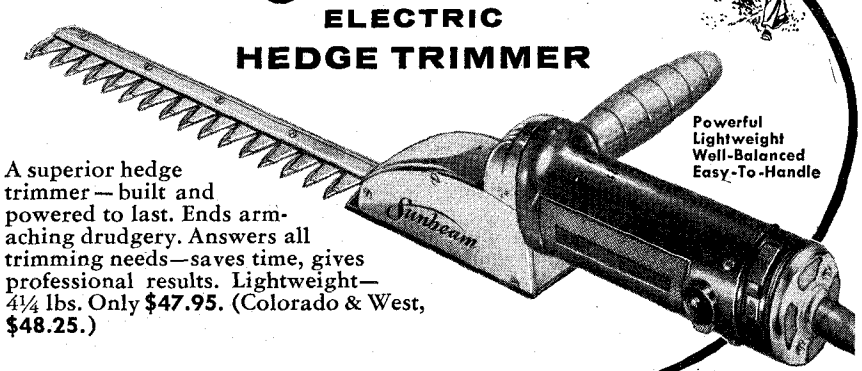

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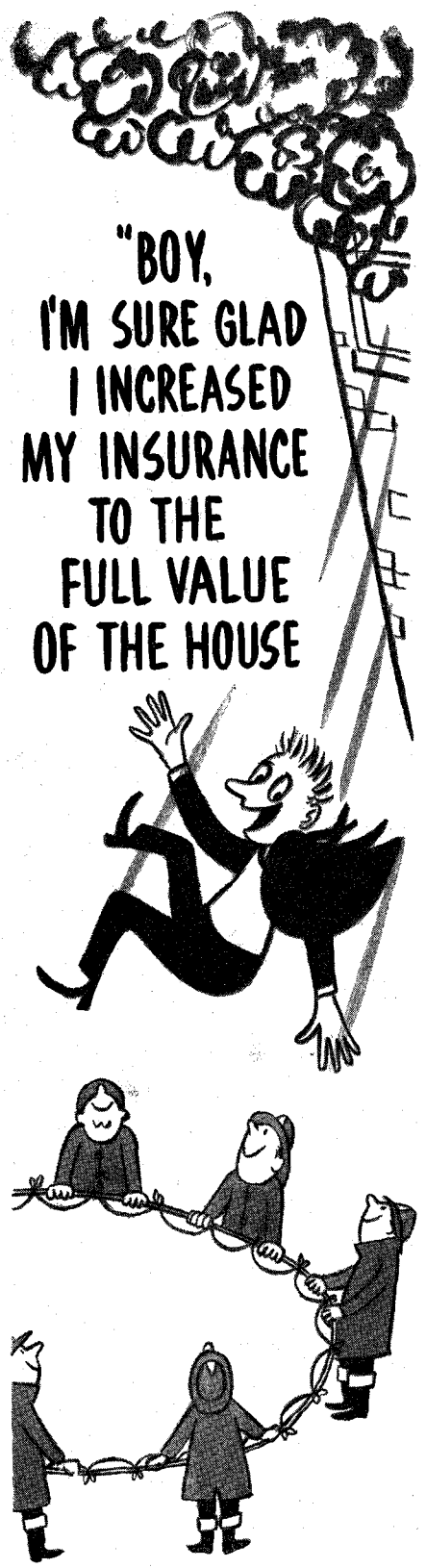

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true that he might wish he had never been born; Hornblower would see to that. But Hornblower would be wishing he himself had never been born too. But there was no useful purpose to be served in pointing that out.

"That is all, then, Mr. Harcourt."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Come on, Mr. Gerard. We're late already."

The upholstery of Mr. Sharpe's carriage was of green satin, and the carriage was admirably sprung, so that, although it lurched and swayed over the uneven street surfaces, it did not jolt or jerk. Yet after five minutes of lurching and swaying—the carriage had been standing for some time in the hot May sun—Hornblower felt himself turning as green as the upholstery. The Rue Royale, the Place d'Armes, the Cathedral, received hardly a glance from him. He welcomed the halts despite the fact that each halt meant a formal meeting with strangers—the kind of meeting he disliked most heartily. He stood and gulped in the humid air during the blessed moments between descending from the carriage and entering in under the ornate porticoes that stood to welcome him. It had never occurred to him before that an admiral's full-dress uniform might with advantage be made of something thinner than broadcloth, and he had worn his broad red ribbon and his glittering star far too often by now to feel the slightest pleasure in displaying it.

At the naval headquarters he drank an excellent Madeira; the general gave him a heavy Marsala; at the governor's mansion he was given a tall drink which had been iced—presumably with ice sent down during the winter from New England and preserved in an ice house until nearly at midsummer it was more precious than gold—extraordinarily to the point where actual frost was visible on the tumbler. The delicious cold contents of that tumbler disappeared rapidly, and the tumbler was as rapidly refilled.

He checked himself abruptly when he found himself talking a little too loudly and dogmatically regarding some point of trivial importance. He was glad to catch Gerard's eye and withdraw as gracefully as he could. By the time he reached Sharpe's house he was glad to see a friendly face—friendly even though it was only that morning that he had first set eyes on it.

"It is an hour before the guests are due to arrive, my lord," said Sharpe. "Would your lordship care for a short rest?"

"I would indeed," said Hornblower.

Mr. Sharpe's house had a contrivance which merited much attention. It was a douche bath—Hornblower knew only the French name for it. It was in a corner of the bathroom, floored and walled with the most excellent teak; from the ceiling hung an apparatus of perforated zinc, and from this hung a bronze chain. When Hornblower stood under this apparatus and pulled the chain, a deluge of delicious cold water came streaming down on him.

He stood under the raining water for a long time, reviving with every second. He made a mental note to install a similar contrivance at Smallbridge House if ever he found himself at home again.

A colored valet in livery stood by with towels to save him from the reheating exertion of drying himself, and while he was being dabbed a knock at the door heralded Gerard's entrance.

"I sent to the ship for a fresh shirt for you, my lord," he said.

Gerard was really displaying intelligence; Hornblower put on the fresh shirt with gratitude, but it was with distaste that he tightened his stock and pulled on his heavy uniform coat again. He hung the red ribbon over his shoulder, adjusted his star and was ready to face the next situation.

The darkness of evening was descending, but it had not brought much relief from the heat; on the contrary, the drawing room of Mr. Sharpe's house was brightly lit with wax candles that made it feel like an oven. Sharpe was awaiting him, wearing a black coat; his ruffled shirt made his bulky form appear larger than ever. Mrs. Sharpe, sweeping in in turquoise blue, was of much the same size; she curtsied deeply in response to Hornblower's bow when Sharpe presented him, and made him welcome to the house in a French whose soft tang rang pleasantly on Hornblower's ears.

"A little refreshment, my lord?" asked Sharpe.

"Not at present, thank you, sir," said Hornblower hastily.

"We are expecting twenty-eight guests besides your lordship and Mr. Gerard," said Sharpe. "Some of them your lordship already met during your lordship's official calls today. In addition there are ——"

Hornblower did his best to keep the list of names in his mind with mental labels attached. Gerard, who came in and found himself a secluded chair, listened intently.

"And there will be Cambronne, of course," said Sharpe.

"Indeed?"

"I could hardly give a dinner party of this magnitude without inviting the most distinguished foreign visitor, after your lordship, present in this city."

"Of course not," agreed Hornblower.

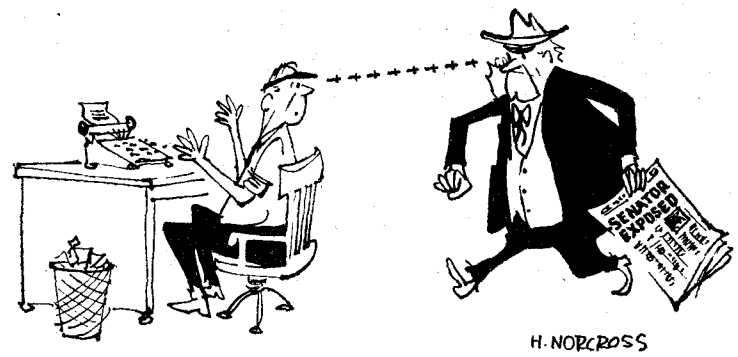
Yet six years of peace had hardly stilled the prejudices established during twenty years of war. There was something a little unnatural about the prospect of meeting a French general on friendly terms, especially the late commander in chief of Bonaparte's Imperial Guard, and the meeting might be a little strained because Bonaparte was under lock and key in St. Helena and complaining bitterly about it.

"The French consul general will accompany him," said Sharpe. "And there will be the Dutch consul general, the Swedish ——"

The list seemed interminable; there was only just time to complete it before the first of the guests was announced. Substantial citizens and their substantial wives; the naval and military officers whom he had already met, and their ladies; the diplomatic officers; soon even that vast drawing room was crowded, men bowing and women curtsying. Hornblower straightened up from a bow to find Sharpe at his elbow again.

"I have the honor of making two distinguished figures acquainted with each other," he said in French. "*Son Excellence Contre-Amiral milord Hornblower, Chevalier de l'Ordre Militaire du Bain. Son Excellence le Lieutenant Général le Comte de*

(*Continued on Page 94*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Shy Caspar, a clerk in a Pennsylvania government bureau controlled by omnipotent Senator Burp, wrote to the newspapers opposing Burp's re-election. Caspar listed Burp's numerous absences from his duties and his general incompetence. Caspar did not, however, sign his letter. After the letter appeared, Burp learned Caspar's identity and charged him with violating a Pennsylvania law which makes it a criminal offense to write anonymous letters to the press reflecting upon the character of political candidates.

"What I wrote was true and Burp can't deny it," Caspar argued. "Both state and Federal libel laws allow a man to write or say anything that isn't false. In writing the truth, I omitted my name simply because it might have cost me my job. If this state law means you can't tell the truth anonymously, it is unconstitutional and should be thrown out."

"Caspar may have written nothing but the truth," the prosecutor conceded. "But, true or false, he did not sign his name to the letter and therefore is guilty as charged."

If you were the judge, would you convict Caspar?

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Caspar was convicted. In holding the law constitutional, the court said: "Anonymity is the core of the offense. The law compels persons who charge candidates with frailties to avow responsibility for their assertions . . . just as a speaker, exercising his right to free speech, identifies himself by the very act of speaking. . . . It banishes cowards from the political arena."

Based upon a 1944 Pennsylvania decision.

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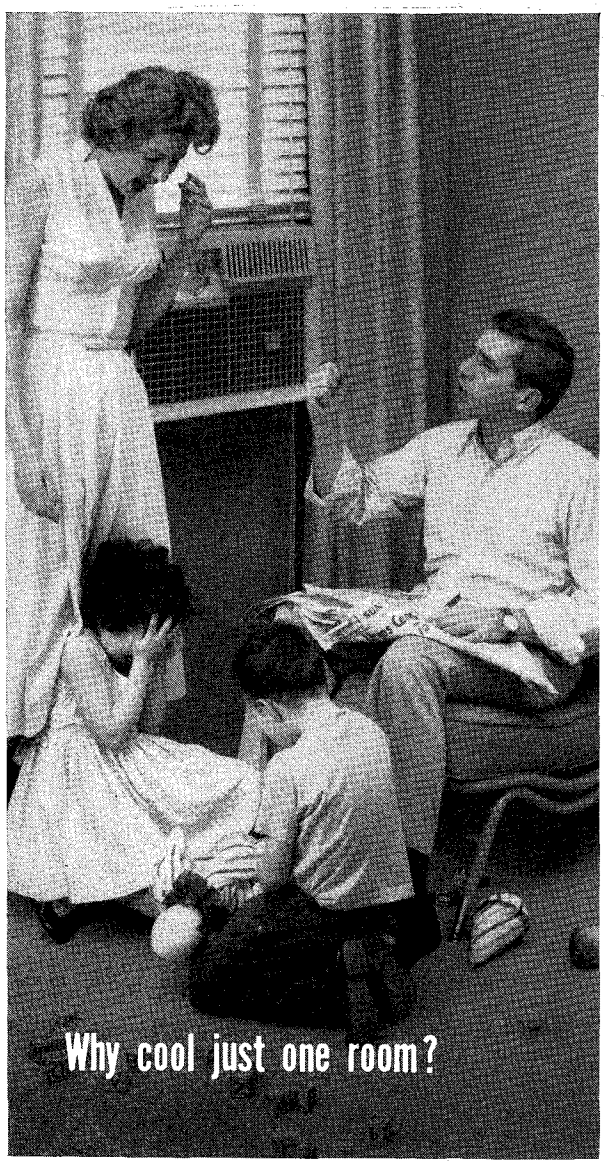

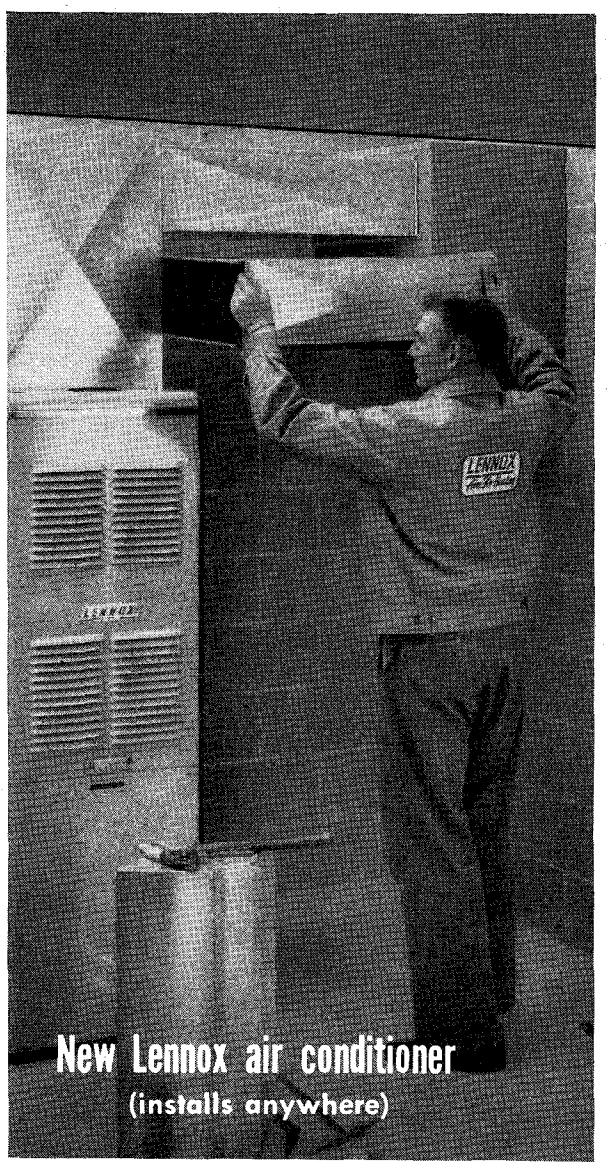

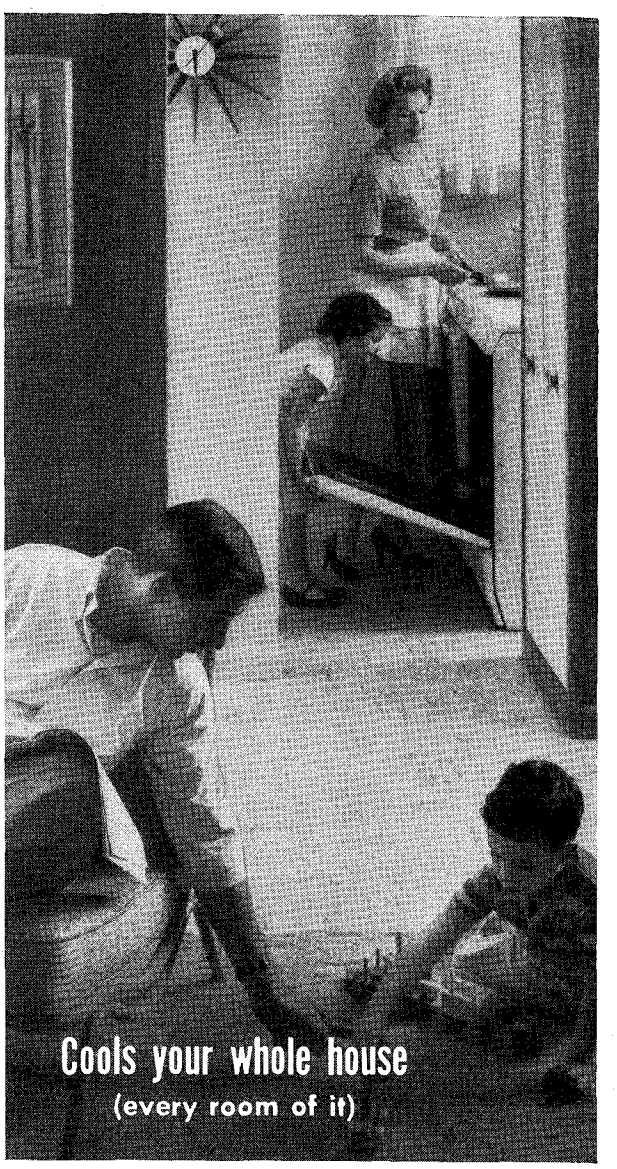

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(Continued from Page 92)

Cambronne, Grand Cordon de la Légion d'Honneur."

Hornblower could not help being impressed, even at this moment, at the neat way in which Sharpe had evaded the thorny question of whom to introduce to whom, a French general and count, and an English admiral and peer. Cambronne was an immensely tall beanpole of a man. Across one lean cheek and the beaky nose ran a purple scar—perhaps the wound he had received at Waterloo; perhaps a wound received at Austerlitz or Jena or any other of the battles in which the French Army had overthrown nations. He was wearing a blue uniform trimmed with gold lace, girt about with the red silk watered ribbon of the Legion of Honor, a vast plaque of gold on his left breast.

"Enchanted to make your acquaintance, sir," said Hornblower in his best French.

"No more enchanted than I am to make yours, milord," replied Cambronne. He had a cold green-gray eye with a twinkle in it; a gray cat's-whisker mustache adorned his upper lip.

"The Baroness de Vautour," said Sharpe. "The Baron de Vautour, His Most Christian Majesty's consul general."

Hornblower bowed and said again that he was enchanted. His Most Christian Majesty was Louis XVIII of France, using the papal title conferred on his house centuries earlier.

"The count is being mischievous," said Vautour. He indicated Cambronne's star. "He is wearing the Grand Eagle, given him during the last regime. Officially the Grand Cordon has been substituted, as our host very properly said."

Vautour called attention to his own star, a more modest affair. Cambronne's displayed an immense eagle of gold, the badge of the now-defunct French Empire.

"I won this on the field of battle," said Cambronne.

"Don Alphonso de Versage," said Sharpe. "His Most Catholic Majesty's consul general."

This was the representative of Spain, then. A word or two with him regarding this pending cession of Florida might be informative, but Hornblower had hardly time to exchange formal courtesies before another presentation was being made. It was some time before Hornblower had a breathing space, and could look round the pretty scene in the candlelight, with the uniforms and the broadcloth coats, the bare arms and shoulders of the women in their bright gowns and flashing jewelry, and the two Sharpes moving unobtrusively through the throng, marshaling their guests in order of precedence. The entrance of the governor and his lady was the signal for the announcement of dinner.

Hornblower, seated between the governor's lady and Mrs. Sharpe, reminded himself that he must be alert and careful regarding his table manners; it was the more necessary to be alert because he had to speak French on one side of him and English on the other. He looked dubiously at the six different wineglasses that stood at each place—the sherry was already being poured into the first of the glasses. He could see Cambronne seated between two pretty girls and obviously making himself pleasant to both of them. He did not look as if he had a care in the world; if he was meditating a filibustering expedition, it did not weigh very heavily on his mind.

A steaming plate of turtle soup arrived, thick with gobbets of green fat. This was to be a dinner served in the Continental fashion which had come in after Waterloo, with no hodgepodge of dishes set out on the table for the guests to help themselves. He spooned cautiously at the hot soup and applied himself to making small talk with his dinner partners.

Dish succeeded dish, and soon he had to face in the hot room the delicate question of etiquette as to whether it was more ungentlemanly to mop the sweat from his face or to leave it there, flowing and visible; his discomfort decided him in the end to mop, furtively. Now Sharpe was catching his eye, and he had to rise to his feet, striving to make his stupefied brain work while the buzz of conversation died down. He raised his glass.

"The President of the United States," he said; he had been about to continue, idiotically, "Long may he reign." He checked himself with a jerk and went on, "Long may the great nation of which he is President enjoy prosperity and the international amity of which this gathering is symbolic."

The toast was drunk with acclaim, with nothing said about the fact that over half the continent Spaniards and Spanish-Americans were busy killing one another. He sat down and mopped again. Now Cambronne was on his feet.

"His Britannic Majesty George the Fourth, King of Great Britain and Ireland."

The toast was drunk, and now it was Hornblower's turn again, as evidenced by Sharpe's glance. He stood up, glass in hand, and began the long list: "His Most Christian Majesty. His Most Catholic Majesty. His Most Faithful Majesty." That disposed of France and Spain and Portugal. "His Majesty the King of the Netherlands."

For the life of him he could not remember who came next. But Gerard caught his despairing eye and gave a significant jerk of his thumb.

"His Majesty the King of Sweden," gulped Hornblower. "His Majesty the King of Prussia."

A reassuring nod from Gerard told him that he had now included all the nations represented, and he plucked the rest of his speech out from the whirlpool of his mind.

"Long may their majesties reign, in increasing honor and glory."

Well, that was over, and he could sit down again. But now the governor was on his feet, speaking in rhetorical phrases, and it broke in upon Hornblower's dulled intelligence that his own health was the next to be drunk. He tried to listen. He was aware of keen glances shot at him from around the table when the governor alluded to the defense of this city of New Orleans from the "misguided hordes" who had assailed it in vain—the allusion was perhaps inevitable even though it was over six years since the battle—and he tried to force a smile. At long last the governor reached his end.

"His lordship, Admiral Hornblower, and I couple with his name a toast to the British Navy."

Hornblower climbed back upon his feet as the approving murmur of the company died down.

"Thank you for this unexpected honor," he said, and gulped as he sought for further words. "And to have my name coupled with that of the great navy in which it has been my privilege to serve so long is an additional honor for which to thank you."

The ladies were all rising, now that he had sat down, and he stood again while they withdrew. The highly trained footmen swept the table clear of its accessories in a trice, and the men gathered at one end of the table as the decanter was put into circulation. The glasses were filled as Sharpe brought one of the merchants present into the conversation with a

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question about the cotton crop. It was safe ground from which to make brief and cautious sorties upon the much more debatable ground of world conditions. But only a few minutes later the butler came in and murmured something to Sharpe, who turned to convey the news he brought to the French consul general. Vautour rose to his feet with an expression of dismay.

"Perhaps you will accept my excuses, sir," he said. "I much regret the necessity."

"No more than I regret it, baron," said Sharpe. "I trust it is only a slight indisposition."

"I trust so," said Vautour.

"The baroness finds herself indisposed," explained Sharpe to the company. "I am sure you gentlemen will all join me in hoping, as I said, that the indisposition is slight, and regretting that it involves the loss to us of the baron's charming company."

There was a sympathetic murmur, and Vautour turned to Cambronne.

"Shall I send back the carriage for you, count?" he asked.

Cambronne pulled at his cat's-whisker mustache. "Perhaps it might be better if I came with you," he said. "Much as I regret leaving this delightful assembly."

The two Frenchmen took their leave, after polite farewells.

"It is a great pleasure having made your acquaintance, milord," said Cambronne, bowing to Hornblower. The stiffness of his bow was mitigated by the twinkle in his eye.

"It has been a profound experience to meet so distinguished a soldier of the late empire," replied Hornblower.

The Frenchmen were escorted out of the room by Sharpe, voluble in his regrets.

"Your glasses need refilling, gentlemen," said Sharpe on his return.

There was nothing Hornblower disliked more than drinking large glasses of port in a hot and humid room, even though he now found himself free to discuss the Florida question with the Spanish consul general. He was glad when Sharpe made the move to rejoin the ladies.

He found himself sitting next to one of the pretty young women beside whom Cambronne had been sitting at dinner. In reply to her questions, he was forced to admit that on this, his first day, he had seen almost nothing of the city of New Orleans, but the admission led to a discussion of other places he had visited. Two cups of coffee, poured for him by a footman passing round the drawing room, cleared his head a little; the young woman was attentive and listened well, and nodded sympathetically when the conversation revealed that Hornblower had left behind, at the call of duty, a wife and a ten-year-old son in England.

Gradually the night wore on, and at last the governor and his lady rose to their feet and the party was over. There were the last few weary minutes of awkward conversation as the carriages were announced one by one, and then Sharpe returned to the drawing room after escorting the last of the guests to the door.

"A successful evening, I fancy. I trust your lordship agrees with me," he said, and turned to his wife. "But I must ask you, my dear, to remember to reprimand Grover about the soufflé."

The entry of the butler with another murmured message prevented Mrs. Sharpe's reply.

"Your lordship's pardon for a moment," said Sharpe. He wore an expression of dismay and hastened out of the room, leaving Hornblower and Gerard to begin polite words of thanks to his hostess for his pleasant evening.

"Cambronne's stolen a march on us!" exclaimed Sharpe, returning with a rapid waddle. "Daring left her mooring three hours ago! Cambronne must have gone on board her the moment he left here." He swung round on his wife. "Was the baroness really ill?" he demanded of her.

"She seemed decidedly faint," replied Mrs. Sharpe.

"It must have been all a plant," said Sharpe. "She was acting. Cambronne put the Vautours up to it because he wanted a chance to get clear away."

"What do you think he means to do?" asked Hornblower.

"God knows. But I expect he was disconcerted by the arrival of a king's ship here. His leaving in this fashion means he's up to no good. San Domingo—Cartagena—where'll he take that Imperial Guard of his?"

"I'll get after him in any case," said Hornblower, rising to his feet.

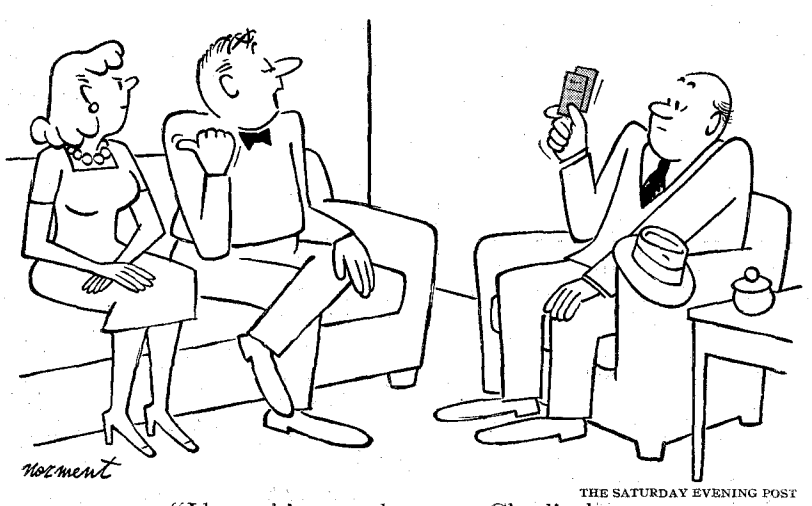
"You'll find it hard to overtake him," said Sharpe—the fact that he said "you" and not "your lordship" was a proof of his agitation. "He has taken two tugs—the Lightning and the Star—and with the new lighthouses on the river a galloping horse wouldn't overtake him before he reaches the Pass. He'll be clear out to sea by daylight. I don't know if we can find a tug for you tonight in any case, my lord."

"I'll start after him, all the same," said Hornblower.

"I've ordered the carriage round, my lord," said Sharpe. . . . "Forgive us, my dear, if we leave without ceremony."

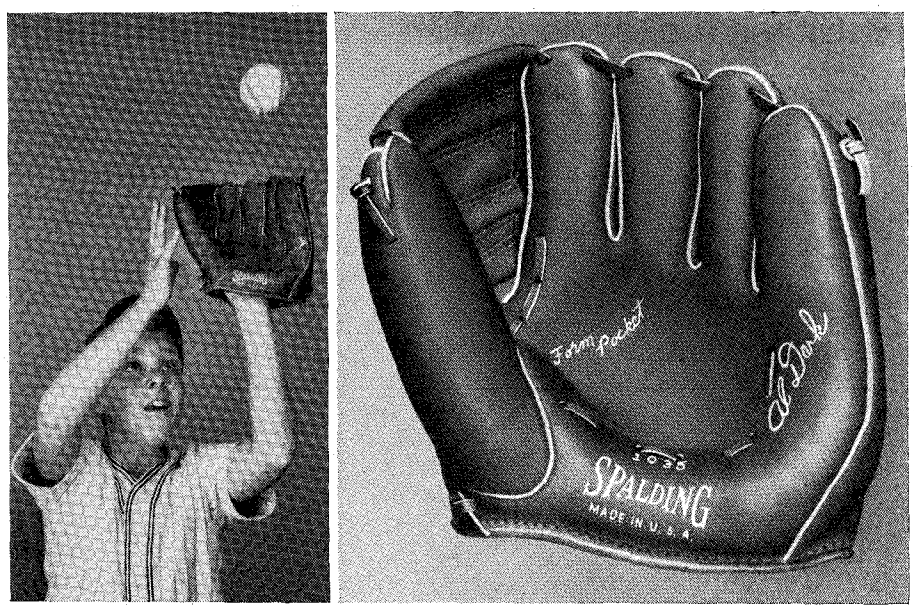
Mrs. Sharpe received the hasty bows of the three men; the butler was waiting with their hats; the carriage stood at the door and they scrambled in.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I know it's a worthy cause, Charlie, but all my money is tied up in Florence."



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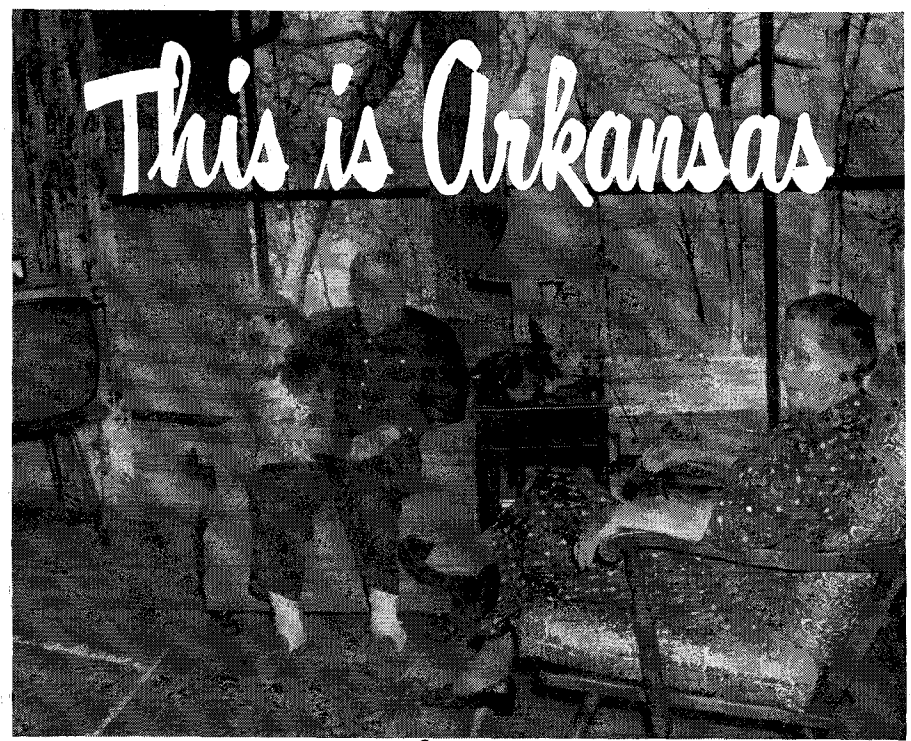

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Battle for the Bride (Continued from Page 36)

pick them out in a crowd of ordinary men at a glance. And their women are the same; big, rawboned slatterns with ravens' voices that would fight a man. Although Kathleen O'Hanrahan wasn't a slattern, give her that. And all the raven in her was her hair, so black that it shone like a bird's wing.

She'd come down to our chapel on the edge of the village to sing for Father O'Farrell, who served both chapels in our parish, ours and the mountain people's, and the village girls would be like waddling geese against her, and she a hawk. She'd sing her share of the responses until the last gospel, and then away up the mountains again with her for another month, unless she might come down to the market with Big Tadg Moriarty, her uncle, or one of her cousins. And now she was here, in the heart of the village, singing The Spanish Lady.

"*Who should I spy but a Spanish lady,*
Washing her feet by candlelight ——"

I felt a fury at her insolence. Did she think that because she sang at Mass for us once a month, she could do what she liked? Come flaunting her voice into our nighttime? If it was Big Tadg himself, he wouldn't dare to come like that, and if he did, he'd find himself stretched out on the cobbles with three or four men round him in case he got up again. Mass was one thing and Market Day another, but like this, at night ——

"*First she washed them, then she dried them*
O'er her fire of red sea coals ——"

I went round the corner at a run. I don't know quite what I meant to do. Drive her out, maybe, as you'd drive a hawk out of a henroost.

And then I saw her, and I stopped as if I had been held by an invisible net. She sat in the doorway of Meg Moriarty's shop, her feet bare and a basin of water on the step in front of her, and a white towel in her hands.

"*Wach for the tooral looral leddy,*" she was singing, joy in her voice; and suddenly the night and the village fell away from me and I saw instead a wide country full of white roads and wine and women singing. And then she heard me and drew her feet under her skirt. She caught in her breath suddenly, in a frightened gasp, and I felt as if I had broken something delicate and precious.

"I'm—I'm sorry," I said, and we looked at each other in the silver moonlight. I don't know what she saw. Nothing much—a fisherman in black thigh boots and a thick white jersey, with red hair and big, awkward hands. But I saw beauty. I saw what the salmon see when they leap the last waterfall and know the pool where they were born. And the salmon know they are home, and I knew it too. Only this woman mattered to me between sky and sea.

She was busy with her woman's things, rolling up the towel and emptying the basin softly, softly, and yet as hurriedly as she could. In a minute she would be gone, her white feet running, the door closing. How could I have called her fierce? She was like a bird in the net, dark and swift and frightened, and I wanted to touch her hair, to soothe her, to hold her warm in my hands until her fright was stilled.

I fumbled at the neck of my jersey where it was choking me.

"I—I liked your singing," I said. She looked upward at me from where she was bending, and seemed to smile.

"What are you doing down here?" I asked her.

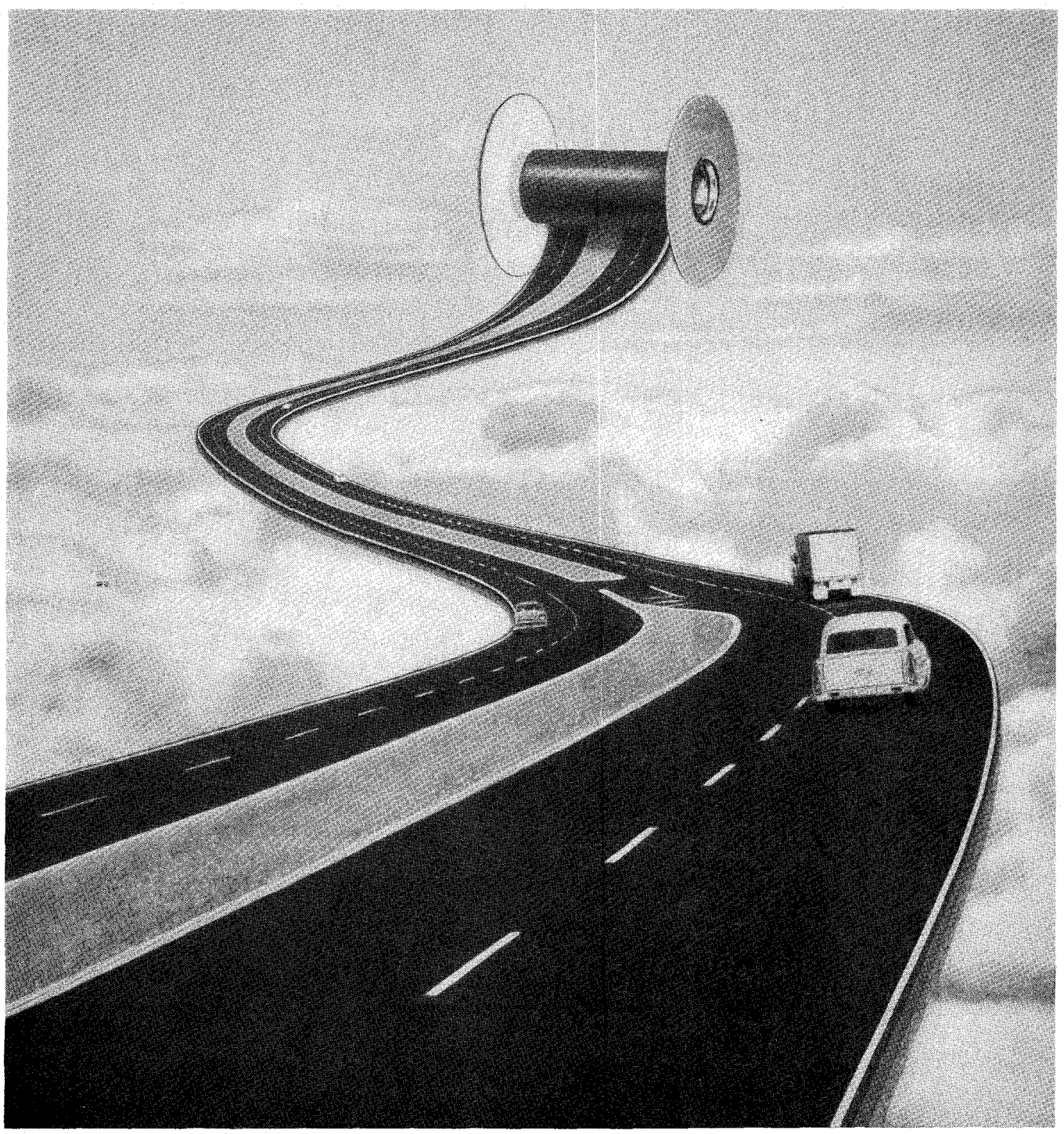
"Meg Moriarty is sick," she said. "I'm down here looking after the shop till she's better."

And then I understood. Meg Moriarty was some kind of cousin of Big Tadg, and one of the few people who ever came down from the mountain and settled in the village. It was twenty years since she'd bought her shop, after some kind of quarrel with her own people, but we still looked at her as a stranger and half enemy, and it didn't surprise me that she should send back to her own people for help if she was sick. There weren't many of us that would have helped her.

We had kept our voices low, but even so the old woman must have heard us from where she was lying sick in bed, and suddenly she shrieked out, "Kathleen! Kathleen! Who's that you're talking to? Come in out o' that at once!"

"Coming! Coming!" Kathleen called; and then she was gone.

All the next day and night we were out fishing, far beyond the islands, with the seas running gray and heavy, and the nets stiff as wet timber to get aboard. But I sang as if the skies were blue as china. I'd look down at the fish lying silver in the hold and see the whiteness of her feet, and when the clouds went over the moon I'd see the darkness of her hair. And the gulls cried, "Kathleen, Kathleen!" high and clear as music. I looked at my brothers, Michael and Peadar, and they seemed like another race of men from me, dumb and heavy and bullock stupid, with their red hair and their thigh boots shimmering with sequin fish scales; men who had



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never heard Kathleen singing, "*Who should I spy but a Spanish lady*," and who thought the village girls were beautiful, with their thick legs and cowlike faces.

A coil of rope slithered and nearly took my feet from under me and toppled me into the sea. Peadar clumped the side of my head good-naturedly.

"He must be in love, Mick," Peadar said. But they didn't know what I knew; and next morning after we landed I was up to Meg Moriarty's shop.

There was no one there. The bell of the shop rang softly and I stepped down into cool, scented shadows; tea and soap, and lemons withering, and a basket of oranges and plug tobacco and acid drops and boot polish and bolts of calico, and pepper and cinnamon—as if the wind had gathered scents and flavors from half the world and brought them to this shop and died there.

I waited, rapping a penny gently on the old brown counter, and after a moment she came, her dark hair caught behind her head with a silver comb and her eyes still misted with the earliness of the morning.

"A box of matches, please," I said, and then she recognized me and smiled before she could help herself.

"Is this the nearest to the harbor you could find matches?" she said.

"The nearest I could find the kind I'm after." And we stood looking at each other across the counter, she with her hand half reaching up to a shelf for the matches, and I leaning across the worn mahogany toward her, looking at the slenderness of her waist and throat, and the fineness of her hand.

"Then here they are for you," she said. "Will that be all?"

"Not quite. There's a grand dance on Saturday across the bay at Killybegs. I suppose—I suppose you'd have a partner for that already?"

"I might," she said, "or I might not, but it wouldn't be a boy from the village here if I had. Do you think there are no dancers up the mountain?"

I stood saying nothing, with my eyes cast down, and maybe that was the best thing I could have said, because she laughed at me.

"Can you dance, fishing boy, in your big sea boots?"

"I have a name," I said. "Owen Roe. Owen Roe Herly. And I can dance. I can dance till your feet are flying. And I've ten shillings in my pocket to spend on matches, penny halfpenny by penny halfpenny, and all day to buy them in. Or will you say yes to me now?"

She laughed again, throwing her head back and putting one hand to her hair.

"All right," she said. "If you dare take me I'll dare come. My own people will be there as well, remember."

But it wasn't until that night, when I told my brothers, that I really remembered what it meant.

"Are you mad?" said Michael. "Are you stone mad entirely? If Big Tadg and his sons see you with Kathleen O'Hanrahan at the dance they'll kill you. Do you remember the dance last year in Bettystown when Tim Foley got tight and went over to ask one of the Moriarty girls to dance? Do you remember the fight there was that night?"

"A mountain girl?" said my mother, sticking the point of the bread knife into the loaf as if it were Kathleen. "Not while I'm your mother. What's wrong with taking one of the nice, decent, quiet girls from the village, may I ask? Brid Foley, for instance, or Brenda Delaney?"

I started to tell her, and then stopped. Girls who walked flat-footed and heavy as geese, dull as harbor mud. How could I tell her what Kathleen was, compared to them? All the stars to a candle; all the sky to an old cloak.

"Of course, if you're afraid to come with me?" I said to my brothers.

"There's none of you will go with anyone," said my father. "We'll be fishing Saturday night. Don't let's have any more nonsense talked about girls or dancing, or I'll be asking Father O'Farrell to talk to you." And so I said no more, and for three days and nights Kathleen O'Hanrahan's name wasn't mentioned in our house, and if my mother was surprised sometimes at the eagerness I showed to go and get messages for her when she wanted soap or matches or a packet of tea, she put it down to my being a good son. But on Saturday night I took sick, with a hot fever and sweating.

Any boy who had ever wanted to miss a couple of days in school knows half a dozen tricks that will do as much, but my brothers were older than I and didn't think of it, and although my father would have had me out in the boat, sweating or not, my mother wouldn't let him.

"A good hot lemon drink," she said; and "There, there, child of my heart," and the other things that mothers say; and I lay in bed in the small, tumbled room I shared with my brothers, and listened to their sea boots clumping down the lane toward the harbor, and my father's voice grumbling at being short-handed. I waited another hour, until my mother was finished fussing in and out and was safe in her own bed, and then I slid out of mine, softly as a shadow, and got dressed. My good coat and boots, and a clean shirt, tie and sweater, until I looked like a gentleman, and all the time moving quieter than a mouse. I could hear my mother falling asleep over her prayers on the far side of the parlor—first the click of beads through the open door of her bedroom, and then a silence, and each time the silence longer and longer, until at last the beads were still and she was asleep.

I slid out of the small narrow window, the way my two brothers and I used to do when we were small and wanted to be off poaching. But this time I was alone, and I felt my aloneness, with the shadows and the silence round me. A village like ours goes early to bed. The only ones stirring at this hour would have been the dancers, and they'd be gone a good hour ago, to be in at the start. I had a doubt in my mind that Kathleen might not have waited for me, and I almost ran up the lane, my

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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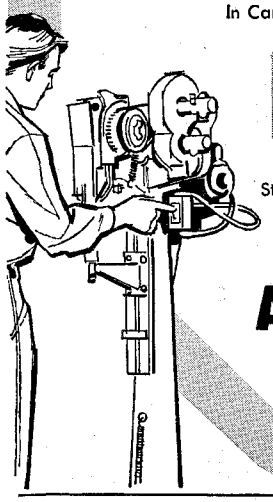

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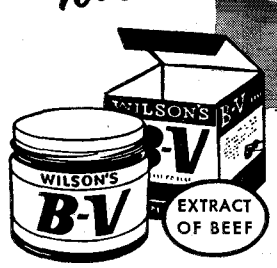

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heart thudding in my chest with excitement. Whatever happened, people would talk of this night a lot longer than they did about the dance in Bettystown.

I saw the dark hump of the mountain butting at the sky, and a light on it that might have been a cottage window or a man with a lantern. And I felt the edge of the wind on my face like a cold knife blade, making my blood sting. This one night at least I'd be alive. How had I lived until I knew this feeling? How had I seen Kathleen, Sunday after Sunday, and not felt my heart leaping? I must have been mad and blind.

I came to Meg Moriarty's lane, and a shadow moved from the shop doorway and came toward me.

"Kathleen," I whispered.

"I thought you weren't coming," she said. There was a white scarf at her throat and she had her dancing slippers in her hand, because there was a six-mile walk in front of us that needed strong shoes. And I took the slippers and slid them into my pocket, and drew down the soft white wool of her scarf so that I could see her mouth, dark as a red leaf in the moonlight.

"Who'd keep me from you?" I whispered. And my hands were on her shoulders and we were very close, and her body slim and delicate as a bird's bone under the clumsiness of my hands.

"Oh, Kathleen, Kathleen," I stammered, and then I kissed her, and the sky could have fallen, for all I cared, and shattered to dark fragments on my head. What did the dance matter? What did anything matter but ourselves? And the thoughts raced in my head the way they do sometimes between one breath and the next, of running away somewhere where there was no mountain and no village, no harm and hatred and bitterness.

The wind came rushing up the lane in a sudden flurry of cold, whipping the end of Kathleen's scarf behind my head, and I felt her shivering.

"Maybe we shouldn't go," she said. "It was madness thinking of it, and all the trouble there'd be."

And for a moment I wavered. It would be so easy to let it go, to walk with Kathleen for a little time and slip back to my bed. To court her secretly. And then? One day there'd have to be a reckoning or else I'd have to slip away like a dog with a stolen bone; leave my family, leave my home, because I hadn't dared face Kathleen's people. It was one thing to dream about running away, but how would I live with myself if I did?

"Come," I said. "Are you afraid to come with me?"

She lifted her chin at that, and we started walking, and I tried to think only of her hand being in mine, and not of what would happen at the dance. In a parish like ours the only bit of fun is the dances that one village or the next would be holding, and the people from miles around come to them, tramping down from the mountain farms or from the fishing villages up and down the coast, and any ordinary time I'd have been half running to get there. But this night the miles couldn't have been long enough to suit me, and I thought of the man whose skull got broken at Bettystown the year before and the man whose ribs got stove in with a boot. If only my brothers had been with me, it would have been another thing. But it had to be faced.

And a lot sooner than I was ready to face it we were over the brow of the headland and there were the lights of Killybegs Parish Hall glittering below us, and the whisper of the dance music on the wind.

There was no one noticed us as we slipped in the door. Kathleen went to change her shoes, and I took a look at the crowd. Not many from my own village, because the boats were out, and most of the lads were on them, whether they liked it or not. But a lot of men that I knew from Killybegs, of course, and a few from Bettystown, and more than a few from the mountain. You'd pick them out even if you didn't know them. Moving differently from the rest of us, knees bent a little from never walking on a level road; faces swarthier than gypsies', and their eyes looking sideways. Keeping to themselves even here, dancing with their own women and drinking from their own hip pockets. And I felt the excitement in me again, that come hell or hailstones this would be a night.

There were one or two heads turned when Kathleen came back with her shoes changed, but when she put her hands in mine and we started dancing, it was as if the place were suddenly turned to stone. There wasn't anyone there that didn't know who she was, from hearing her singing, and those that didn't know me by sight could tell I was a fisherman. And that stillness fell that comes to a crowd when it senses trouble. Stillness first, and then a whispering. And I felt as if I were drunk.

I danced three inches from the ground, I was so light, and Kathleen danced with me, her slippers whispering on the chalked floor, and the other dancers falling back in a circle round us, wider and wider, until there was no one in the hall but us that was still dancing, and we were like swallows flying. And the dance band, strangers up from Galway just to play for the night, must have thought we were the local champions, and they played for us like madmen, faster and faster, until we spun like leaves in the wind and the faces of the crowd were a pale blur by the walls. Kathleen floated on my hands, and I knew that however little a time it lasted, it was worth whatever came after.

And then the music ended with one wild last crash of the drums, and the hall was full of silence. Only Kathleen and myself in the wide pale circle of the floor, and the crowd pressed back to the walls. I was dizzy for a moment, and I shut my eyes and shook my head to clear it, wanting to be ready. And sure enough, when I opened them again, one of the Moriartys was sliding out onto the floor. A tall man, as tall as myself, but thinner, with black hair in a cropped, uneven thatch on his head and a mouth full of broken teeth. I felt Kathleen's fingers tightening on my wrist, but I loosened them and pushed her away from me, my eyes watching out of the corners in case another of the Moriartys was coming from behind. I could only hope the Killybegs men would see fair play and make them come one at a time.

But it wasn't me that Moriarty was making for; it was Kathleen.

"Get back to your home, Kathleen O'Hanrahan," he said softly. "We'll have a word to say to you about this another time. We want no fisherman's children in our family."

I reached over and spun him round. "What do you mean by that, Moriarty?"

"Whatever you like it to mean, Owen Roe. Aren't you the brave man, sneaking out with a girl without asking her menfolk if you may? And standing here like a hero with all your friends round you? But come up the mountain and ask me what I mean. Come up and ask Big Tadg if you can go walking out and dancing with his orphan niece. Come if you dare." He slipped his shoulder out from under my hand like a ferret, and melted back into the crowd.

"Stay and fight!" I shouted, but Moriarty only laughed, and then there was an eddy at the door as he and half a dozen of the other mountain men slipped out. They must have got worse hurt at Bettystown than we'd known, and learned sense by it. I stood where he'd left me, and a whole crowd of the lads that knew me came swarming up, clapping me on the shoulders and pumping my hand.

"There's for them, the dirty scuts. Did you see them run, the cowards?"

You'd have thought we'd won a great victory, the way they spoke and the whisky they pressed into my hand. But I stood there in the middle of the turmoil, knowing that what Moriarty had said was true. That only a coward would go with a girl and not dare visit her home. And that the Moriartys had had no chance there in the hall if anything had started, with only a dozen or so of them, and better than a hundred of us from the fishing villages. And worse than that, I felt hurt for Kathleen's sake. Because they were her people that the crowd was jeering. And not a man in that hall would have dared go up the mountain by himself for fifty pounds. Or even with a dozen others, the way the mountain men had come down to us. And I could see the hurt in Kathleen's face as she tried to smile at me, and I could have wept for her.

I waited until the dancing started again, and drew her toward the door.

"Come," I said, "I'll take you home. I'm sorry for what happened."

"And then?" she said.

"And then, never mind."

She said nothing more until she had her shoes and we were outside on the road, the wind sudden cold on our cheeks and stinging like a whip. She slipped her hand under my arm and squeezed it, and I knew she was thanking me.

"You're going up the mountain, aren't you?" she said. "Then let's go together. We can take that road to the left."

I didn't argue, because I knew what she meant. She'd either come down with me again or stay there, according to what happened. Although what would have to happen for her to come down with me I didn't know. But then, it was more than likely that I wouldn't come down again myself.

We walked in silence for the most part, because there was nothing left to say. It seemed wrong that the night should be so beautiful, and men so full of hatred. Wasn't the sea and the stone soil enough for us to fight? The road lifted and became a track, and the moon lay down in the arms of the mountain like an ivory bride, and the mountain drew his curtains round her. And then, ahead of us, clinging to the black breast of the mountain, there was a light.

"That's the house," said Kathleen, and she folded her hand into mine as if, no matter what happened afterward, for this moment we belonged together. I felt my mouth very dry, and my heart tight in my chest.

"I love you, Kathleen," I said. "I'm going to ask Big Tadg if I can marry you. Will you marry me if he says yes?"

It was so simple when I'd said it. And yet all the way up the mountainside I hadn't known what I would do. That was all. Only to ask for her and wait for the roof to fall.

"I will," said Kathleen.

I wanted to kiss her then, as I had down in the village, but I couldn't. I could only tighten my hand on hers as we pushed open the door of the Moriarty cottage.

The kitchen was big, and full of shadows; a mud floor polished by a hundred years of use; a dark dresser filling one end wall; a lamp on the kitchen table, and round it, lifting their eyes to us in unbelief, the Moriartys. Big Tadg in the wing chair, black hair turning gray, face falling into flesh with age, but still a monstrous man, his sloped shoulders filling the wings of the basket chair, his body like a hill. His wife gaunt-faced beside him, hair lank as black unraveled rope. And on both sides of the table his three sons. Tearlach with the broken teeth, that I'd seen below in Killybegs; and a handsome man I didn't know, with wrestler's shoulders; and young Tadg, with a look of Big Tadg across the forehead and the same command in his eyes. They were men in their own place, and they had the look my father and my brothers have as the boat rides out to sea.

"The fisherman," said Tearlach slowly, as if I were a ghost. "The very man I was telling you of."

Young Tadg scraped the legs of his chair softly on the floor, easing it back, and the air in the shadowy room became taut as rigging in the wind, but silent. I licked my lips and drew Kathleen forward into the room until we stood side by side.

"I've come to ask you for Kathleen, Big Tadg," I said. "I want to marry her."

I looked sideways at Kathleen, but I couldn't read (*Continued on Page 100*)

"Prescott has quite an ear for languages."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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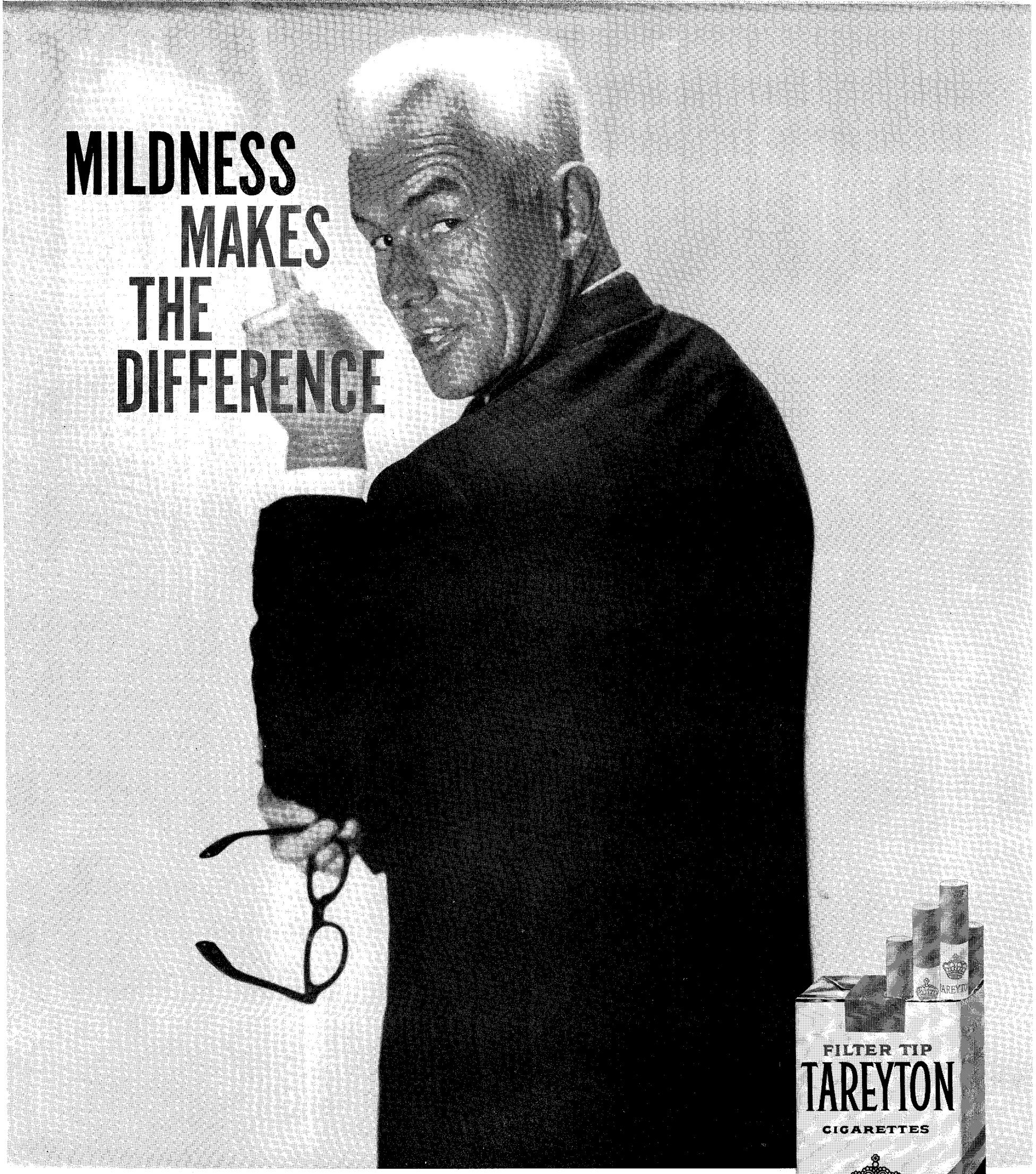
MILDNESS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



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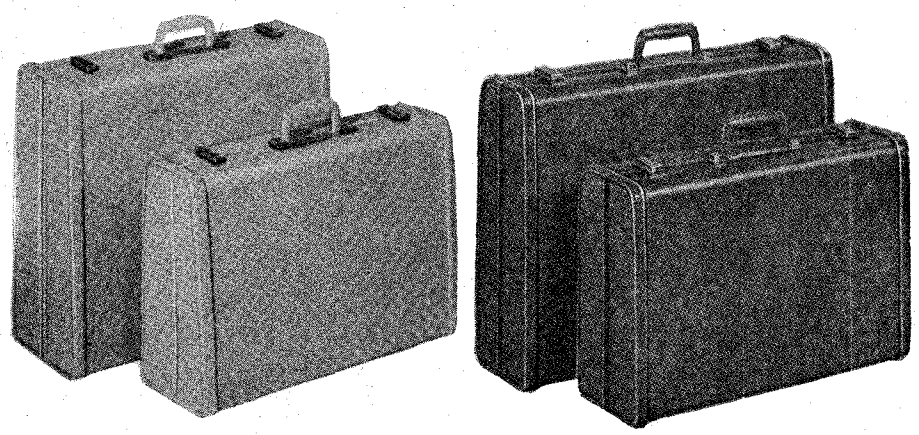

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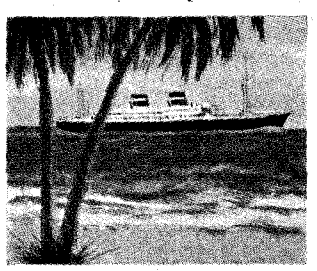

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(*Continued from Page 98*)

her face. I could only see the look of her own people in it, proud as the hawk in the air, as if being in her own place again had made her proud, had made her feel that these were her own kind, not me.

I saw Tearlach lifting slowly off his stool, his mouth twisting over his broken teeth into a kind of smile.

"So you came," he whispered. . . . "Let's show him the mountain, lads." And there was the slither of their boots on the floor and the shudder of the table.

I stepped backwards out of the door, drew it near closed behind me and then kicked it inwards as hard as I could. It hit Tearlach with its edge smack in the middle of the face, and I saw him sprawling across the kitchen floor like a rag doll, his arms flung wide as if they were broken.

And then the two others were on me and I went down like a badger with the terriers on top of him, feet and hands and teeth up and the stones of the mountainside pounding my back.

I saw young Tadg's face clear in the starlight and hit him between the eyes, and I might have been hitting a boulder with my knuckles. And then one of them hit me, and then the other, and the stars swung round like a Catherine wheel, and the mountain fell. I felt myself lifted like a sack and thrown, and I was falling for a long, long time, until my shoulders hit the heather, and far, far above me a voice was shouting, "Back to your stinking herrings, fisherman!" and someone laughed. Then a door slammed and there was silence, except for the silver whisper of water against my face where I was lying in a miniature rivulet, stealing its way down from the mountain bog.

I lay there for a long time, until at last the sting of the ice-cold mountain water drove me up onto my feet, and I began stumbling down the mountainside. I'd asked my question and had my fight, and there was nothing more to do. But my heart was as empty as a broken net, and I could only think of Kathleen's face, pale as a sea gull's wing, and as beautiful as a sea gull gliding; and of all the ways I'd seen it—laughing across the counter of Meg Moriarty's shop, and loving when I kissed her, and full of joy as she sang in the empty lane, and full of shamed hurt as the dancers jeered her people in Killybegs. And now I would never see it again, except when she swung down to Mass between her cousins, with the mountain at her back.

I plunged on down the mountainside, holding my ribs together with my hands, falling over bracken and heather and iutting boulders, and not caring if I broke my neck. And so it was a long time before I realized that someone was following me, their feet running faster and surer and lighter than mine. I tried to run, but I couldn't. And then I wondered if I just dropped and hid, would they miss me. Because I couldn't fight any more. There was no more in me. If they caught me now, it would be the finish.

I dropped onto my knees and prayed as I heard the feet coming, running sure as a stag. Let them go past. Only let them go past. And then I remembered the shout I'd let out of me in Killybegs when Tearlach Moriarty was sliding out: "Stay and fight!" And here was I on Tearlach's mountain, hiding in the heather like a frightened rabbit. I closed my hand on a loose stone and stood up, my legs stiff and useless under me as wooden spars. But if there was only one of them, I might have a chance.

I could see the shadow of whoever was coming now, leaping down in long, easy strides. Slimmer than young Tadg. Slimmer even than Tearlach. And suddenly I dropped the stone and held out my arms.

"Kathleen!" I shouted. "Kathleen!" And I nearly fell as she came to me, and I cried out with the pain of my ribs as her arms went round me. But the pain was like wine to me, like kissing.

"They sent me down!" she said. "They sent me down after you!" and she was laughing and crying at the same time, so that she could hardly speak.

"Did they hurt you?" she whispered. "Did they hurt you, my darling?" and there was a wild pride in her that they had, and pride for me, and suddenly all my own hurt mended as hers had done, and we went down the mountainside together, singing, as if we had won a great victory.

"*As I went down through Dublin City,*
When the moon began to set,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady,
Catching a moth in a golden net."

And Kilmara lay at our feet between sea and mountain, a dark huddle of sleep. But we were waking, and all the world and sky was too small to fill our hearts.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I, Thomas P. Throckmorton, believing firmly in that old adage, 'There's no fool like an old fool'. . . . . ."

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Double Love Affair (Continued from Page 47)

"All the young ones are like that these days," Tom said.

"Feel, feel, feel," Alcie said. "I never had to be taught to feel."

"Of course you had genius," Tom said, possibly too flatly.

"My dear," Alcie said, as they turned into 53rd Street, "genius is the minimum requirement for an actress."

At the theater, Tom did not help her out of the car, and she walked alone across the pavement to the stage door.

But a young girl, seeing her, involuntarily stopped and watched—and with reason. Alcie was always so on the edge of perfection—so lately attended by hairdressers, masseuses, dressmakers and their kind—that she had but to straighten up and smile to become a public sight. In her pale cashmere coat, sensibly lined with mink, and with her pale hair tumbled, she looked twenty-eight—although she knew in her heart she was thirty-six—she made the young girl sigh with envy.

I could cry, Alcie thought, as she stepped out of the unwholesome daylight into the dark backstage.

They were all there, her company, in various attitudes of alert lassitude; the coffee, ranged in paper containers on the stage manager's desk, had only just begun to do its work.

Jack and what's-her-name?—Marney—disgustingly fresh-eyed, were there, sitting together, wearing Those Clothes. It was how Alcie lumped them—Those Clothes.

She did not care that her eye deceived her; that she quite missed the subtleties of the clothes of the young. Indeed, in her general disapproval, Alcie missed a great deal.

She missed, for one thing, the nerves; she, who should have remembered, forgot. It was the rapturous way Marney's brown hair fell about her neck that made her forget, perhaps; or the defenseless delicacy of Marney's skin—anyway she forgot.

She did not see the too-steady gaze in Jack Carnovan's eyes, the dread behind it that this might be his last day.

They knew—Jack and Marney—where they stood. With the incurable pessimism of youth, they had gauged their chances, and had found them not so good in this hotbed of old-fashioned theater.

An actor is a peculiar victim. A composer can compose, a painter can paint, a poet can rhyme—or not, as the muse proposes—all by himself in a little room; but an actor needs a play, a part and eighty thousand dollars' worth of scenery before the divine fire can even sputter, let alone light up the sky. Added to this, there are more actors today than anybody.

There was a time when all an actor needed was a striking face and a willingness to exhibit himself. But oh, now, in this specialized world, an actor needs as much training as a theoretical physicist. He must dance, he must study art, languages, literature; his speech must be perfect as well as imperfect; he must fence, ride, swim, climb castle walls; he must have charm, quick wits, adaptability; he must be handsome, tireless, amusing and warm—there are classes for all these—and he must, for a golden graduation amalgam, learn how to act.

Jack Carnovan at twenty-four—although a trifle slow at climbing castle walls—had passed every test. His body was good, his face handsome and he could act. And now, here, finally he had a job, but a job that was being jeopardized by a silly middle-aged star whose sole interest in the art of the theater seemed to be in where the cigarettes would be when she said one line, how many steps she should take before she said a second, and what the count was before she turned and said a third.

"O.K.," the director said. "Act Two. Let's take it from the top."

This play was the step. The step from the cold-water flat at thirty a month; the step from the odd, unlikely, actors' jobs—sitting with a rich woman's dog, typing briefs for an impecunious young lawyer, telephoning clients for a deaf real-estate man—the step that could take him out of the boring dream onto the exciting yes-yes of solid ground.

The director was fair, but the second act did not go well. In the middle of the act there was a piece of business which never came off. The set was supposed to be the library of somebody's house—an elaborate library in which there was, naturally enough, a small book ladder.

At a point in the action Alcie, standing on the ladder, was to reach up to a shelf for a book, then lose her balance and fall into Jack's arms; he was to hold her for a moment too long, looking steadily at her. It was a moment that changed their whole relationship in the play. Well, it didn't work.

Either Jack was too near, anticipating her fall, or too far away—once he almost dropped her. But it was obvious to him, also, that she was deliberately trying to make him look incompetent. She gave him no suspicion of help. If she knew her lines, she didn't say them. The line was: "Why is it that any book you ever want is always carefully in hiding on the highest shelf?" What Alcie said was, "So and so and so the highest shelf?"

To Jack, this was worse than useless. At the school they were taught that the emotion carried the scene—and, naturally, the words conveyed the emotion—and that once the emotion was established, everything else would pretty much take care of itself. "So and so and so and so," conveyed no emotion to Jack; he was lost. Without feeling, his technique of gradual, tentative building of a character was useless.

He could not know that Alcie worked in a quite different idiom. For her it was necessary to find out first off where she was. What she said where, how many steps she took, how she turned—all these things had to be worked out so that she was comfortable doing them; only then, when her positions were second nature, could she begin to concentrate on the lines, their meaning, their emotion.

Finally, after the sixth time she had stumbled into Jack's arms, Alcie said, "Good heaven, you handle me as if I were a grandfather's clock. Let's get on with the act."

At the lunch break Alcie did an odd thing. "Jack," she said, and took him by the arm, "would you do something? Would you stay here? I'll have sandwiches sent in. We've got to work out a solution to this fall."

"Absolutely," Jack said.

They sat and had a cigarette until the theater cleared. Alcie was pleasant—indeed, Jack saw, ominously so. It was now or never for his job, he realized, and he braced himself.

She helped. She said, "You know your words, don't you? Wait a minute." She opened her script, found the place, and then, half mumbling, half whispering, she went over her lines three or four times. With (*Continued on Page 104*)

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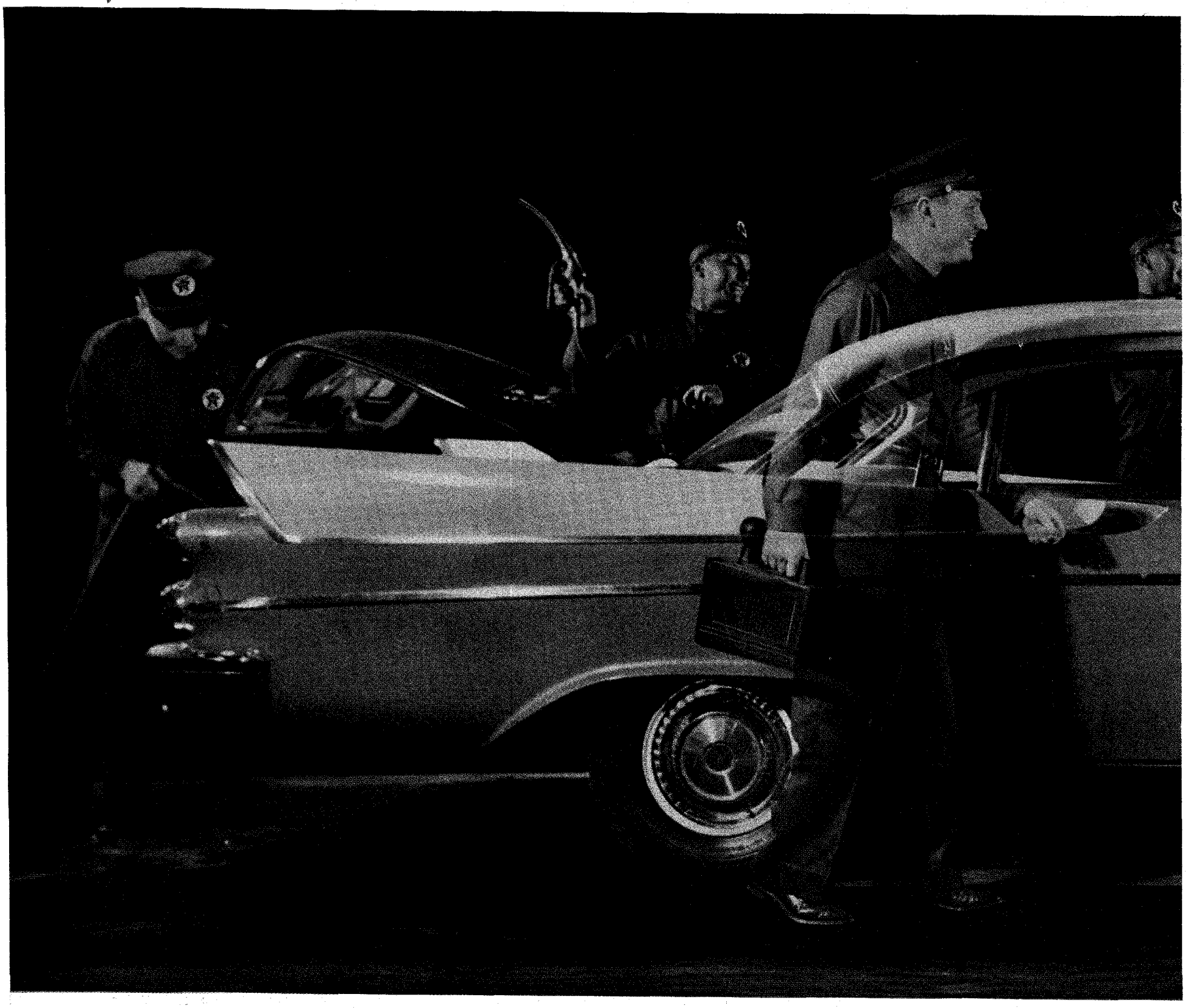

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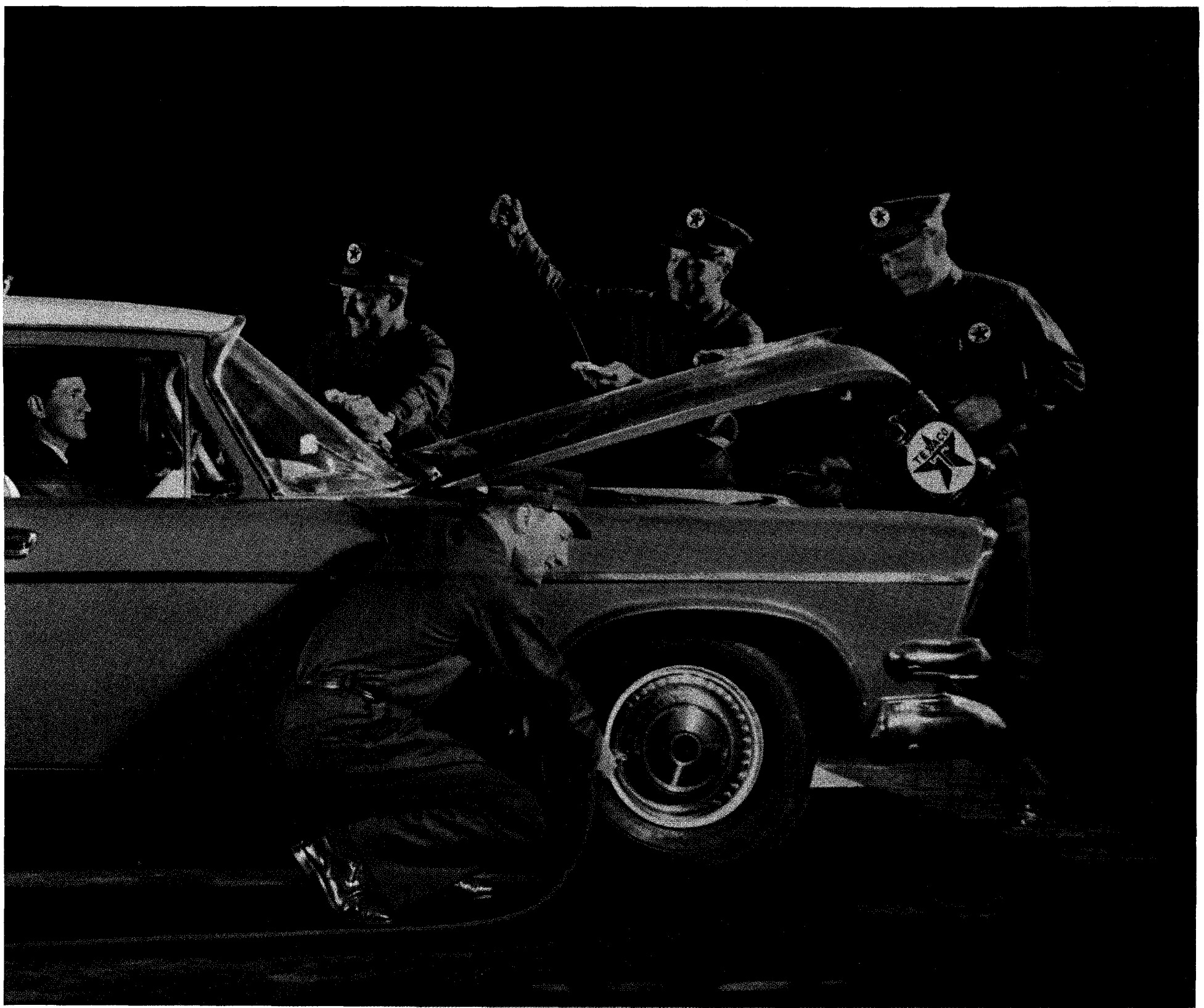

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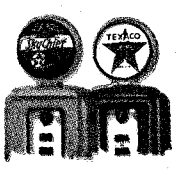

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

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(*Continued from Page 101*) that talent which had got her through a hundred stock productions, she learned them.

"Now," she said, "let's take it from the moment I get up from the desk."

It went a little better. Hearing the lines, Jack was able to react to them, to judge his movements, and even if he still caught her with less than supreme grace, he was better.

"Good," Alcie said. "Again."

They did it again, and a third time and a fourth. Alcie put into the lines some of the edge and the humor she would use opening night. Each time Jack was better.

Finally Alcie said, "Look. See if you can't get your right arm lower down, under my waist. If you can, my feet won't dangle so awkwardly."

They did it again, and perfectly. To the split second, to the last inch, they spoke and fell and caught as if these were all the most natural things in the world. Jack held her tight and gazed into her eyes.

But with a beating heart, he knew, also, that this was his moment. Instead of letting her up, he convulsively pressed down against her.

"Alcie, Alcie, Alcie, Alcie," he whispered. "I've got to say it to you."

Alcie stiffened in his arms. "Jack!"

"I know it's wrong," he said, "but I've been so miserable doing right, and I feel so happy doing wrong."

"Jack."

"I've said your name a thousand times. Alcie, Alcie, Alcie. I wake up in the middle of the night hearing it. Alcie, Alcie, Alcie," he whispered. "You don't know what it means to me."

Suddenly there was the clatter of an iron door opening. The stage manager was back with the sandwiches.

Marney, during the lunch break, walked to her doom. Her lovely face was set, her teeth were clenched, she saw not one person on the noonday streets. A message had been sent to her during the morning to come to the producer's office, Mr. Knight wanted to see her.

This was it. She and Jack had talked so often of the moment when they would be fired that she had been sure she would not be surprised. But like any death, it was a shock. She had not thought, until now, of the hopeless going back to the eight-by-twelve bedroom, the underpaid work in the bookstore, the skipping lunch to buy stockings, the endless hoping, the hopeless hoping, the no job. The no job. The no beautiful job.

Actresses must suffer, she told herself, *but not this much.*

At the office she had to wait. "Oh, yes," the secretary said, finally recognizing her. "Mr. Knight will be just a minute."

She picked up a magazine and pretended she was able to read it. She wished, wished, wished. And all of it did no good.

"Oh!"

The secretary had to call her twice before she heard. She stood up, took a deep breath, pushed back a strand of her shiny hair and walked into Tom Knight's office. He was standing. People always stood to give you bad news, she knew.

She smiled, her best smile. *Now the hell with it*, she thought, and without thinking again, she began.

"Mr. Knight," she said, "do me a favor. Let's avoid embarrassments. Don't tell me all those polite lies you've been thinking up to make it easier. I'm fired. I know it. That's enough."

"My dear girl ——" Tom said.

Marney held up a hand and went on, "But that changes things between us, doesn't it? You're no longer the producer, I'm no longer just a girl you hired. We can be for a few moments at least just two people, two equal people. I have nothing to gain from you, nor you from me."

"Marney ——" Tom said.

"Before—well, before I go, I want to tell you something. I—I fell in love with you. At least that's what it feels like. From the first time I came in here, and all the other times I came back and all these last days at rehearsal. Well, they've been the most wonderful, painful moments I've ever known. . . . Wait. You hardly even noticed I existed. Your eyes have passed over me as if I weren't there. It's hurt, yes. But that doesn't matter. Every hurt was worth—just being near you—it was so wonderful."

"Marney," Tom said, "you strange creature."

The secretary came in at that moment, as if she always came in without knocking. "The California call," she said. "They're ready to talk now."

From the way she held the door, it was clear that Marney was to leave.

Tom frowned. "Marney," he said, "I'll try to see you this afternoon at the theater."

"What," Alcie said, "have you put in my bath?"

"All the perfumes of Arabia," Irish Mary said. "We'll see what they'll do for you."

Alcie giggled. She stretched the famous legs in the warm, luxurious water and tried to decide what to wear.

The yellow lace, maybe, she thought, *that I have never had on, with the bow in the back, and my canary diamonds.*

"How was rehearsal?" Irish Mary said.

"I was divine," Alcie said.

"How was the boy?"

"Better. . . . Is Mr. Knight home yet?"

"He's taking a bath, God bless him," Irish Mary said. "What shall I put out? A nightgown?"

"Are you mad?" Alcie said. "It's only six o'clock."

"You said this morning you were going straight to bed and have a lamb chop on a tray."

"That was this morning," Alcie said, and snuggled down into the water. "I was tired this morning."

A half hour later, looking her incredible best, Alcie stood in the library in front of a bank of dials and knobs and buttons—a hi-fi. Suddenly, inevitably, from all corners of the room came a piercing blast of music. Alcie grabbed frantically at whatever she could reach, but it was almost a minute before she got the sound down to a sensible level.

Tom came in. Alcie turned and held out her arms and they began to dance.

"Do you remember," she said, "in the good old days when all you had to do to play a phonograph was slap a record on and put down the needle? It was bliss, wasn't it? And it sounded so well—as if the music were in the next room—not like this . . . invasion of privacy. I feel as if a twenty-man orchestra were watching every move I make—and it's so difficult. You have to be a sound engineer if you want to play Hound Dog."

Tom looked at her. "Aren't you rather elaborately dressed for a lamb chop?" he said.

Alcie leaned back. "Why does everybody in this house talk about lamb chops?" she said. "We're having a pheasant."

"Where did you get that?" Tom said.

"Flossie Simon sent it from Pennsylvania."

"She doesn't shoot."

"I know. This one came up to the kitchen door, probably looking for food,

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poor thing, and Flossie hit it over the head with a vacuum cleaner."

"How unsporting."

"Was it not?" Alcie said, and closed her eyes and gave herself over to the music.

"May I say this?" Tom said: "May I say, my dear, you are not the same person you were this morning?"

Alcie smiled up at him. "Neither are you," she said. "Neither are you."

Irish Mary put her head in the door and said, "If you two want a cocktail, hurry up. Dinner's in twenty minutes and no nonsense."

Jack and Marney sat in a corner, in a dark booth, at an *espresso* house, where they had come after dinner for a *torte* and coffee. They lay back, not looking at each other, side by side, holding hands.

"I'm still shaking," Marney said.

They were pressing their luck. The coffee and cake in this cozy, dim-lit place was not cheap, they were not accustomed to such extravagance, but they felt that somehow they must sustain the mood.

"I ran right over to the school as soon as I was let out of rehearsal," Marney said, "and told Alderson what I had done."

"What did he say?"

"He was appalled. At first, I mean. Then he asked me a lot of questions, and finally he began to laugh."

"I was afraid of that, more than anything."

"Well, they didn't laugh. At least he didn't."

"Neither did she."

Marney tilted her head back and gazed at the ceiling. "Oh, Jack, we're not fired—we're not fired."

"Don't buy houses on it."

"But you saw her this afternoon. She was wonderful—kind to everybody."

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

7. Of the Woman's Touch and the Man

Now, son, I tune a prehistoric lyre
To sing of primal dawns when cave was house.
Who first grouped boulders cozy by the fire,
Laid grasses down? Not Ab, but 'twas his spouse!
'Twas she who sought the flattest stones to save
And smooth, for nook to sit and sup in,
Hung skins about, to make a nicer cave
To bring the children and her husband up in!

Enhance, change, prettify—'tis woman's way
And blameless, lad—but what's there left to do,
This ready-made, predecorated day?
So prize her zeal—and oh, forgive her, too!—
Who'll sometimes trim good meat with thyme and truffle,
Or, on your long-loved armchair, hang a ruffle.

Jack smiled. "I almost felt a little sorry for her. Maybe it's been a long time since anybody ——"

"I know. I felt that too. He gave me the strangest kind of look when —— But we had to do it; we had to have the jobs."

Jack said, "What are you going to do with your first week's salary?"

Marney turned to him. "I should pay debts. But I'm going to buy a cashmere coat."

"Like hers?"

"Mildly. What about you?"

"I'm going to move into a hotel room where there's heat. Just for a week."

Marney narrowed her eyes. "Will they let women into your hotel room?"

"If I keep the door open."

"Listen," Marney said; "I expected to wear my coat."

Jack laughed at her. "Hi."

Marney said, "Will we be stars overnight?"

Jack said, "What do you think?"

"Will we wake up with the whole world changed?"

"Maybe."

"It has happened."

"The theater needs new faces, I've heard."

"Oh, Jack!" Marney stretched out her arms toward the *caffé espresso* machine, toward the future. "Sometime we may look back on this day and remember tearfully how young we were, and daring and eager."

"I'll fire him," Tom said. His voice was hard and his face was stern. They were at dessert now, past the pheasant and the white asparagus and the salad of endive; they were eating an almond soufflé. It is not easy to look stern while eating an almond soufflé. "I'll fire him."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Alcie said.

"That's the reason for the diamonds and the new dress. I might have known."

"You might have known what? They're my second-best diamonds. The only reason I told you was I thought you might be amused. Or even pleased."

"Rolling around the stage with an actor. Pleased?"

"Come off it." Alcie laid down her spoon. "I notice it hasn't affected your appetite. He's a sweet boy and he's improved enormously in the part."

"I'll bet."

"Tom, you're being stupid. He has a crush on me, and I find it very flattering."

"Marchbanks in a mackinaw."

"He's much too inarticulate for Marchbanks. I've played Candida, if you remember. All he did was keep repeating my name over and over."

"So does Marchbanks. I've directed Candida, if you remember. Candida, Candida, Candida, Candida, Candida. Five times. Act Three."

A faraway look came into Alcie's eyes. "It's so hard for me to remember other actors' lines," she murmured, and then she began moving her lips.

"Tom, wait. Candida says so and so: 'Come sit down on the hearth rug and

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At last, an air conditioner that cools and dehumidifies automatically, silently, yet can't obstruct your view or disturb your window styling. Dirt, dust, and pollen are shut out by the permanent aluminum Mechanical Maid filter. You seldom touch the controls, and when you do, you find them conveniently concealed in an easy to use control panel. The Snorkel also comes in models that can be hooked up to existing radiator connections, to provide you with winter heat. Available in 1 H.P. capacity for use with 220 volt current—also ¾ H.P. for 115 volt house current.

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talk moonshine, as you usually do. I want to be amused.' Then Marchbanks says something and gets down on the rug and—and what does he say?"

"Oh, something about being so miserable when he was doing right. And now he was doing wrong and he's happy."

"Tom." Alcie opened her eyes as wide as they would go, and stared at her husband. "Jack said that to me. Today. He didn't even bother to change the words. That rat! Fire him. The impertinence. To think I wouldn't know Candida."

"Well," Tom said, "you never did know it very accurately."

"Candida! How dare he?" Alcie picked up her spoon and went back to her soufflé. "Candida's ten years older than Marchbanks."

"Fifteen, dear," Tom said. "Fifteen."

"Fire him."

"You've been had, my dear," Tom said. "You were obviously just a problem that was posed by one of the teachers at the school. Let's be generous and suppose it was an advanced problem."

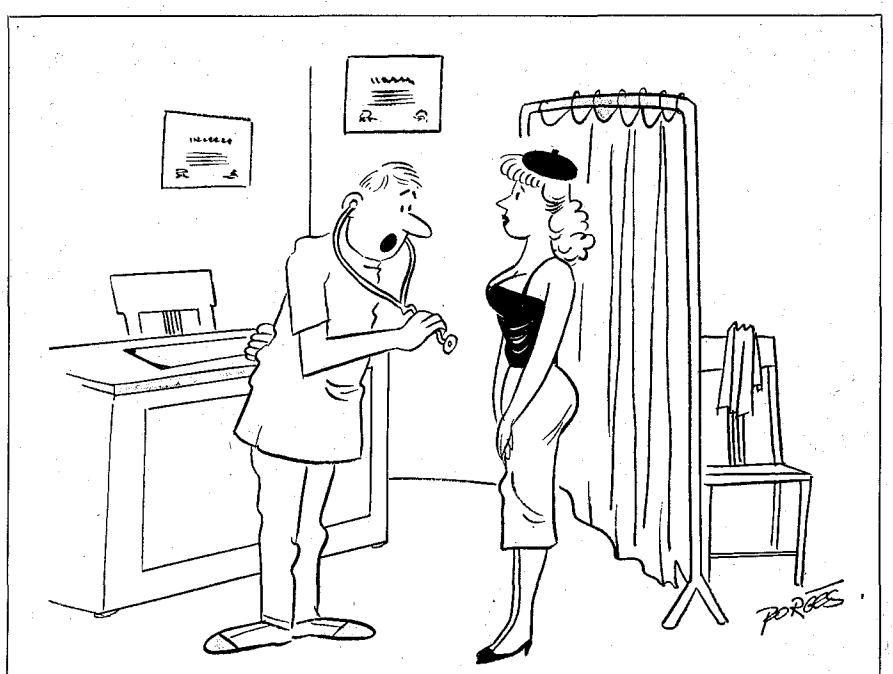
"Candida." Alcie was not amused. She put her hands behind her neck and unhooked the twist of yellow diamonds and laid them on the table. Suddenly she looked tired.

"Alcie, listen," Tom said, and stretched out a hand toward her. "I think I have a funny story to tell you. Look at me."

Alcie raised her eyes.

"Is there some play in which a man fires a girl—his secretary maybe—and after it's over, she turns on him and —— Oh, the line is something about, 'You're not my employer any more; we're just two human beings,' or something like that, and, 'I want to tell you I love you.' Does that ring a bell?"

"Yes," Alcie said. "That's Linda in Accent on Youth. We did it years ago in stock."



"Now then . . . where does the hurt chest you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tom hit the side of his head. "Of course. And the man's line is: 'You curious creature.' I got that much."

"What are you talking about?"

Tom said, "I had what's-her-name?—Marney—up to the office today. The paper from her home town had written asking for a story and pictures on her, and I wanted to show her the letter. But she went right into that scene. She thought I was going to fire her, poor kid. She trembled so, that I must say she took me in. I suppose she was just scared."

Alcie looked at Tom, unsmiling. "It's my turn to laugh now, you mean?"

"If you wish. I was touched."

"Dear Tom. I'm touched too. Poor Marney. Think how desperate she must have been—and Jack too—to dare to pull such a stunt. What an awful, awful life the theater is."

"I think you miss the point," Tom said.

"What?"

"The stunt worked."

Alcie put her hand to her face. "That's right," she said. "Fire them."

Tom smiled and leaned back. "The stunt worked better than Jack and Marney meant it to," he said. "Look what it did for you. Instead of falling into bed, you put on a new dress, gave me an excellent dinner and tried to amuse me. You noticed me for the first time in months. And for me ——"

Alcie was looking at him, unbelieving. "What did it do for you?"

Tom pushed back his chair. "It made me think of the first time I ever saw you. When I was looking for the Southern girl in Kiss the Boys Good-by, for that stock company I had in Connecticut."

"My accent," Alcie said, "do you still remember?"

"You came in with an accent that could be cut with a knife. And a hat."

"A big hat with roses all over it. I borrowed it from Flossie Simon. I dressed the part."

"To the teeth. All frills and charming glances. And you had a pair of black suède shoes with holes in the soles."

"Tom," Alcie said, "you remember! My dearest shoes!"

"I remember. And I gave you the job, and you thought you had fooled me."

"I did fool you."

"No. Not for a minute. I had other ideas."

"Tom," Alcie said, "you never told me."

"My dear," Tom said, "I've told you a thousand times."

Into the living room Irish Mary trundled with the coffee. "I made the Italian kind," she said, "the express, in that dangerous pot that looks likely to explode."

"We're going dancing," Tom said.

"Dancing?" Irish Mary said. "Now why would you do that?"

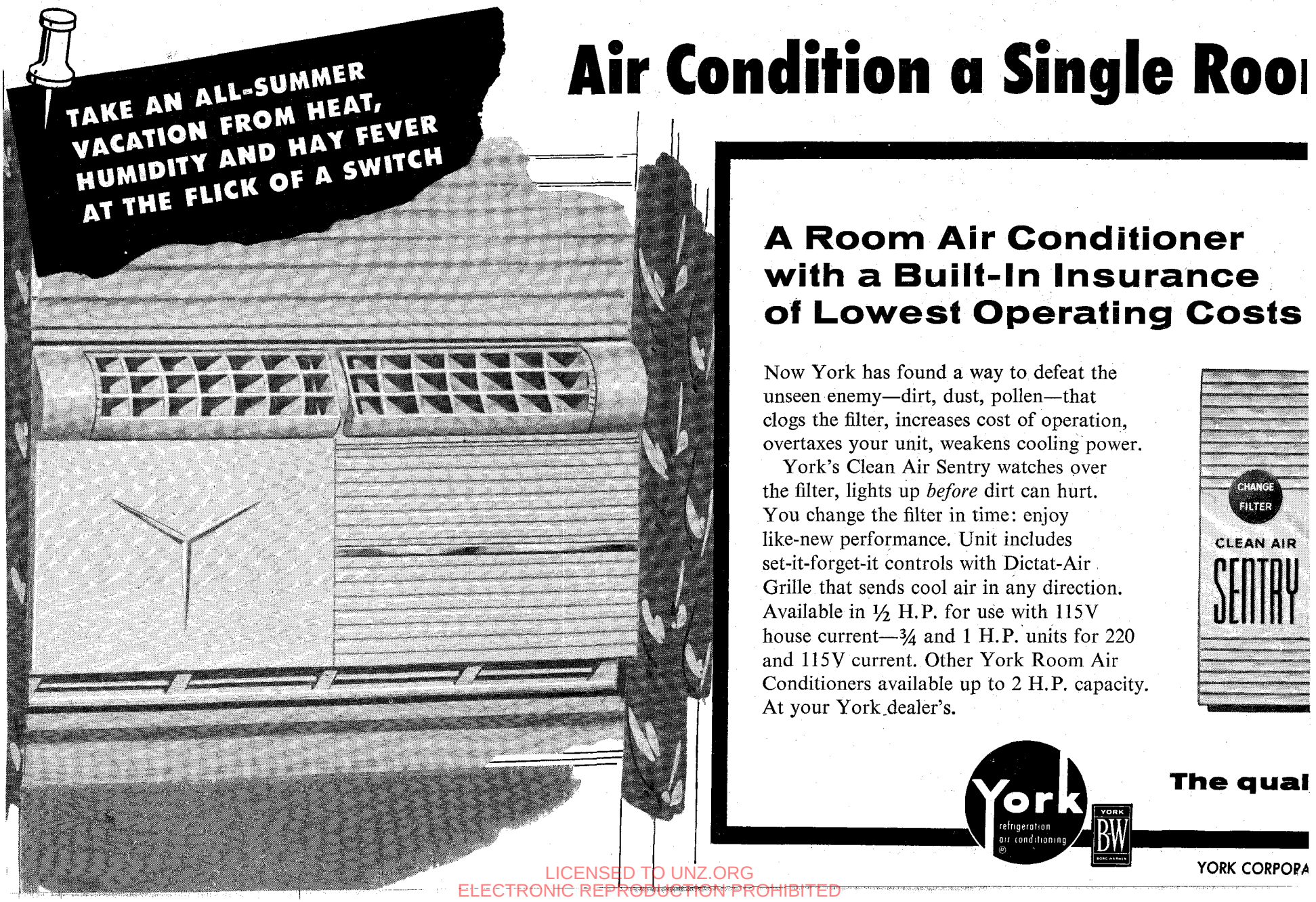
"He asked me," Alcie said.

"Well, that's a good enough reason," Irish Mary said. "But oh, dear."

"Oh, dear, what?" Tom said.

"Tomorrow I was thinking of. I'll never get her out of bed."

"Tomorrow," Alcie said, "I'll be up with the lark." THE END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Those Fancy New Buses (Continued from Page 33)

example, the hydraulic leveler quit functioning, heated up and had to be doused with water. A genius among the company staff, however, neatly turned the embarrassment to use by announcing over the loud-speaker, "And now, gentlemen, we will have a chance to compare the smooth ride we have been enjoying with ordinary performance as the Eagle proceeds with the leveling device shut off."

Delivery of fifty production models of the classy new bus is about to begin and, by July first, going into the industry's heaviest quarter of the year, at least 16 of the special vehicles will be in operation. The luxury runs have been most successful on the West Coast and out of Kansas City. The new equipment will go into these and other existing services and into new runs already planned. Although the buses are tailored for what amounts to a new class of bus service, they also represent a saving in weight and will average nine miles to a gallon of fuel, considerably better than other buses on the road today. They are forty-foot models, the maximum under most state restrictions. Later this year, however, Continental will experiment with articulated sixty-foot vehicles in a western division where that length is permitted if a vehicle is hinged in the middle. State restrictions differ somewhat on many specifications, but the width limitation is so nearly universal at ninety-six inches that it is the industry standard.

The man who is pioneering the luxury field of bus travel is an economy-size—240 pounds and six feet one inch—native Tennessean turned Texan. He has been soaking up the bus business since 1928, when he was eighteen and not quite through high school. His start as a busman was so precipitate, at the request of his brother, that he had to finish school and receive his diploma by mail. The bus job was to organize and operate a bus affiliate for the Cotton Belt Railroad, in Arkansas, with Maurice Moore playing a minor role. The effort was abortive. The group hired for the job knew relatively little about buses and less than that about railroads. "Not one of us had ever laid eyes on a railroad waybill." Nevertheless, this move cast Moore permanently into a busman role.

If 1928 does not seem too long ago, it was ancient history for the intercity bus. In 1928 pioneer Eric Wickman had just finished joining together some northwestern bus bits in conjunction with the great railroader Ralph Budd, then of the Great Northern. And in Chicago a corporation named Motor Transit was linking such fauna as the Blue Goose from Indiana and one from Michigan called Greyhound. These were foundation bricks in what was to become Greyhound, the country's dominant system.

It was a loose but significant period in bus operation, and an instructive one. In 1931 Maurice Moore was assigned to travel east and report on how buses were operated on the Atlantic Seaboard. He learned a lot. His wallet was stolen between New York and Philadelphia, and the home office in Texarkana, pretty well strapped, itself, could only suggest that he borrow as much money as he could, use what passes would help and wriggle back to Arkansas by bus.

In Moore's earliest years in Little Rock there was no direct bus connection with Memphis, only 140 miles away, and it is one of his prides that he sold the first through ticket on a single line between the two cities. The transaction was perhaps a three-dollar deal, not a small item in the business of the day, and when later on he sold the first through ticket from Texarkana to Los Angeles, the size of the sale, thirty dollars, convinced him that he had at last got into the big time.

In 1928 it was too soon to hope for cooperation among disjointed bus lines that would enable a passenger on one ticket and in one vehicle to proceed any great distance. Moore had plenty of time to reflect that someday it would come, and he prepared to help the inevitable along. There were graphic examples of how necessary it was. One day a little old lady in a state of high indignation appeared before him at Little Rock. She held a through ticket from Cleveland to Los Angeles which was fully as good as a present-day ticket to Mars. Moore had no idea how she had ever reached Little Rock, but he knew for sure that from there she could proceed no more than seventy miles because, beyond that point, Arkadelphia, the road was torn up, and there was no bus line anyway. He could only suggest ways in which she might get the police or Better Business Bureaus to recoup enough of her money for railroad passage.

A big, easygoing man—his wife has to start him on a new diet about every forty-eight hours—Moore had and has an unexpected fondness for figures and details. But the life of a ticket agent in Little Rock in those days was far from busy, and he had time to develop other talents. One of these was a sharp sense of competition which he refined by staking small sums on his ability to manipulate a pinball machine in the Little Rock station. These talents were not valuable for a few years, but eventually they helped him form the country's second-largest transcontinental bus system, considerably smaller than Greyhound, but considerably larger than the next-lesser system. Continental normally sells close to $35,000,000 worth of bus rides annually.

Genesis of Continental, which is the dominant unit of the Trailways Association of intercity bus lines which function as a single system on through passages, was a Texas company acquired in 1943 by a group which included Maurice Moore. Since that date the system's growth has probably been more rapid than any similar bus organization's. Two major acquisitions since 1943 have been, or have included, important railroad bus systems. One was the Santa Fe network through the Southwest to the Pacific Coast. Another was American Buslines, which included the Burlington's stages and which also gave Continental access to Washington, D.C., and New York. The company now has a truly transcontinental coverage in thirty-three states. It is the company's present claim that it operates the only through service from coast to coast requiring no change in vehicle, a three-day trip.

Maurice Moore has been a Texan since formation of the company with headquarters in Dallas. The Moores own a 320-acre ranch at Carrollton, Texas, which Mayor Blanton does not like to have described as a suburb of Dallas. There is a ten-acre lake on the nicely appointed ranch and, until the late drought prompted him to sell every head on the place, Moore ran a cattle herd. This leaves the animal population pretty much in the hands of Sparky, who is Maurice, Jr., aged twelve. Sparky is a little unorthodox for a rancher. His creatures cover both wild and tame spheres and include rabbits and raccoons, frogs and birds. Lately he has been showing a threatening interest in alligators.

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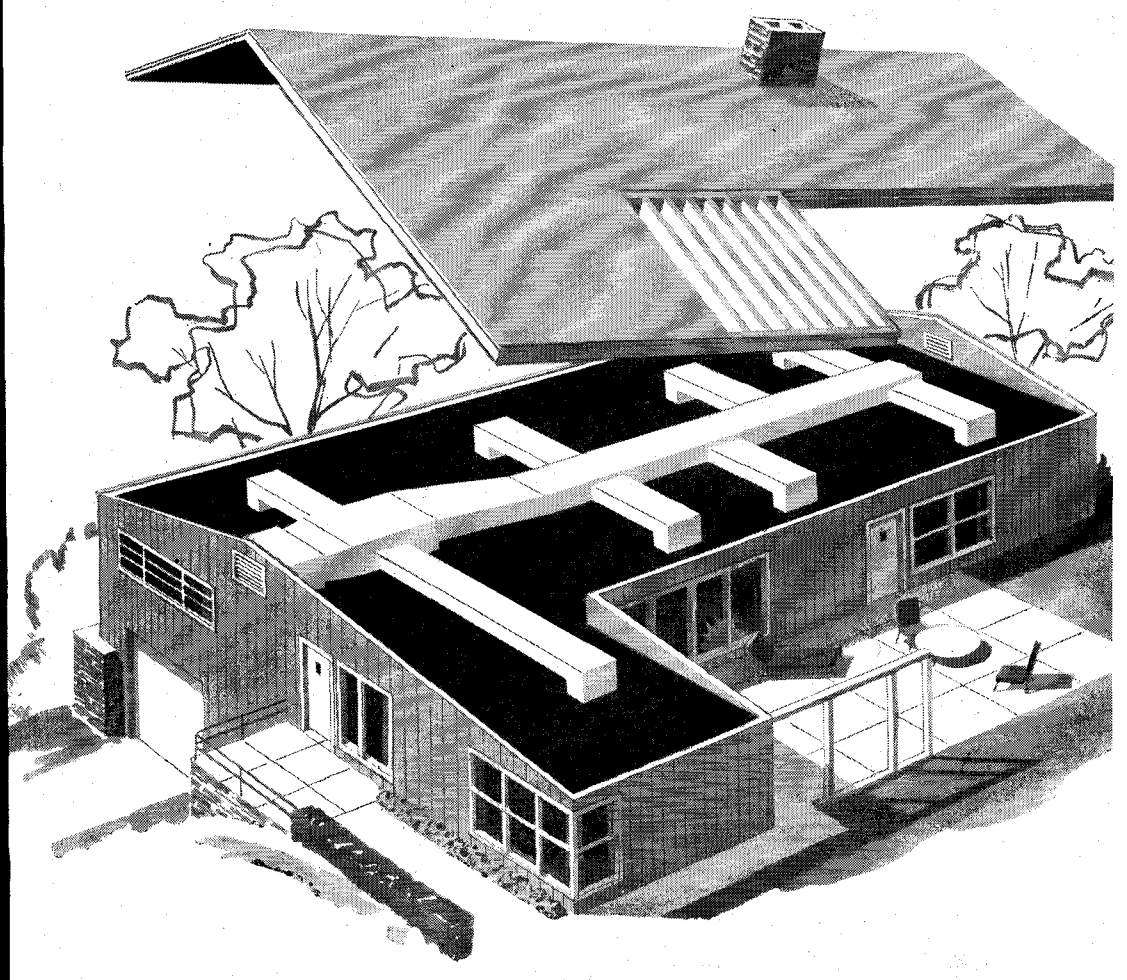

ame in air conditioning

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Continental's operating headquarters is in the Trinity River industrial district of Dallas, on a piece of land purchased from an acutely embarrassed developer when the property was under four feet of floodwater. The real-estate man swore that the area would never flood again, after a certain mechanical repair had been made, and for their courage in believing him and becoming the first settler, Continental was rewarded by having the street passing its property named Continental Avenue. But the shop, service and parking area behind the main building is called "the lot" by employees. It holds a couple of hundred cream-and-crimson Continental buses and one prize relic, a 1917 White touring car once operated as a bus.

Moore is normally jovial, but often impatient with anyone who doesn't know as much about the bus business as he does, which is almost anybody. His office chair is a converted bus seat, and he has a habit of pulling out a desk drawer and digging at a hole in its side with a letter opener. It might be guessed that this is a frustrated and subconscious act of drilling for oil, since one of the company's station properties once missed becoming the site of a producing well by only a few yards.

Buses are moved from the lot to the downtown terminal just before departure time, and the terminal is much like a railroad station. It is part office building, part station, usually busy, well maintained and girdled with shops, including two of the company's own restaurants. Moore says, "All our big-city terminals are in downtown centers, which is a great attraction to travelers, but sometimes presents problems. Like railroad stations, we are often a target as public comfort areas. This increases our maintenance and policing work. But some time ago we determined that there was no reason for bus transportation to exist in shabby, unkempt surroundings as it sometimes had in the past. Accordingly, we laid out a program, division by division, for new construction, remodeling, renovation and continuous maintenance. I think the result is unexcelled cleanliness and convenience in our terminals and stations."

When the luxury trips load for departure, red carpets are rolled out from the station doors and an aisle is created with red-plush ropes. In Memphis, boarding the early-morning 5-Star for New Orleans, this fanfare failed to keep the pretty young hostess from disappointment. The New Orleans run, not yet very well known in Memphis, was lightly patronized, even for the winter off season. The hostess calculated that she had aboard an average of about twenty sandwiches per passenger and would have to turn most of them in at the end of the run. What was worse was the limited possibility for keeping busy and getting in some varied conversation—the hostesses like to have at least twenty-five people aboard.

On a morning 5-Star out of Dallas for Houston, however, the passenger list was a little heavier. By the bus door, at the end of the red carpet, stood driver John Boyce and hostess Maureen Caine welcoming the customers. As we pulled out into the streets of Dallas, Hostess Caine bade us good morning over the loudspeaker and reminded everyone that her stainless-steel galley contained fruit juices, doughnuts and coffee at no cost. Since it was eight o'clock in the morning, there were takers for these breakfast items. Maureen served them on trays perched on lap pillows, airline style. Fresh out of Continental's own kitchen on departure, they were good.

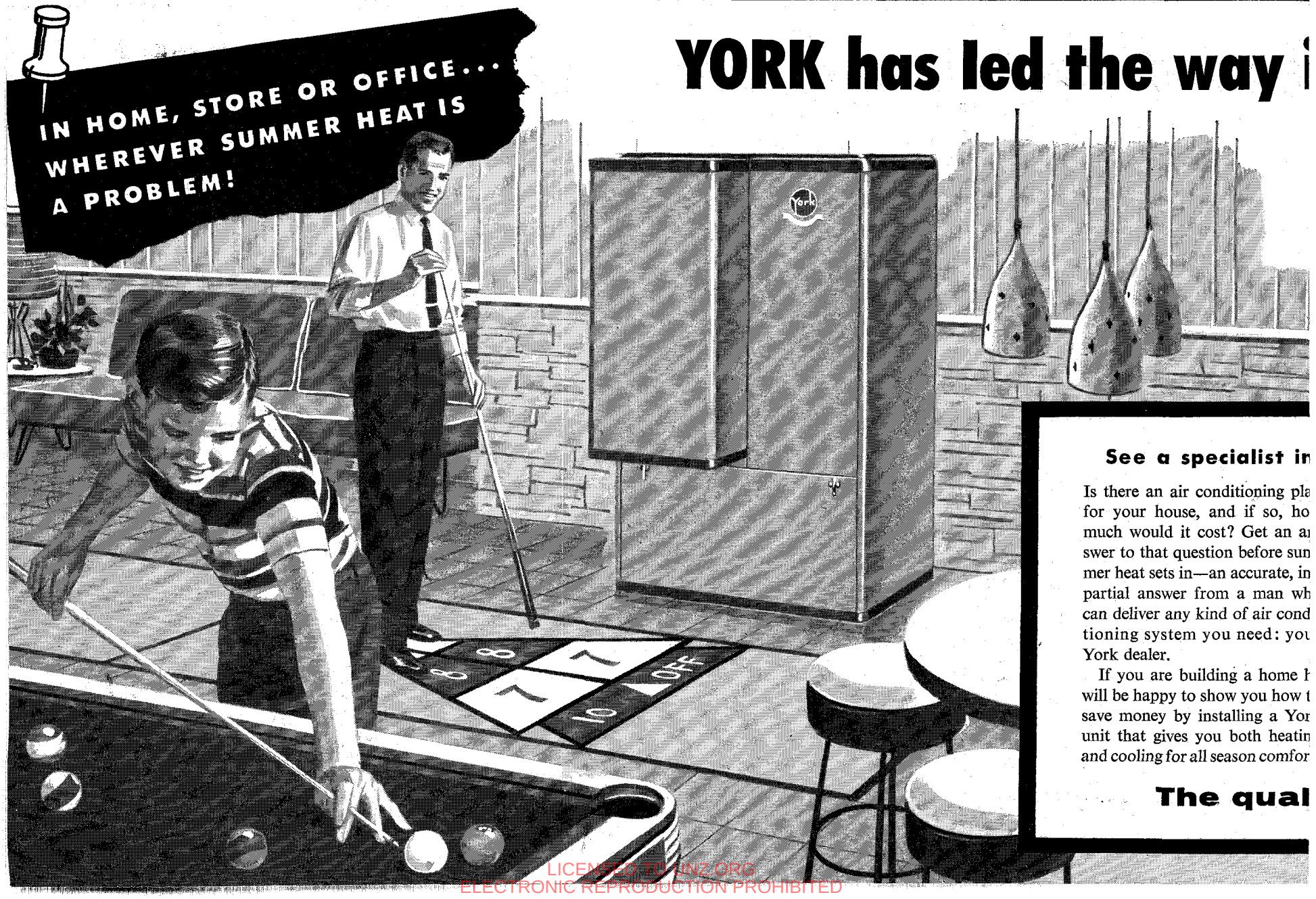
The hostess herself was a surprise. All the hostesses, selected by former airline stewardess Frances Randall, are required to be pretty, about five feet four inches tall, and single. Maureen Caine, very trim in a uniform of company crimson, was no exception. But her precise English diction led to questions. Yes, she said, she was English and had been in America only three months. She had been lucky, learning about this job, attending the training school, and here she was having a fine time in a job she liked. She was a little wide-eyed about the States—so much to see and so much hurry, but she was learning pretty fast, talking to the passengers, who invariably had been nice to her. And would we like some magazines to read? Or more coffee and doughnuts? She was amused because most people hesitated less to ask for a second serving than for a first. She guessed they were relieved to find that there was no charge for anything.

Maureen's attention was pleasantly distracting, and the first stop, an hour and fifteen minutes out of Dallas, was suddenly upon us. Driver John Boyce took time out for his first smoke and chucklingly admitted that he was impressed with Maureen's English voice over the speaker system. He was a spruce young veteran wheelman, with a responsibility akin to that of a ship captain, but with some real differences. Drivers are basically important to the trip, and as a result account for a third of the mileage expense, at salaries of about $500 monthly. But they are also subject to the unerring watchmanship of a little flat wheel of paper covered with automatically recorded ink marks. This is a tachometer record of their performance, and it is both a restraint and an aid.

The "tachs" of each trip are stored in division headquarters files, and they tell a minute story of the bus progress. While they tend to keep the driver within legal speed limits—the record shows any excess and where it occurred—they also are a perfect defense against false accusations of speeding. The company will support to the hilt any driver whose tach record supports him. This is only one precaution leading to better driving. Training and a general upgrading in the human qualities of drivers since the war have steadily dropped the rate of intercity bus mishaps at a time when traffic has been increasing. For 1955 the National Association of Motor Bus Operators reports fatal bus accidents of all kinds at one third of the railroad or private automobile and taxi rate per 100,000,000 passsenger miles.

Continental has a well-populated club of drivers who have experienced no chargeable accident in 1,000,000 miles of driving and is about to form a 2,000,000-mile club. John Boyce is one of these spotless veterans, and a good-natured one. But he is perhaps best known for his performance on the one occasion when a 5-Star hostess failed to show up on schedule and could not be reached before the bus had to depart. Boyce left with about thirty passengers and when he reached open country pulled into a side road, stopped and made an announcement over the loud-speaker.

"Folks," he said, "I know I'm no substitute for a pretty young hostess, but she just didn't make it, so I'm going to tell you about a game you all can play without her. It's called raiding the icebox, and here's the way it goes." Boyce then proceeded to the miniature kitchen, explained about the cups and trays and snacks and ice and hot coffee and invited everyone aboard to help himself whenever he felt like it. For the rest of the trip, while the larder was being emptied,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he made cracks about the scenery, the state of the nation, the performance of the bus and passing traffic. The passengers debarked in Houston in high humor, and not a few of them shook his hand as they left.

Few bus trips are without some funny little incident. On a return into Dallas our team was driver Bert Wayne and hostess Bobba Salmon, of Commerce, Texas. Wayne, also a veteran, was a little older and quieter than Boyce. Bobba was small and pretty, with enormous deep-brown eyes. The company customarily relieves drivers and hostesses at different places or in different cities to preclude development of friendships that might interfere with their respective duties, but while they are aboard they work as a team. We were about to witness a small heroic example of their co-operation.

Bert Wayne, in a stretch of open Texas, suddenly signaled Hostess Salmon and pointed a finger at the front windshield. Bobba reported up front and peered at the windshield. Passengers, alerted to something unusual, presumably on the landscape ahead, tried to discover what was so interesting out there. We drew some very wide and erroneous conclusions. The truth was that a bumblebee had penetrated our stainless-steel-and-glass shell and was clinging to the inside of the windshield. Wayne was pointing at it. He wanted something done about it. So Bobba Salmon reached down, pulled off her shoe and smote the bee. She returned up the aisle, smilingly acknowledging the ripple of laughter. We had a cup of pineapple juice to celebrate.

In a bus the size of a boxcar there is little question that the presence of an attentive hostess, the ability to move around a bit, wash up, order a touch of food or drink and listen to music makes the travel confinement a good deal easier and the atmosphere clubbier. There is less sleeping on the luxury runs, less feeling of being anchored to one seat for the duration. The added comfort is both mental and physical, and worth the modest extra fare.

Maurice Moore is earnestly banking on the sales appeal of this elevation in bus service. "I don't care," he said, "if someone invents six different classes of transportation quality. The modern intercity bus has an equal potentiality for service."

But neither Moore nor Continental nor anyone else has been able to do more than take advantage of the basic forces in over-the-highway travel. The shift in the character of bus travel has been irresistible, and in one sense even the advent of luxury service is merely following the change. Briefly, the intercity bus business has been moving from short-haul to long-haul. Not long ago the bus with a route of, say, 300 miles carried few through passengers. Rather it filled and emptied and filled again with people traveling a fraction of the total distance. The very nature of this transport meant slow schedules and encouraged small, often delinquent concessionaire stopping places. But the private automobile has been fast eating up this short-haul business—it now accounts for nearly 90 per cent of all intercity travel. Suburbs, moving out from cities, have transformed what used to be small-town stops into city-served commutation areas. In the last ten years the average length of an intercity bus rider's trip has increased roughly 40 per cent, to sixty-three miles.

The impact on the intercity bus of better roads, freeways and toll roads has been beneficial in every way—and definitely in the direction of longer trips. Turnpikes in some cases have enabled express buses to equal and better railroad schedules. Continental's very successful experience on the Kansas Turnpike and the California freeways has been eye-opening. Moore points to the near revolution in bus travel between Washington, Philadelphia and New York, occasioned by the New Jersey Turnpike in conjunction with the Port Authority Bus Terminal on Manhattan Island. "The better the roads the better our schedules. It remains only for us to provide comfort, convenience and top-grade surroundings aboard the proper type of vehicle, which is what we have already started to do."

Continental is irrevocably attached to and dependent upon the roads on which it covers 47,000 route miles with 2000 vehicles. The addition of fifty new German luxury buses will not immediately nor profoundly affect this basic transportation operation. But it will enlarge the effort to cut a bigger slice of available intercity traffic. Moreover, this bit of assertiveness in the industry is part of the cure for an inferiority complex. It will help dilute and reverse the industry's former obsession with providing the cheapest intercity travel. And about time, too, for the sake of the industry's pocketbook, since its fare increases in the postwar era have fallen far behind the general increase in the cost of living.

It is quite possible that the industry, through the new luxury type of service and appointments in modern rest-room-equipped vehicles, will move into a distinct Pullman class of travel on the highway. At least the start is in this direction, and in Continental's case it appears far more important than one other whimsical venture into a tonier field that the company accomplished.

This other, and minor, venture was undertaken two years ago when the company, trying to upgrade terminal restaurant facilities, took over its own restaurants at Dallas, among other places. There happened to be a tempting little corner of the Interurban Building Terminal that Maurice Moore couldn't resist. So the company opened it as the Continental Room, complete with heavily carpeted floors, white tablecloths and copper service vessels. Luncheon in this room will easily run three dollars or more for a meal served with a wine list. It was so good that gourmet institutions began hiring away the chefs.

It still makes no money, but Moore believes the company gets good shock value out of it as a conversation piece. Because now a mischievous Dallasite, wishing to upset a visitor expecting a good meal in nice surroundings, can casually suggest that they run over to the bus station for lunch.

The bus station for lunch? Imagine that. It is a little like seeing Homburgs and dispatch cases out on the roads where the rascally jitneys used to brawl.

THE END

Parents' Progress

We used to wash his hands
for him,
But, now that he is not so
small,
He scrubs his own,
unhelped, while we
Just wash the sink, the
soap, the wall.

By Luke Neely

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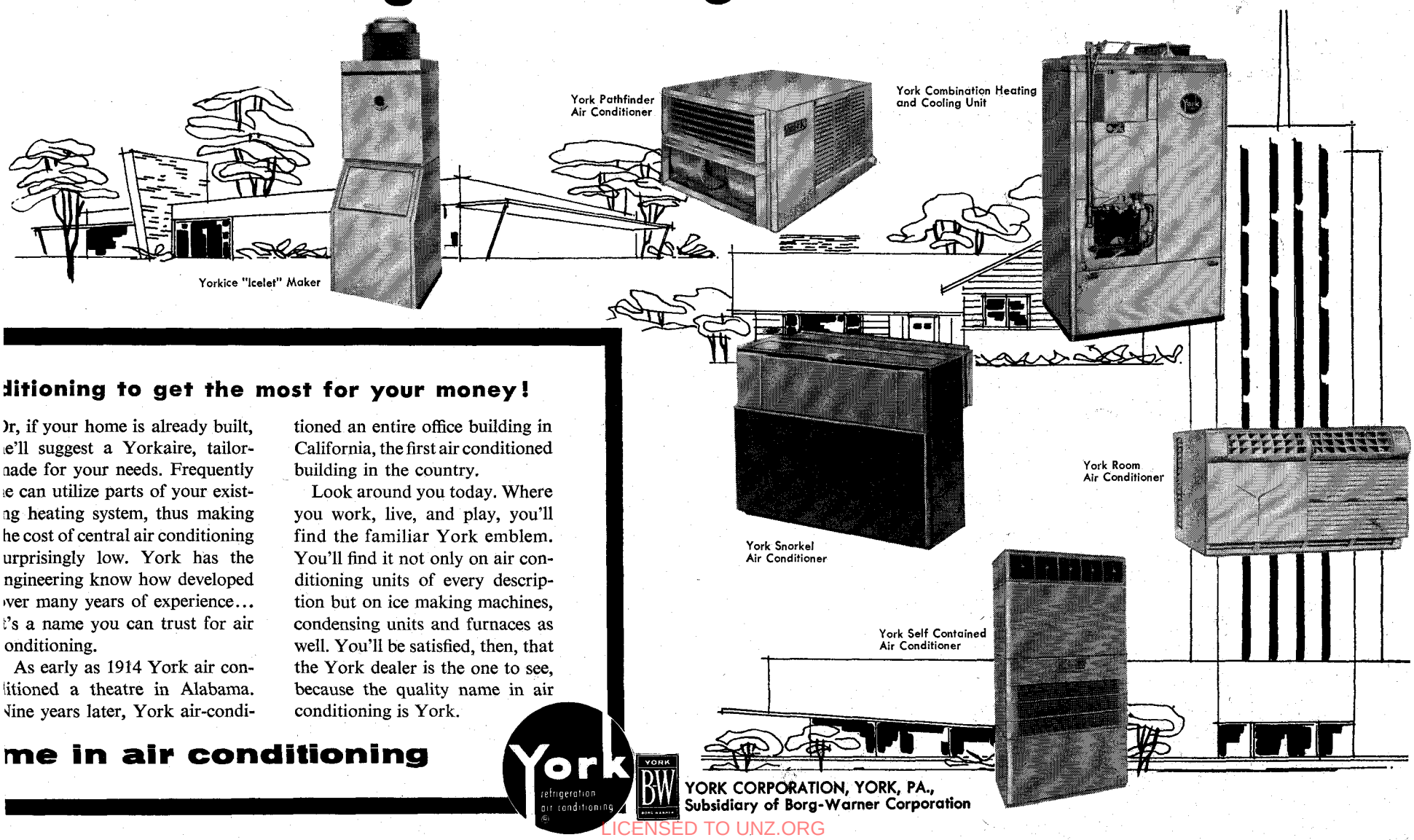
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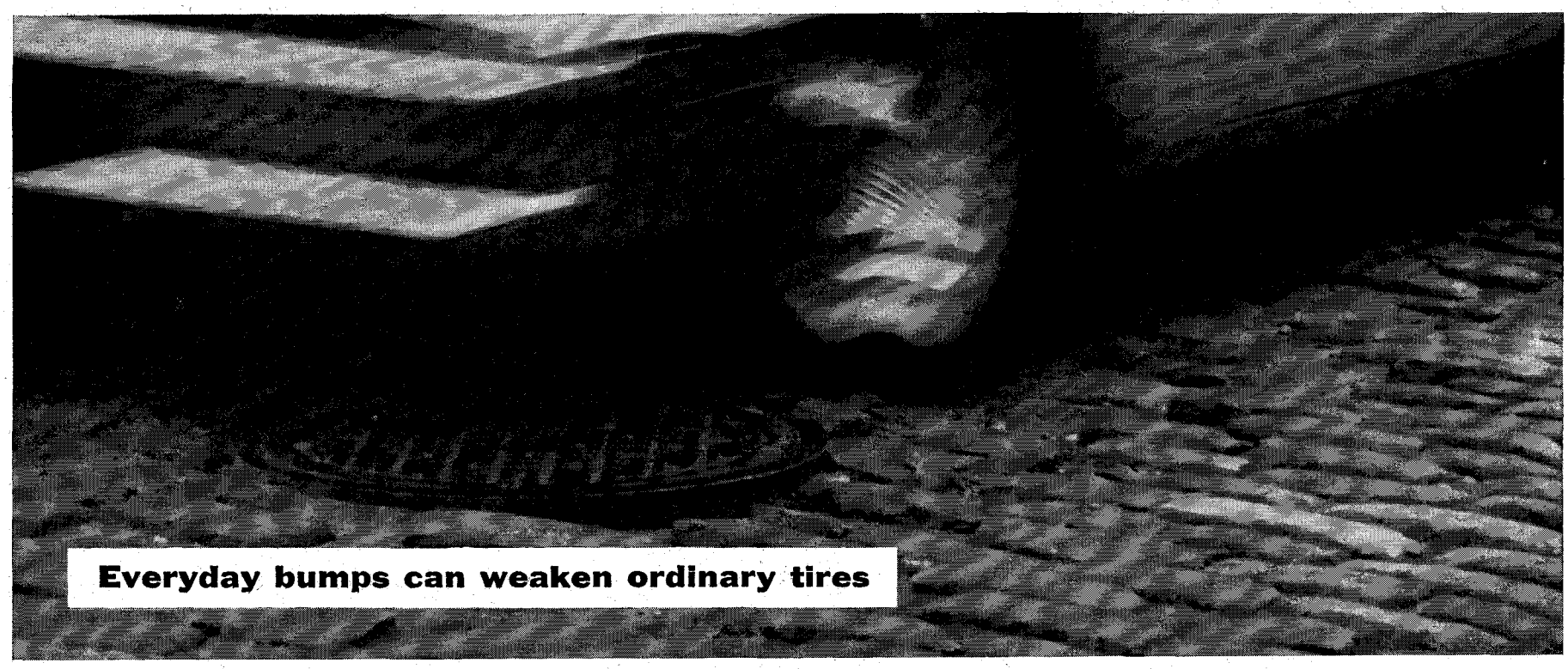

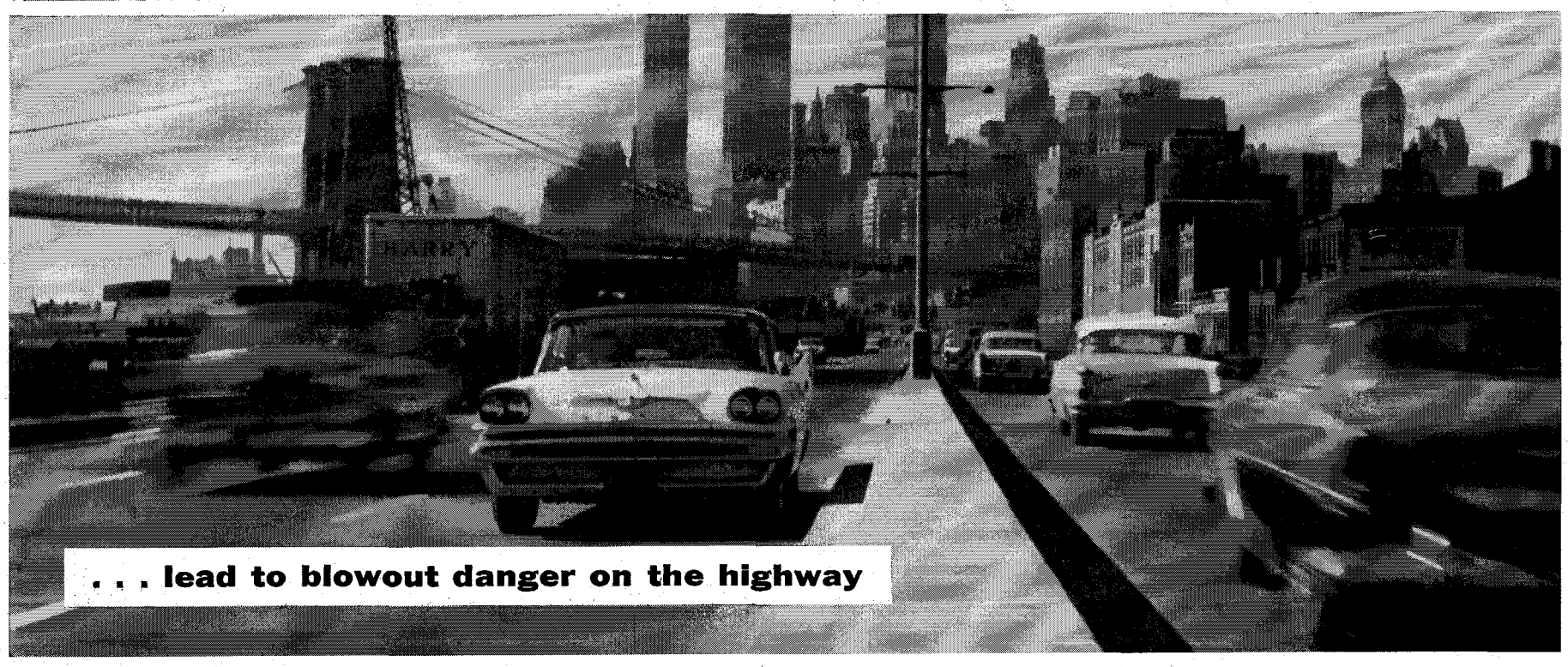

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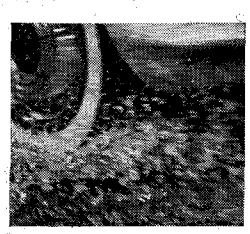
Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

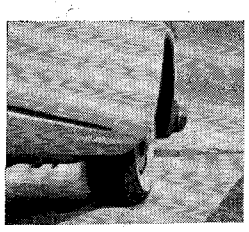
NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS

1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.



2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.

3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance, but also makes cooler-running tires.

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The Burma Surgeon Carries On

(Continued from Page 29)

Burma in those days. Preaching was supposed to be a missionary's job; medicine was just a sideline. Since then, the missionaries' role has changed. Most missionaries are now on a "mission of service" as doctors, teachers and agricultural experts. Seagrave was ahead of his times. He eventually cut his ties with the American Baptist Mission, at the cost of great mental suffering; he has not been inside the church, located near his house, in two and a half years. I asked if he thought of himself as a missionary.

"Not in the evangelical sense," he said. "I believe you should take your beliefs and show them to people. If they like them, they take them. If they don't, they don't take them. That's O.K., but no pressure. I do not believe in using a hospital as an instrument for forcing patients to listen to your brand of religion. My mission is to treat all these hill people, people who mistrust Western medicine, and make them well."

"But you hold chapel services every morning," I said.

"Certainly," he said quickly. "I believe in religion, but I don't believe in childishness."

"Do you believe the Lord is present in your works?"

"Oh, absolutely. I had an operation on for Tuesday. The patient was the wife of the second most important man in the Shan State government. It was a ghastly thing, removing a cancer which in America would have been called inoperable. Another hospital turned her away and said they couldn't do anything. I knew it would tax me to the utmost. I called on Rosabelle to pray in chapel that morning. If I know I have something difficult ahead, I just call on a girl who will pray."

The doctor's son, Weston, was sitting with us. "Someone with the ear of the Lord," he said.

"That's it," the doctor went on. "If I choose a girl who is not sincere, everything will go wrong. Look at Rosabelle. In that prayer she specifically mentioned me and that woman in that ghastly condition. She didn't know which nurses would be called on to assist, but she mentioned the ones I chose, including herself."

Namhkam is more than a hospital; it is also a training school for nurses. Rosabelle is one of the students, and it is in the training of these girls that Seagrave has shown his genius.

He was not the first Baptist medical missionary at Namhkam. Dr. Robert Harper had been there many years before him. But the place was still remote when Seagrave arrived in 1922, with only his wife, a Karen doctor and a girl with one year's training as his entire staff. He decided to train his own nurses—to take simple hill girls who did not even know what modern medicine was and turn them into first-class medical assistants.

Seagrave wanted girls who would not let their education go to their heads. They had to learn to scrub floors, clean bedpans, wash a patient's clothes and cook his food—this in a country where even a poor and uneducated man often thinks it beneath his dignity to do menial work for others. In short, Seagrave was proposing to take ordinary hill girls and make them over in his image. As a religious man, he had a source of strength that ordinary people lack. But how could he transmit his sense of dedication to his pupils? To a casual observer, it might seem impossible. Yet love for mankind is contagious and works great wonders.

You can't be impersonal with Seagrave. He showers kindness on you, but at the same time he makes demands of you. He expects you to be better than you think you are. If you fall below his expectations, he is apt to lose his temper. However, he never gets angry with his nurses. He is stern with them at times, but never angry. They call him "daddy," and he treats them like daughters.

One night a week he has open house, and any girl can come over to play cards or Monopoly. On Saturday nights Seagrave joins the girls in the study hall for movies, which are supplied by the United States Information Service or the British Information Service. On Sunday nights the entire school and staff, except for those on hospital duty, come over to his house and sing hymns: Rock of Ages; Onward, Christian Soldiers; Abide With Me—and they sing every verse.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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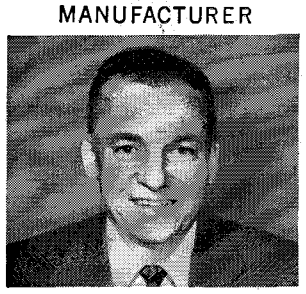

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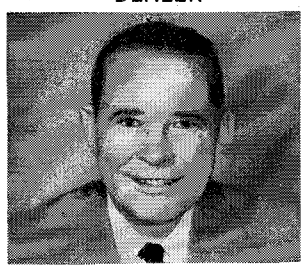

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CUSTOMER

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Every Friday afternoon, rain or shine, all except a duty staff at the hospital turn out to play baseball. They play with as many as twenty-five girls on a side, and most of them are scared of the ball; it is hilarious to watch. But the game gives the girls a healthy excuse to run and shout, and helps them to work as a team.

It is only because these girls feel wanted and loved that they are willing to endure the terrible work load. Namhkam has only one other doctor at present, Dr. O. B. Silgardo. The hospital is run almost entirely by staff nurses and students. The school conducts a four-year course, including one year of postgraduate training in midwifery. Each staff nurse, who is on call twenty-four hours a day, has working under her a group of girls drawn from the four training classes. The staff nurse is in actual charge during the day. On the evening and night shifts a fourth-year girl is in charge of a ward or a department.

The trainees rotate on the various shifts and duties, so that by the time a girl has finished her third year and is ready for the government examinations, she has supplemented her textbook knowledge by actual experience with thousands of patients.

All the girls begin to observe operations from the first year. Second- and third-year girls act as surgical assistants, holding retractors and sponging incisions. Nurses even sew up a patient after Seagrave completes an operation.

During my stay I observed an operation requiring two simple incisions. After the doctor had made the first cut, a nurse did the sewing necessary before he started the second. Seagrave sat down and, smoking a cigarette which he held in sterilized forceps, explained why he permits such an unorthodox procedure.

"There are several reasons," he said. "It lets the doctor get some rest between a series of difficult operations. It familiarizes the nurses with the use of instruments and with the difficulty a doctor meets in surgery. Finally, it gives them confidence; of course, the girl we choose is one we know can do the job correctly."

It is not easy for two doctors to manage a 250-bed hospital and a nursing school with about eighty trainees. The work is divided so that Doctor Seagrave devotes most of his attention to the training school, while Doctor Silgardo does most of the work in the hospital. A third man, Dr. Ai Lun, is now in the United States for postgraduate training. Doctor Lun, a Burmese whom Seagrave put through school, will eventually return to Namhkam and resume his position as medical superintendent and surgeon.

But even three doctors are hardly sufficient; the girls must be trained to do more than ordinary nursing. Specifically, they are being trained to work in Upper Burma, where doctors are few and conditions hard. Upon graduation, most of them are snapped up for government service, particularly by the Burmese Army. Experience has shown that hill girls who are sent to Rangoon for training can learn to become good nurses there too. But they also learn to like big-city comforts, and won't return to Upper Burma to work.

The fierce pace of Seagrave's life, as well as his personal tragedies, have left their mark. His wife returned to the United States at the beginning of the second World War. He saw her again when he went home for two long lecture tours in 1947 and 1948, but they have lived apart ever since. She now resides in McDonogh, Maryland, outside Baltimore. Seagrave is only sixty years old, but he seems to be more than seventy. His hair is white. His chest is sunken and his back is bent. He walks slowly and deliberately. He has frequently suffered from malaria and dysentery, and these attacks have weakened his heart.

The war years brought him fame, and in 1945 he returned to Namhkam with great dreams for the future. His early postwar years were happy, but then came the bitter months of 1950–51, when Seagrave was accused of treason. He was arrested at a time when the newly independent government of Burma was hard-pressed by Karen rebels. Dr. Ba Saw, his chief assistant, was a Karen; so were twenty-four of his nurses. Naw Seng, who assumed command of the rebellion in Upper Burma, got control of the Namhkam area. He was driven out after a battle during which Seagrave risked his life trying to stop the fighting.

When Naw Seng withdrew, Ba Saw and one nurse left with him. Later, Naw Seng returned and demanded Ba Saw's instruments and medical supplies. Seagrave was forced to comply, although he gave only a small part of the medicines that were demanded.

Months passed, and distorted reports of what had happened seeped back to Rangoon. It was easy to believe that Seagrave had interfered in Burma's internal affairs. Certain statements made by Seagrave and his friends were taken out of context or misquoted; the evidence seemed strong. He was arrested on August 15, 1950, and brought to Rangoon.

The one time that candlelight does not flatter a woman is when it shines from her birthday cake.

DAN BENNETT

Seagrave had always loved two nations, America and Burma, and to have one of them apparently turn against him was a crushing blow. A former Supreme Court Justice of Burma and three leading attorneys volunteered to conduct his defense at no cost. Still, it seemed to Seagrave that the world was against him. He was under arrest for five months, six weeks of which he spent in jail. He was then found guilty on two counts and sentenced to six years at hard labor. He almost died when he heard the verdict. He went back to jail—this time living in the warden's house. His friends managed to keep a spark of hope alive in him. On appeal, the High Court reversed one count and reduced the sentence to time already served.

Seagrave's courage returned. The American Embassy wanted him to leave the country, but he was determined to clear his name. In November, 1951, he won complete acquittal from the Burmese Supreme Court. By standing his ground, Seagrave performed a great service for the United States. If he had followed the advice of American officials in Rangoon, and had left Burma while still considered guilty, Communists throughout Asia would have been able to point to him as an example of an American spy.

The Burmese are a warm-hearted people. After Seagrave was exonerated he was allowed to return to Namhkam, although the Burmese could have asked him, as a foreigner, to stay away from the politically ticklish Red China border. But he returned, with the quiet determination to die as he had lived, serving the hill people of Upper Burma.

They came out in thousands to cheer him. "The old man is back!" they shouted. (*Continued on Page 114*)

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Drivers get set to "hit the road" with the first of the 1000 new Power Giants ordered by Ryder System, Inc.

"We picked these Dodge Power Giants to give our truck-lease customers the finest hauling and delivery operation at lowest cost", James Ryder (right), president of Ryder System, Inc., tells Lee F. Desmond, vice president in charge of sales for Dodge.

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(*Continued from Page 112*) When the cheering subsided there was hard work to be done. Namhkam was in poor condition. The nursing school had practically closed down and there had been looting; even bedpans were stolen.

His day still begins at 5:30 A.M., when, over a meager breakfast, he studies the night nurses' reports and attends to office details. At 7:30 he gets into a battered 1947 touring car, which sometimes doubles as an ambulance, and drives to the nursing home for chapel. The service is held in the same bare room where he teaches classes. The students sit on hard wooden benches, and the doctor and staff nurses in charge of departments sit facing them. Behind their heads hang anatomical diagrams.

Attendance at chapel is not compulsory, although Seagrave drops sarcastic remarks if many of the Christian girls are absent. The Buddhist girls always attend; it is something new to them and they like the singing. Chapel starts with a silent prayer and then a hymn, followed by mass reading of the Bible.

By eight o'clock Bibles and hymnals are cleared away, and most of the students and nurses go to the hospital or to nearby classes. Seagrave remains where he is and begins teaching. In the next room a beginners' class gets under way. A staff nurse takes up a pamphlet in English, and sits with her back half turned to the class so that the girls can see the pages. Pointing to each word, the nurse-tutor reads slowly in Burmese. The girls have similar pamphlets, and as the tutor reads they interline their books with translations of the difficult words, continually glancing up to make sure they are looking at the same word as the tutor.

Between eight and eleven o'clock, Seagrave teaches four classes of forty-five minutes each. Immediately afterward, he goes to the outpatient department. Most of the patients are seen by Doctor Silgardo, but some are referred to Seagrave. On some days he operates at this time. He has performed more than 30,000 operations in his career.

He rests after lunch, and then teaches an English class from 2:30 to 4:00 P.M. In addition to the hospital and nursing school at Namhkam, there is an elementary and high school with 330 pupils. Some of the hospital staff double as teachers. Weston Seagrave, who is in charge of the mechanical side of the hospital, also teaches science classes; he has a B.S. degree in physics.

From 4:30 to 5:00 P.M. the doctor visits the private patients, from whom the hospital gets most of its meager funds. From 5:00 to 7:00 P.M. he operates or sees outpatients; at times he does not get home for dinner until 8:00 P.M. or later. Four nights of the week are taken up with the movies, or hymn singing, or entertaining the nurses. On the three other nights he reads or goes over details of hospital maintenance with his son. The hospital has to make its own electricity, and the small generator is overloaded to the point of collapse.

The hospital telephone system was originally installed by a Burmese office clerk, who was guided only by intuition and a book of instructions. Weston is in the process of redoing it.

The lights go out at 10:00 P.M. when the generator is shut down to conserve fuel, and then the doctor reads himself to sleep by the light of a pressure lamp. At the same time the lights of tiny candles flicker in the nurses' quarters as the girls go over their lessons. They must work hard. At 6:30 in the morning you find the first-year girls down on their hands and knees, scrubbing the hospital corridors. Once I visited the cooking hut, where two cooks prepare huge caldrons of rice and curry, and found a second-year nurse preparing food over a little fire of her own. It was not for herself; one of the patients had asked for a special dish.

They remain cheerful. When you pass them, they show a shy smile. They are like little flowers, about five feet tall and weighing from 80 to 110 pounds at the most. It takes six of them to lift a man on a stretcher, and they make a game of it, twittering like birds.

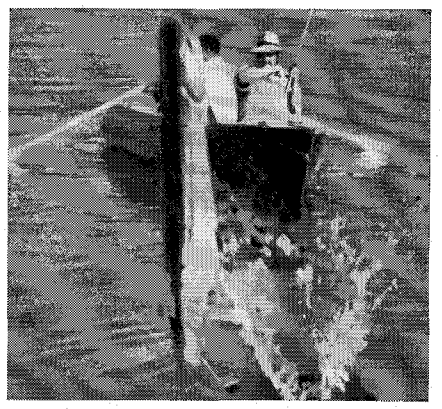
The girls wear white blouses and colored *longyis*—wrap-around skirts that reach to their ankles. You can classify a girl by the color of her *longyi:* dark blue for the first year, red for the second, green for the third, pink for the fourth, and light blue for the staff nurses. They never wear make-up and their black, shiny hair is tied in a severe knot at the back of their heads.

Doctor Silgardo, who was trained in the United States, sees a difference between American and Namhkam nurses. He said, "If you had an examination and give fifty-fifty marks, what American nurses would win on technical superiority our girls would win on sheer humanity." But this does not mean that Namhkam girls are not well-trained. One Namhkam nurse is presently a supervisor at Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital in Jersey City, while another works in the operating room of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, with Dr. Isidor Ravdin, who gave surgical assistance to Maj. Gen. Heaton when he performed the ileitis operation on President Eisenhower.

It is love for humankind that makes Namhkam what it is. The buildings are squat and utilitarian because Seagrave is not interested in outward beauty; he wants a place where sick people can be made well. If someone donated money to hire a grounds keeper, Seagrave would use it to buy medicine.

(*Continued on Page 117*)

Dr. Gordon Seagrave supervises a Burmese student nurse as she sews up an incision after an operation at the Namhkam hospital.



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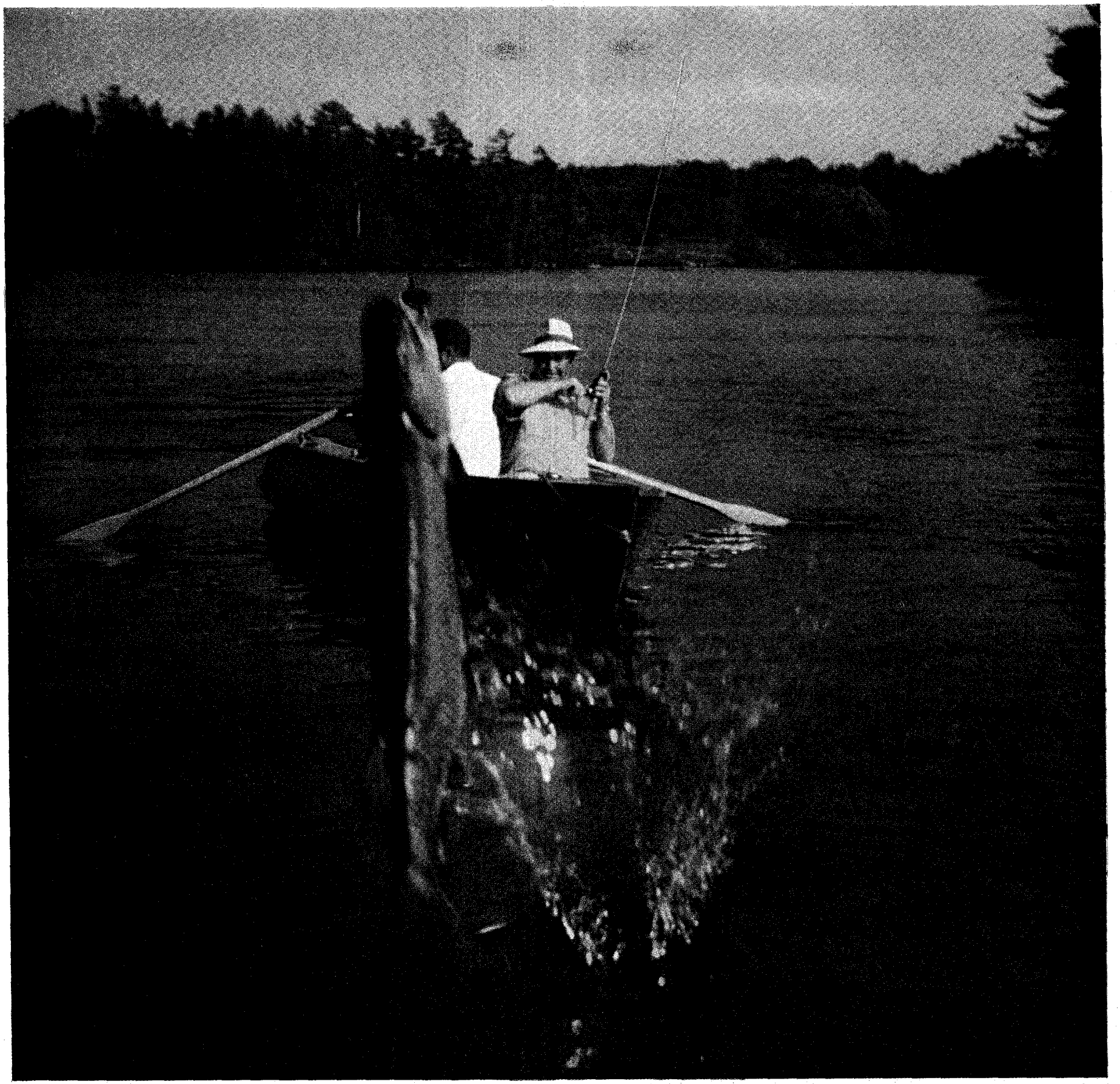

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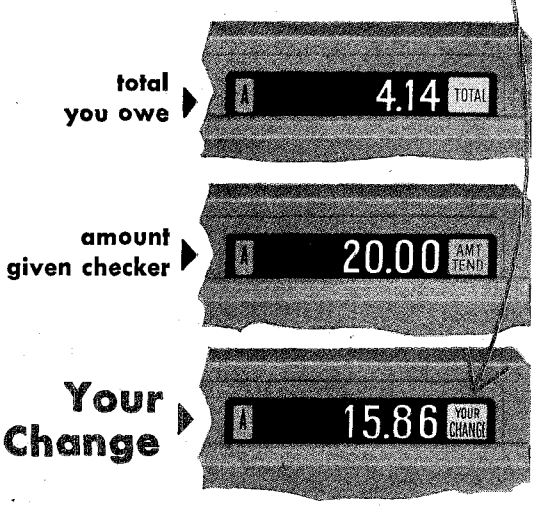
"They show, at the top of the register (and on the receipt) that every step of the sale is handled correctly —price charged for each item, kind of merchandise, total purchased, tax (if any), money or check given checker, and *EXACT CHANGE DUE CUSTOMERS.* The receipt also shows our store name and address, and date of purchase.

"Mistakes are eliminated in figuring change... cash shortages at the end of the day are reduced to the absolute minimum ... service is speeded up ... and, best of all, the new National registers build customer confidence and good will.

"We have purchased 1,700 of these new registers and plan to install 500 more in the 95 new National Food Stores to be opened in 1957. We estimate that, through savings and other benefits, these new Nationals *return more than their cost every year, giving us better than 100% annual return on our investment.*"

H V McNamara

President, National Tea Co., Home office—Chicago



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(*Continued from Page 114*) As it is, money is always a nagging problem. No patient is handed a bill. When one is discharged, "Grandma" Naomi, the matron, explains how much the treatment cost in terms of medicine. She asks if the patient can contribute even more for use in helping others. "Grandma" doesn't collect any money; she merely says the donation box can be found near the main entrance. It is up to the patient to give as much as he chooses. Some only give food for other patients.

The hospital has no permanent source of income, other than donations from patients, which amounted last year to about $44,000. For the past two years the hospital has received an annual grant of $21,000 from the government of Burma for capital expenditures, such as buildings and equipment. Sometimes Seagrave borrows money from his staff to meet current bills, hoping to find money later to repay them.

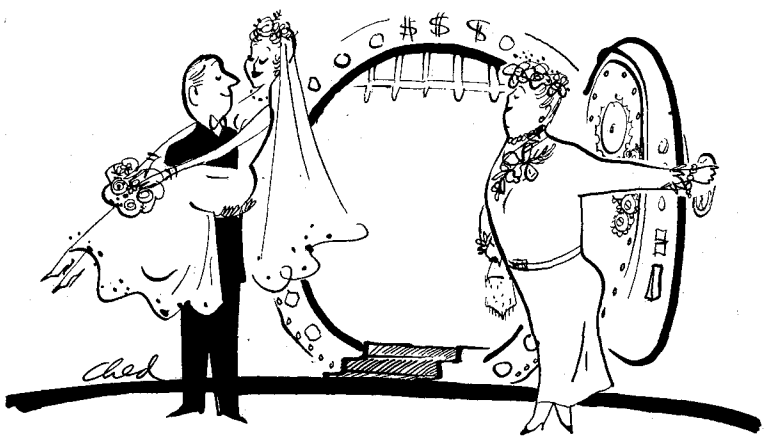
He has also received aid from the American Medical Center for Burma, which is his sponsor now that he is no longer connected with the American Baptist Mission. The Medical Center, which is backed by American Army officers who knew Seagrave during the war and by some of Seagrave's Johns Hopkins schoolmates, has donated $35,000 in the four years since the surgeon got out of jail.

About half of the nurses in the school are supported by American Fulbright scholarships. Some of the others pay their own way. Many are maintained by money from the hospital funds, which are also used to help run the elementary and high school. Seagrave's salary is less than $100 a month and he buys his own food. Weston Seagrave gets no pay at all. Instead, he pays for the food he eats.

Patients in the hospital sleep on wooden beds. Anesthetics are administered by hand. Instruments are sterilized by boiling them over an open fire. There is no water supply in the operating room, so the doctors and nurses wash out of basins. There is not even a cystoscope, to say nothing of the hundreds of other aids, large and small, that hospitals consider basic necessities.

Yet, as poor as it is, Namhkam is famous as one of the best hospitals in Burma. Highly placed Burmese who can afford the ample facilities and comparative luxury of the Rangoon General Hospital still travel all the way to Namhkam for treatment. Apart from the surgery—and Seagrave is a famous surgeon—there is a feeling of hope and love in the place.

On my last day at Namhkam, the doctor discharged a little Chinese boy. Several weeks earlier he had been brought to Namhkam on the point of death, wasted down to his bones. The doctor told the boy's father that he had little hope for his son's survival, but he would try his best. He operated, and still felt that it was too late. But day by day the boy grew stronger and eventually he recovered. As he left, he put a carton of cigarettes in Seagrave's hands and walked away with a huge smile on his face. The doctor looked after him thoughtfully for a moment, and went back to his other patients. He said nothing. What could he say? In these days, no one believes in miracles. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Wealthy grandpa left $500,000 for each of his granddaughters who married with her mother's consent. Rebellious Rose, who valued her young heart at more than a half million, married without consent and got not a dime. Divorcing her first husband, Rose married again without her mother's approval. Divorced anew, she picked for her third bridegroom a man whom her mother approved. Whereupon Rose asked for her $500,000. When the other granddaughters objected, she sued.

"Grandpa didn't say which marriage had to have mother's consent," Rose pointed out. "This time I married with consent, and that settles it."

"When Rose married the first time without mamma's approval, she lost her right to the money forever," the others argued.

If you were the judge, would you give Rose the half million?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Rose got her half million. The court reasoned that grandpa intended to withhold his generosity only for as long as Rose failed to marry with her mother's approval. It said the third marriage, being approved, entitled her to the money.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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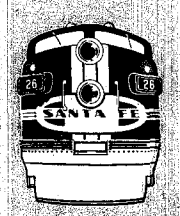

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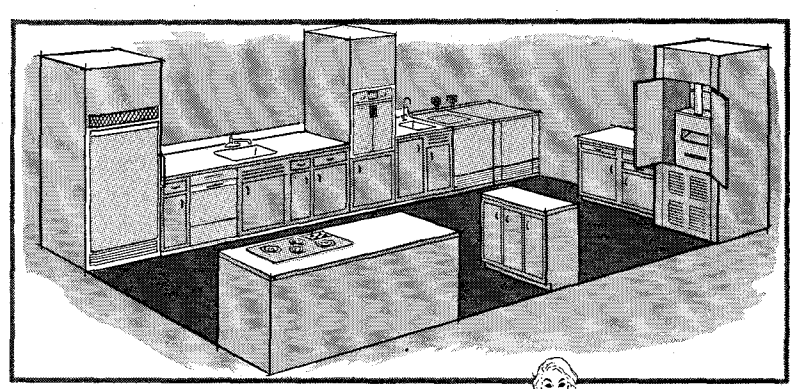

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I Call on Bing Crosby

(Continued from Page 39)

like to sound off about in print. If there was, I said I'd fly West, and we could wrap it up in a tape-recording session. He'd told me that he could think of nothing special he wanted to gab about, so reluctantly I'd given up. "If you ever get a slant on anything you want to talk about, let me know," I suggested.

"Slant me a few slants from time to time, Pedro," he'd said, "and we'll see."

Now I had come to Palm Springs to talk to him about such current entertainment phenomena as Elvis Presley, rock and roll, Frank Sinatra, Ed Sullivan and Harry Belafonte. If he wanted to add a few subjects of his own to this list, it was fine with me.

"Let's begin with rock and roll," I said. "For instance, why is it causing rioting in the streets in London?"

"Before I answer," Bing said, "let's talk about what rock and roll is. It's really a new name for an old musical medium. Years ago they called this kind of music 'race records.' By that they didn't mean Negro music; they just meant blues. Then gradually, the name changed to rhythm and blues; now it's called rock and roll."

I said that at least it must have been a new beat.

"No," Bing said, "the beat's old too. It's a rolling bass repeated over and over under a blues melody. Maybe the beat is accentuated a little more; maybe those who play it put in more variations on their rolling bass. They always have their right hand high up on the piano, playing triplicates as fast as they can. It's got a flavoring of boogie, but it always has that basic rolling-bass pattern. If you try to say the beat in words, it comes out 'shoo-bee-doo-bee-doo.'"

"The dance called rock and roll must be a more recent development," I said.

"I can't help you much with the dance part," Bing said. "I've seen kids do it, but I don't know exactly what they're doing, although I know they're mad for it. Actually, it looks like jitterbugging, only it's a little slower and it has a Latin movement from the hips down. Seems to me that they're rolling on the outside of their feet and bouncing around."

"A film called Don't Knock the Rock has become a national disease in England," I reminded him.

"I'm not sure that they know exactly why they're crazy about it over there," Bing said. "But the answer could be simple—it gives them an outlet for their pent-up emotions and energy. When a rock-rhythm section gets its beat going good, and its loud electric guitar thumping, it doesn't give up; it's inexorable. It gives off a beat so strong you can walk on it. After a while you start tapping your foot, and if you're young you want to dance."

"Not long ago," I said, "I met a high-school girl who told me that there were several versions of the dance. She mentioned at least four kinds of rock-and-roll steps to me—the Dirty Dog, the Sugar Foot, the Shuffle and the ballroom kind. 'The ballroom bit is smoother and doesn't jump around so much,' she said. 'In different parts of the country they shake their shoulders more, or they drop their shoulders or lift them. And, depending on where you live, there are different names for different kinds of rock-and-roll dances.'

"That high-school girl showed me a few steps," I went on. "She took her shoes off so she could do them properly. She seemed to do most of it with her feet."

Bing cocked a quizzical eye at me and said, "It depends on your age whether you think it's done with the feet or not. There are younger men who think that the important movements are done with other portions of the body. But the rock and roll as a dance is a trifle out of my age group too. Even my youthful son, Linney, is a mite too elderly to be an authority on it.

"Right now there's a growing yen for calypso," Bing told me. "Some of Harry Belafonte's records, such as the Banana Boat Song, have come up very fast. A lot of calypso records are being pressed, and if it continues to build, it'll soon be bigger than rock and roll.

"I heard calypso twenty-five years ago in Trinidad," Bing went on. "There they had great calypso-singing groups making up their songs as they went along. They all used practically the same melody, and they ad-libbed their lyrics like the old Irish come-all-ye's."

"What's an old Irish come-all-ye?" I asked.

Frank Sinatra (with Jeanne Crain): "If he likes you, he'll do anything for you," says Bing Crosby, "but if he doesn't he can be the most ornery cuss you've ever known."

"It's a song that usually started with the words 'Come all ye around if you want to hear, and listen to this tale'; then the singer would tell a story in song."

A bell rang in the back of my mind, and I thought of a song called Casey Jones. One version began: "Come all ye rounders if you want to hear a story about a brave engineer." It had never occurred to me that Casey Jones was an American come-all-ye.

I asked him if he'd seen Presley on television. He said that he had and he'd also seen him in person at Vegas when Elvis had opened there at the New Frontier Hotel.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"He's going to be a star in other fields than rock and roll," Bing said. "He has an appealing personality and he's a good-looking kid."

"Not to me, he doesn't appeal," I said. "I don't even think he sings good."

"He sings in tune and he's got good rhythm," Bing corrected me. "He hasn't developed enough voice to handle a ballad yet, but that will come in time if he keeps on yelling and screaming enough to develop strength in his diaphragm and lungs."

"That long, greasy-looking ducktail hairdo of his bothers me," I said.

"I don't like the sideburns, either," Bing said. "They went out with high-buttoned shoes; still, we mustn't be intolerant."

I was conscious of a soothing note in his voice and I said, "O.K., I'll try to keep my burners on simmer."

"Think back and you'll remember there have always been Elvis Presleys," Bing reminded me. "Only we called them drugstore cowboys or jelly beans."

"What are they called today?" I asked.

"In the business they're called hipsters," Bing said, "but I don't think the teen-agers call them that. Perhaps the teen-agers call them cats. You'll have to get Louis Armstrong to explain cats to you. Get him started on cool cats and he's good for a solid half hour of esoteric jazz argot so modern that I can't understand it myself."

I asked Bing what he thought of Presley's revolving hips and twitching pelvis. "Those things go with the throb of the big, booming electric guitars all rock-and-roll groups carry around with them," he said. "Although I'm inclined to think that Elvis exaggerates his reactions to that throb, he'll outgrow his grinds and bumps in time. When I saw him at the New Frontier he wasn't gyrating. He had an older audience; they weren't screaming and shrieking, so he worked straight."

"I've been told that young girls take off their bras and throw them up on the stage at him," I said.

"That's ridiculous, if true," Bing said. "I've never seen it. But after all, fifteen- and sixteen-year-old girls blew their stacks over Sinatra too. Frank had them steaming; and, before that, a man named Rudy Vallee engendered a lot of female hysteria. The psychology is pretty much the same. One kid will get a vicarious satisfaction out of carrying on and saying, 'I made more noise than you did. I practically collapsed.' And another comes back with, 'No, you didn't. I was much more excited than you. I was absolutely gone.' They like to brag about how hysterical they become. It's a form of showing off. They have a compulsion to say, 'I fell apart when he sang.' Elvis likes this reaction and he plays up to it."

He said thoughtfully, "I've never been able to evoke a demonstration of that kind when I appear. Generally I lull them. Elvis must be confusing to any number of women," Bing went on, "for at times he can't decide whether to go for the girls or for Western movies. Sammy Lewis, the producer at the New Frontier, was concerned about Elvis the day he opened there. Sammy had booked a big show with lots of acts behind Elvis, and he had Freddy Martin's band all lined up. Elvis appeared with his manager, Colonel Parker, a 1957 alchemist with an honorary Kentucky military rank—for the benefit of the untutored, an alchemist is an individual who knows how to change base metals into gold. Sammy told the colonel, 'I'll need Elvis this afternoon to rehearse. He's opening tonight, and he hasn't left himself much time.'

"'I'm afraid that will be impossible, Mr. Lewis,' the colonel said. 'You can't have him this afternoon. He's otherwise occupied.'

"'I've got to have him,' Sammy said. 'Where is he?'

"'He's found a movie theater that's showing four Westerns, one on top of the other,' the colonel said. 'He'll be there all day.'

"He was," Bing said. "Sammy never did get him to rehearse."

I asked Bing if teen-agers followed some kind of time schedule which led them from Elvis Presley, when they were fourteen, to another young singer, Pat Boone, when they were fifteen, to Belafonte when they were about sixteen.

Bing didn't think it could be pinpointed that sharply. "But speaking of Pat Boone," he said, "he is a different kind of singer. He sings a nice, quiet ballad. His pelvis doesn't jerk. He's married, he has three small daughters, and he attends Columbia University, in New York, where he has one more semester before he gets his degree. He has no sideburns, blue jeans or black leather jackets; he doesn't even own a motorcycle, much less four cars. He's different from Elvis in these things, although he has some sock-rock-and-roll records on the market. But primarily he's a straight singer. While we're on it, Pedro, anybody can sing rock and roll. Elvis has no monopoly on it; it's just that he's become identified with it."

He picked up a sheet of paper on which the lyrics of a new song were typed. "I'm going to cut this next week for Victor," he said. "Its music is by Jimmy Van Heusen; its words are by Sammy Cahn. We'll get Nelson Riddle to make an arrangement, and it will be done to a rock-and-roll beat. The idea behind the lyrics is that rock and roll is being overdone. I'll read them to you. You'll see what I mean.

"Seven nights a week you keep rockin';
seven nights a week you just go.
Not that I'm aknockin' rockin', but
whoa, baby, whoa.

"Seven nights a week you keep bouncin',
Someone throws a brawl and you'll
show.
Not that I'm denouncin' bouncin', but
whoa, baby, whoa.

"What do you say tonight we stay at
home and light a fire and just sit?
I'll hold you and you'll hold me and
we'll do the old romantic bit."

© 1957. Leo Feist, Inc.

"I hear that Pat Boone has signed a large television contract," I said. "And, beginning next September, he'll have his own show once a week."

"He'd better limit that steady TV stuff," Bing said. "Anybody who allows himself to appear on television once a week is out of his mind. If he wants to keep on working. Exposure like that will

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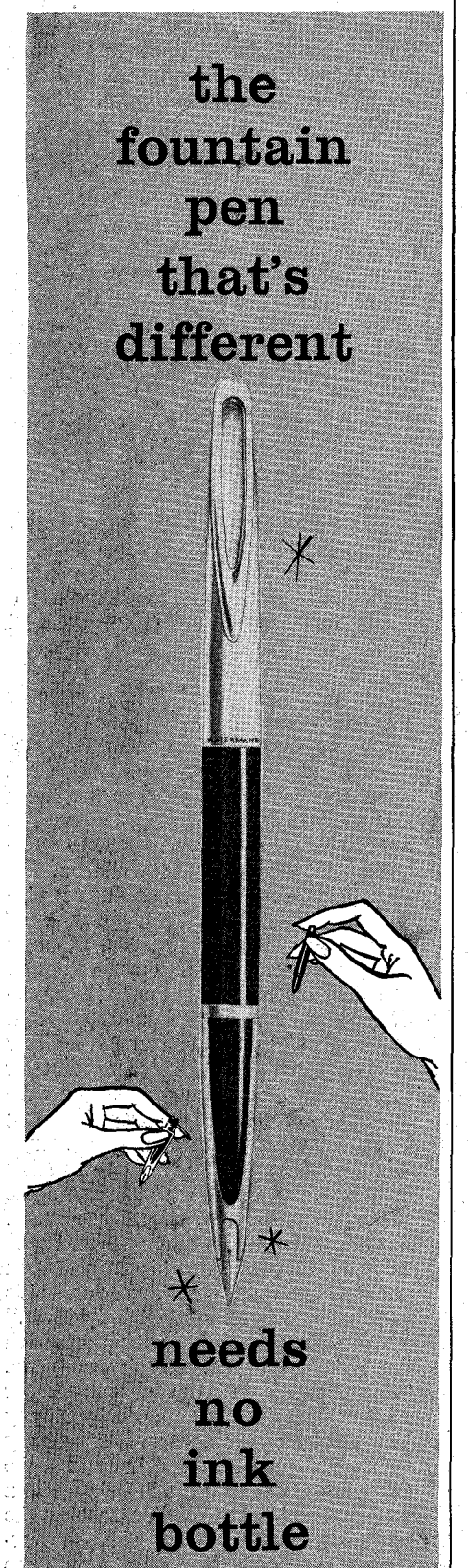

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devour him. It's not a question of becoming physically tired; it's a question of audiences becoming so used to his every gesture, his every nuance, his every tone that even if they love him they're not interested any more. The blackest cloud on television's horizon is shaped like a question mark. Where are they going to get the personalities and the material to feed it? It eats up both faster than they can be developed."

"Why did an entertainer last so much longer in radio?" I asked. "You ought to know."

"Because the public didn't see him," Bing told me. "He could create an illusion with sound effects and with music and with the sketches his comic writers wrote for him. The people who heard him took those illusions, ran them through their imaginations and came up with their own results. Being able to see an entertainer, the way you can on TV—in fact, being able to look right down his throat—rules out imagination. Nobody can do a television show every week in the year and keep it up as long as we kept it up on radio. A TV entertainer who does that has got to get hokey. He must do sloppy things because there isn't enough good material to go around.

"And another thing," Bing told me. "I didn't have the competition when I was a kid, singing on radio, that kid singers have today. A steady procession of youngsters is coming up and knocking off the tops.

"One day a youngster is on top as a singer," he explained. "The next day he's knocked off by someone who's produced a new sound. The recording managers are on a constant prowl for a new noise. If it's different, if it's odd, they leap at it and put it on wax."

"The other night when I had my auto radio turned on," I told Bing, "I heard Molly Malone being sung as a rock-and-roll number. Molly Malone has always been one of my favorites, but I'll never feel the same about it again."

He said that he could understand that. "If I really liked the song," he said, "I would find it offensive messed up by rock and roll. Put that rolling bass in there and keep repeating the triplicates with the right hand; and ring in a honky-tonk tenor saxophone and a double-loud electric guitar and you'd be machine-gunned if you sang it in Dublin with Elvis Presley overtones."

"It burned me when Elvis took the fine old song Aura Lee and changed it into Love Me Tender," I said. "I didn't see anything wrong with Aura Lee. I've looked it up and I know who wrote it, but I haven't been able to find anybody else who knows that a man named W. W. Fosdick wrote the words back in 1861."

"Elvis probably didn't know where that song came from himself," Bing told me. "After fifty-six years, the copyright on a song runs out. Aura Lee is in the public domain, and if somebody wants to give it new lyrics, he's entitled to do so. Only when someone hooks new lyrics on a classic, I always find myself hoping that they won't come out silly and sloppy."

"There wasn't anything sloppy or silly about the song you sang with Grace Kelly in High Society," I said.

"You mean True Love," Bing said. "That one is what's called a Moonlight Bay-type song, or a Sweetheart of Sigma Chi-type song. They tell me that True Love has a chance of becoming a standard. It is achieving a growing popularity at weddings and receptions. It's extremely simple, although it is by Cole Porter, who is one of our most sophisticated song writers.

"Cole fools you. You think of him in terms of beguines, yet he checks in with a Western-type song, Don't Fence Me In, which was a smash hit. Who would think he'd write that? He'd never written one like it in his life. I've often wondered where he got the feel of it. Maybe in the western portion of such beachheads of the French *haute cuisine* as New York's Le Pavillon and the Chambord. I can just see Cole sitting there munching a Western sandwich of caviar, chopped eggs and chopped onions on thin slices of crisp toast, instead of the more plebeian Western sandwich fashioned of scrambled eggs, chopped ham, onions and green peppers on white bread.

"Getting back to Elvis," Bing said, "I know that he likes to sing—in fact, I know that he gets a large charge out of it."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"By simply watching him work," Bing said. "I can tell he feels it. When he hears that beat he moves. He goes. I've talked to people at Paramount, where he's just finished a picture, and they say he's co-operative and doesn't have any illusions about how big he is. He lets his manager, Colonel Parker, do all of the talking for him and have the illusions. The colonel's illusions must be tremendous, judging by the money he's asking for Elvis' appearance in a picture."

"How much?" I inquired.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a picture, I hear," Bing said.

"How much for a night-club appearance?" I wanted to know.

"Night clubs are not good for him," Bing said. "He needs teen-age audiences, and teen-agers don't have enough scratch to go to night clubs. But Elvis can go on personal-appearance tours and, working six, seven nights a week in ball parks, stadiums, arenas and coliseums, he can gross a hundred thousand a week. He's a phenomenon," Bing concluded.

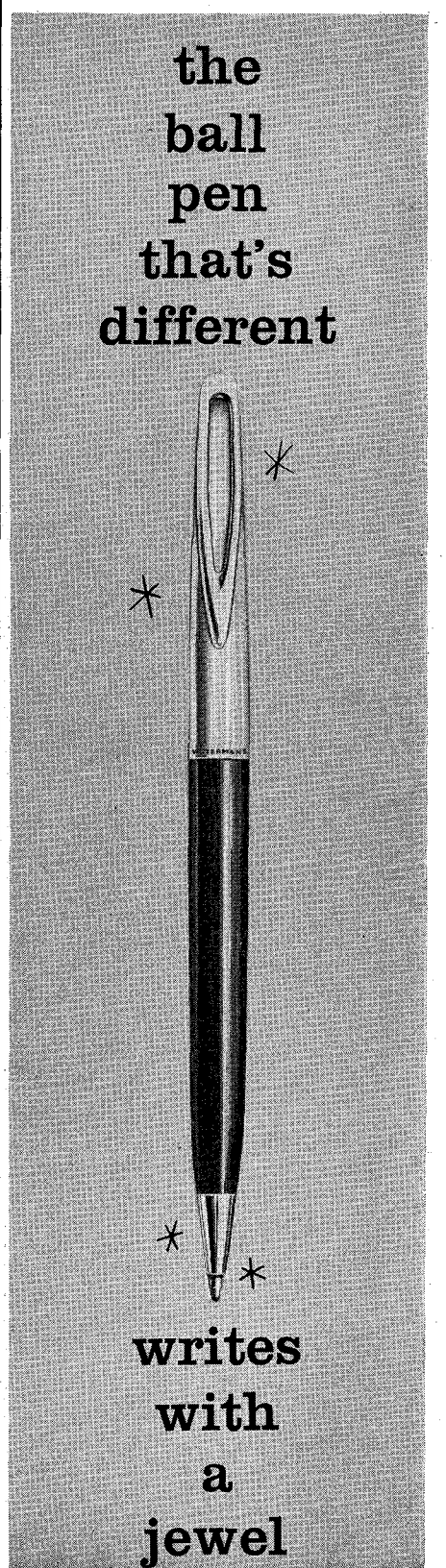
"Bigger than Sinatra was?" I asked.

"It's not the same," Bing said. "Frank still makes records which have a huge sale. He's slightly sensational working the night clubs—in April he pulled $40,000 into the Mocambo during a nine-day stay. Turnaways every night. And Frank's a tremendous attraction in pictures, and this fall, when he begins his own television show, in my opinion he'll qualify for the title of the world's greatest entertainer. Frank's hotheaded, he does things that get him into the papers, but if he likes you, you've got a friend whose friendship is fanatically loyal. If he likes you, he'll do anything for you or give you anything he's got; but if he doesn't like you, he can be the most ornery cuss you've ever known. And it doesn't take him long to find out in which classification he places you. He hates pomposity and he hates anyone in authority who he doesn't think is qualified to have authority, and he'll go to great lengths to make such phonies uncomfortable.

"A lot of people were surprised when Frank turned out to be a great actor," Bing said, "but it shouldn't have been surprising. He's a good singer, and when you sing good you're acting, because an honest singer makes what he sings mean something."

"Why do you think Frank accepted a tough, once-a-week, every-week TV slot for next fall?" I asked.

"He's doing it to make money," Bing told me. "Frank has had some real rough financial problems. There was a period back there when he wasn't too busy, so he had a battle keeping up with his taxes. Then, when he did get into the big money, he couldn't really get ahead because most of what he made went for current taxes. Frank's got some very capable people figuring ways and means for him to lay real dough aside with capital-



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gains money. That's why he's taken on this big television deal. He knows it's going to mean hard work and he knows that once a week can be too much exposure if he's not careful with what he does, but he feels that if he can wrap his talent up into a package and sell it, he'll wind up with enough capital gains to keep his bank account fattened up."

I said something that I'd been wanting to say to Bing for two or three years. "I've often thought that you could do what Ed Sullivan does," I said, "introduce people. You could do that, too, and toss in a song once in a while."

"It's not as simple as all that," Bing told me. "Ed's got the greatest formula in the world. He assembles the best variety show that money can find, but that's only one part of it. Equally important is that he doesn't try to do anything else. He's especially careful not to get into anybody's act. The last time Ed was in California I asked him, 'How do you handle it?' and he told me, 'After looking over the world to find acts and put them before a camera, I don't do anything. I just stay out of the way and read the commercials. Then, when my performers are all through, I call the audience's attention to how great they were.'"

"Uncle Miltie Berle started out that way," I said, "but he tried to get into almost every act."

"You said that," Bing reminded me; "I didn't. But it's a safe rule; if you've got a good act, leave it alone. Sullivan is not only a nice guy, but what most people don't know is that he's been putting on and emceeing variety shows for thirty years. He used to put them on at Loew's State, and they'd play there for a month. He's seen everything that's played New York in the last three decades, so he's a good judge, not only of talent but how an audience will accept it. Of course, he has help," Bing said. "His producer, Marlo Lewis, is very bright, and between them they work it out."

Outside, through the picture window, the sun was going down behind the mountains back of Palm Springs. It was as if somebody had flipped a huge electric switch in a lighting system that was big enough to dim all outdoors. The date-palm groves in the distance turned to blue, then purple. Lights began to wink on on the desert floor.

Bing stood up. "How about us tying on the nosebag at the Thunderbird golf-club dining room?" he suggested. "They do a nice steak there and judging by the food the chef sets out, he's a nice guy who wants people to get all that's coming to them."

We climbed into his car and headed into the valley, and I thought about the chef in the Thunderbird kitchen. He wasn't the only one who wanted people to get all that's coming to them. I was seated next to a man who's that way too.

THE END

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Double penalty or double jeopardy? Here's a play, in a simulated major-league setting, which actually confronted a minor-league umpire with that prickly problem last year.

Say Milwaukee leads Cincinnati, 4–2, as the Redlegs come to bat in the last of the seventh inning at Crosley Field. Frank Robinson opens with a single to right. Roy McMillan then runs up a three-two count. On the crucial pitch, Robinson breaks for second. The Braves' pitcher uncorks a wild one. It skitters off the catcher's glove. The umpire shouts, "Ball four!"

Robinson steams for third. McMillan races to first with a stride calculated to carry him on to second base. Suddenly play halts. For the ball has dropped into the Redlegs' dugout.

The ump scratches his head. Under one rule, McMillan is entitled to a base for his walk. Under another, all runners are entitled to advance one base when a pitch from the mound goes into "out of play" territory.

If you were umpiring, where would you place McMillan? Where Robinson?

See Page 122 for answer

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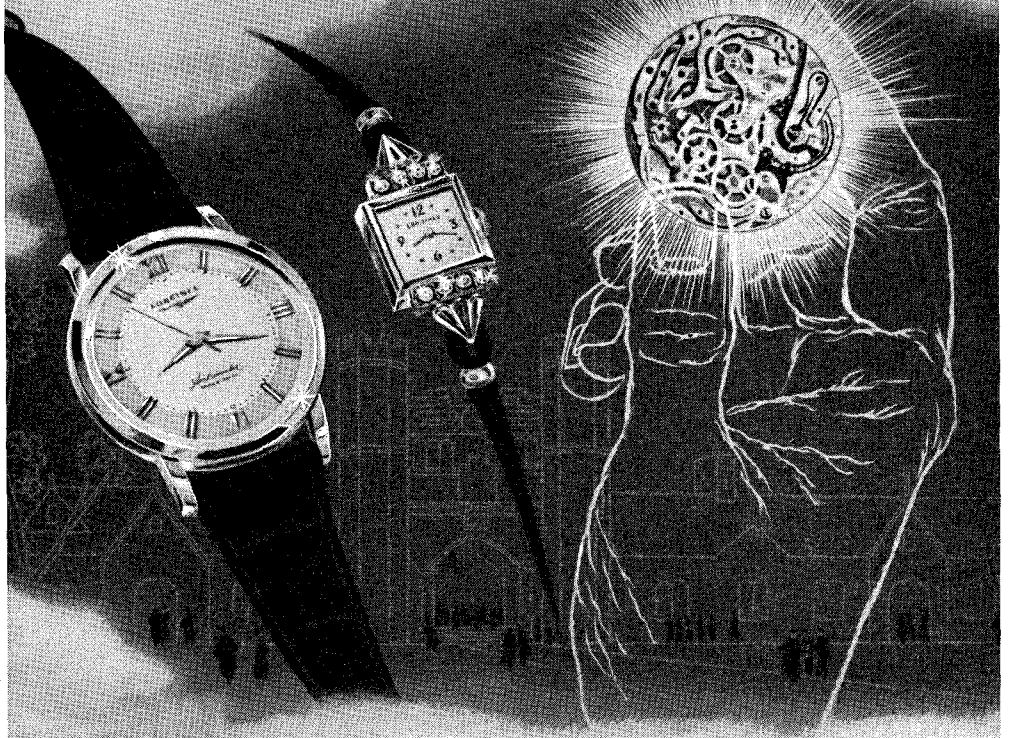

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Longines—perfect watch for graduation. Left: Nobel Automatic All-Proof—14K gold, $195; right: Starlight Serenade L-C 8—14K gold, 8 diamonds, $195. Watch movement illustrated: Longines Olympia Timer.

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Cleveland's Left-Handed Lightning

(Continued from Page 42)

belittle the ball club, but maybe Score is worth one third of the franchise."

A common topic of discussion in American League dugouts is whether Score is as fast as Feller was in his prime. Feller's fireball once was timed at approximately 100 miles an hour. Score's has yet to be clocked, but it doesn't take any phototimer to convince the hitters that Herb throws bullets.

The league's umpires have a rule of thumb for estimating a pitcher's velocity. Says umpire Larry Napp, "The faster the pitcher, the more foul balls are hit in the stands. About forty balls are used in an average game. When Score pitches, we need at least an extra dozen."

Along with his speed, which is readily apparent to any observer, Score has a burning competitiveness of which there are only hints on the surface. This intensity reveals itself in such things as the fact that, when Herb is pitching, his hands perspire so freely, even on the coldest days, that he soaks through a minimum of two caps in the course of drying his fingers upon them.

Score made a rare public acknowledgment of this side of his nature during one banquet appearance last winter. He handles himself so well at these affairs that the Indians hired him to drum up advance season-ticket sales on the speaking circuit over the off season.

On this particular occasion, he was the headliner at a high-school football dinner. The coach talked about "the fun we had, even though we didn't win many games." When Score's turn came, he said, speaking as politely as possible, "I don't see how you could have had fun while you were losing. The object of a game is to win. I know someone has to lose, but how can you enjoy it? It kills me. I'll tell you honestly, I hunger to win."

This craving remains as strong as ever, although for a young fellow of twenty-three who is only in his third big-league season, Score already has an impressive total of victories. In 1955 he was American League Rookie of the Year, with a sixteen-and-ten record. Last season he was Sophomore of the Year, winning twenty games while losing nine. Over those two years he had the second lowest earned-run average in the majors.

But the most spectacular thing about Score is the way he blows third strikes past the hitters. Both years he has been the strike-out champ, with 245 in 1955 and 263 last year. Moreover, each time he had a greater number of strike-outs than innings pitched. No previous whiff king, including Bob Feller, has ever been able to mow down the batters at such a pace for a full season.

To the naked eye, there is nothing impressive about Score's golden left arm. It is not especially muscular. Where does all that pitching speed come from?

"It's God-given," Score says humbly—which is a typical thing for Herb to say. "There are other pitchers bigger and stronger than I am"—he's six-two and 200 pounds—"but the Lord gave me the gift of speed. Actually, it's really not in the arm itself, but in the co-ordination of my throw."

Score has analyzed his pitching motion carefully. He has come to the conclusion that he achieves his maximum speed when he releases the ball "parallel to my ear and about ten inches from it." He follows through so sweepingly that his left elbow always cracks into his right knee.

"Once, at Indianapolis," he recalls with a grimace, "I hit my crazy bone so hard my arm went absolutely numb.

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 121

Hold McMillan at first and Robinson at second.

When a pitch to the batter goes out of play, the runners advance one base from the base held at the time of the pitch. And if the pitch is a fourth ball, the batter is entitled to first base only.

(Section 7.05h: "Each runner including the batter-runner may . . . advance one base, if a ball, pitched to the batter . . . goes into the stand, or players' bench. . . . NOTE: If such wild pitch is ball four, the batter-runner is entitled to first base only.")

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They got about ten runs in four innings off me, and I had to stay in because we didn't have anybody else available."

Now he wears a sponge-rubber pad on the knee to cushion the impact. The one basic thing Score still lacks at this point is really sharp control. He sometimes has to throw as many as 180 pitches in a game. He gets to three-and-two on too many batters and gives up too many walks. His first season he handed out nearly six passes per game. Last year, however, he averaged less than five.

Control trouble is common among fast-ball pitchers in their early years. This was true of Lefty Grove, baseball's last super southpaw—and its last 300-game winner. Will Score wind up in a class with Grove? Some experts give Herb an edge on two counts: a curve ball and youth.

On the matter of the curve ball, for many years Grove didn't have one. Score's curve is already so good that George Kell, a fine hitter now rounding out his career with the Baltimore Orioles, says, "If he throws it over the plate you're dead, because you've always got to set yourself for his fast ball."

Score reached the majors at twenty-one. Grove didn't get there until he was twenty-five, and he didn't become a twenty-game winner until his third season. However, Grove stayed in the majors for seventeen years—with the Philadelphia Athletics and Boston Red Sox—winding up in 1941.

There are those who question whether Score has sufficient stamina for a long career. Hank Greenberg, in talking about Score's potential greatness, is always quick to add, "provided nothing happens to him." Greenberg is keenly aware that Score is both accident- and illness-prone. Herb looks the picture of robust health, but he has been afflicted by so many ailments in his brief lifetime that the wonder is that he has lasted this long. For some time he has been undergoing dietary treatment for a spastic colon.

Unlike Feller, Mantle and numerous other stars who credit their dads with spurring them on to success, Herbert Jude Score proudly calls himself a "mamma's boy." Herb's mother and dad are separated, and the burden of raising him and his two sisters—Helen, twenty-one, and Anna Mae, fifteen—fell upon the mother. "She worked while I played," is the way the grateful son puts it.

When the Cleveland Indian chiefs were fretting over Herb's illness last summer, Mrs. Score shrugged it off. "Considering what he's already gone through, this is minor," she said. "With the help of God, I know he'll get over it, just as he did everything else."

The faith of this deeply religious woman has been fully justified. She tells how she prayed to St. Jude for her first child to be a boy. When Herb was born on June 7, 1933, the grateful mother gave him the middle name of Jude. Three years later she was praying more fervently than ever. Little Herb—or Buddy, as she still calls him—was hit head-on by a bakery truck, all but crushing both his legs just below the pelvis. For ten weeks he was in traction. "We were told he might never walk normally again, if at all," recalls Mrs. Score. "The bones in one leg refused to pull apart at all, and the doctor told us he would have to operate and insert a plate."

The day of the scheduled operation—in answer, Mrs. Score is convinced, to prayers said with the parish priest at the boy's bedside the night before—X rays showed that the bones had settled into place. No operation was necessary.

There were more prayers when Herb later contracted pneumonia. A few years after that, rheumatic fever confined him to bed for a full eight months. He finally recovered without any heart damage.

At fifteen he was carried home from school one day with a broken ankle, sustained when he slipped on the steps on the way to gym. Then, just as the ankle finished mending, he had to be operated on for acute appendicitis.

Four reasonably sound years followed—until he turned pro in June of 1952. Since then he hasn't had one complete season of uninterrupted good health. At Reading in 1953, he dislocated his left collarbone, and there was some doubt that he'd ever pitch again. He did, but after winning twenty-two at Indianapolis the next year, he was rushed to the hospital with pneumonia during the final week of the season.

In 1955, his first year with the Indians, he was side-lined in June by a virus attack. Since 1956 there has been his spastic colon.

For a while Herb was asked to give up milk, his favorite beverage, but the dairy companies can breathe easily again. Once more he is permitted to drink milk, and does—anywhere from two quarts to a gallon a day. The icebox of his apartment in Cleveland is loaded with it.

Herb insists he doesn't overeat, pointing out that he always leaves something on his plate. But he confesses, "I eat often." He is perhaps the only pitcher who feels he requires nourishment shortly before going to the mound. "I don't see how the others can pitch on an empty stomach," he observes. "I'd feel weak."

The doctors unanimously agree that improper food didn't cause his spasticity. They call it psychosomatic. They say the condition is common in tense businessmen, but rare in athletes, who are able to work off their tension physically.

Dr. Erwin E. Mayer, the Baltimore Orioles' team physician, originally diagnosed Score's ailment when Herb was first stricken in Baltimore last June. Doctor Mayer says, "He doesn't show it outwardly, but he worries about everything being just right. He's a perfectionist, and this temperament undoubtedly is the basis for his spastic condition."

Herb is forever quizzing the Cleveland pitching masters—Wynn, Lemon and coach Mel Harder—about the weaknesses of hitters. He urges his bosses to drive him. "Stay on me," he begs Mel Harder, and when Herb is out there, the pitching coach prods him from the dugout.

"That's the way he wants it," says Harder. "We have a code. When I holler, 'Take it easy,' it means he's hurrying his stride, bringing his arm around too quickly. 'Come on top' means to bring the ball closer to his ear. And so on. He wants to be reminded constantly."

This does not mean that Herb is the type that anybody can push around. Back in his high-school basketball days in Lake Worth, Florida, his boiling point was lower. Dave Carlyle, the coach, used to scrimmage with the team. To remind Score to stay aggressive, he played it extra rough with Herb. "One day," remembers Herb, not too happily, "I got so fed up with his hacking and shoving I threw an elbow in his face." Practice was halted temporarily while Coach Carlyle picked a front tooth off the floor.

Kerby Farrell, the new Cleveland skipper, knows from experience that Score has a temper, having managed him at Reading and Indianapolis.

"One time at Indianapolis," recalls Farrell, "I went to the mound to take him out of a game because he couldn't get the ball over. I started to say, 'Herb, you're not trying to relax,' but before I could get the last two words out he said, 'Get away from me before I knock your nose through your face.'

"I told him, 'Well, if you hit this poor broken-down nose, hit it from the side. Maybe you'll straighten it out.' That cooled him off a little. Next day I said to him, 'Herbie, you were a little mad, weren't you?'

"'Aw, I was mostly mad at myself,' he said. 'But don't ever tell me I'm not trying.'"

With experience and maturity Score seems to have achieved much greater self-control. "I've come to realize," he says, "there's only one person you're hurting when you get mad—yourself. And that's the last person I want to hurt."

Unquestionably it would be easier on Herb's nervous system if he didn't set such exacting standards for himself. He refuses to alibi when things go wrong. A revealing story is told by Father Thomas Kelly, Herb's first scholastic baseball coach, at Holy Name of Mary, in Valley Stream, Long Island, New York. Father Kelly, who is now at St. Savior's, in Brooklyn, relates, "He showed up late for practice one afternoon and I bawled him out unmercifully. He never said a word. I learned later he had forgotten to bring his spikes to school. Not having any carfare, he ran home and back, a distance of five miles. Yet he took my tongue-lashing without a murmur."

In his wallet Herb carries a favorite poem by an anonymous author, titled The Man in the Glass. Its message is that no matter what you do, you must always be able to account for your actions to the person who looks back at you from the mirror.

As intolerant as he is of his own mistakes, Herb is unperturbed when his

NEXT WEEK

THE FABULOUS JOCK WHITNEY
Beginning the Intimate Story of
A Multimillionaire Who Made Good

BASEBALL'S GOT ME!
The Cardinals' Owner
Unveils Front-Office Secrets

THE STARS RISE HERE
New York's Actors' Studio—Alma Mater of
Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando and James Dean

I USED TO BE BLIND
How a Sightless Man Overcame Despair
and Won His Vision Back

IN COLOR:

CARNIVAL DOWN SOUTH
Gala Cotton Festival
in Memphis

PLEASE PASS THE HAM
Country Ham—
King of Eating Pleasure

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teammates kick the ball all over the lot, as they have been known to do. He also has an unusual degree of tolerance for human frailty in umpires.

In one game at Indianapolis, Herb was a single pitch away from a no-hitter. "The next pitch," insists his catcher, Hank Foiles, now with the Pirates, "was a curve cutting the heart of the plate. Man, did I explode when the umpire called it a ball. The batter socked the next pitch out of the park. That was the only hit they got. In the locker room I was still raving, but Herb just said, 'Forget it, Hank. It just wasn't meant to be. When God wants me to pitch a no-hitter, I'll have one.'"

In times of stress on the mound Herb often resorts to prayer. Occasionally he turns toward the scoreboard and can be seen making the sign of the cross. "But sometimes," he ruefully admits, "I get so mad I forget to pray. I forget everything—my co-ordination, everything. I just throw and throw."

Most of his prayers are to St. Jude, his patron saint. He always wears a St. Jude medal—blessed by the Pope—around his neck. "St. Jude is considered the saint for hopeless cases," says Score with a grin. "Me, I'm a hopeless case."

His mother believes, in retrospect, that it was preordained that her son would become a ballplayer. "When he was just learning to walk," she says, "he grabbed an egg and threw it down, saying, 'Ball, ball.' These were the first words he ever spoke." She recalls how he used to throw a tennis ball against the stoop of their small brick bungalow by the hour, until she finally had to stop him because he was loosening the mortar.

Herb was born in this bungalow in Rosedale, a small community in Queens County, New York. His dad was on the New York City police force. Herb's formal baseball training began when he made the sixth-grade team at Holy Name of Mary. Father Kelly, a former Fordham shortstop, was on the side lines one day when Herb's sixth-graders were getting beaten by the eighth-grade team. On a hunch, Father Kelly moved Score from the outfield to the mound. Soon the eighth-graders were swinging at air—"in self-defense," the priest dryly says.

From that time on, Herb was a pitcher. Father Kelly taught him the fundamentals, and Herb became the pitching star of the school varsity and three neighborhood teams. A photo cherished by Father Kelly shows young Score to have been the smallest boy on the school team. At fifteen, Score suddenly began to sprout up. With this added height, his fast ball became so alive that a scout tried to sign him. "When I told him I was only fifteen, he said, 'I guess I'll have to wait a few years.' But, boy, was I excited!"

Fifteen, however, was also the age at which his ankle was broken, his appendix had to be removed, and an unhappy home situation developed. Herb's bare comment is, "My parents agreed to disagree and they separated." His dad left home, and Herb hasn't seen him since.

His sister, Anna Mae, then seven, began to ail, and the family doctor advised a warmer climate as a possible cure. Mrs. Score heard of a bookkeeping job in Lake Worth, Florida, so she packed up her brood and moved there.

This proved to be a major break for the Cleveland Indians, for their ace scout, Cy Slapnicka, signer of Bob Feller and other stars, vacationed in that area. When Score began to pitch no-hitters for Lake Worth High, Tom Nagle, one of the city's policemen, advised Slapnicka to have a look.

"One look was all I needed," says Slap. "You didn't have to be an expert to see this kid had it." Baseball law prohibited Slap from signing the young phenom until his high-school class had graduated, which, based on Herb's original school start in New York, meant a wait of three years, until June, 1952. Meanwhile, Slapnicka cultivated the Score family's friendship, and after that none of the other scouts really had a chance.

But how they tried! "We only had one door in our house," Mrs. Score recalls, chuckling, "and there were so many scouts coming in and going out, I was thinking of replacing it with a revolving one."

The baseball scouts also had competition from a couple of colleges which dangled basketball scholarships before Herb. Mrs. Score, bewildered by it all, wrote to Father Kelly, asking his advice on whether she should insist upon Herb's completing high school, which would take until 1953 because of the school time he had lost due to his numerous illnesses, and then have him go on to college.

Father Kelly wrote in return, "Herb has excellent common sense, which is as good as a college education. If they offer a lot of money, have one club bid against the other and take the highest offer."

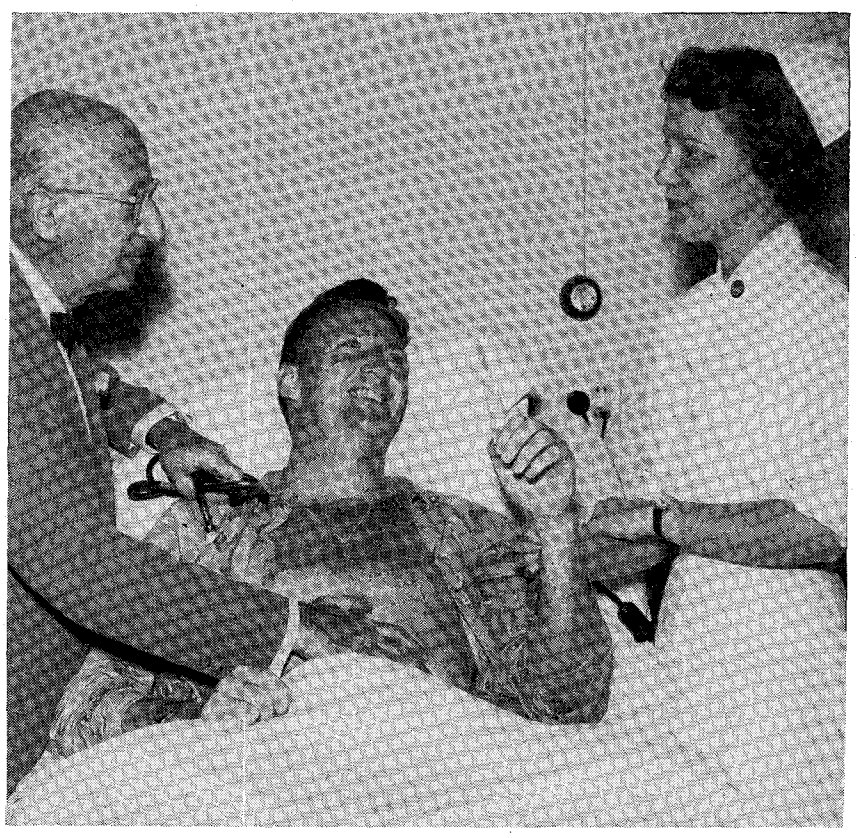
Mrs. Score finally told Herb, "Make your own decision. It's your life." Refusing to put himself on the auction block, he ignored two bids larger than the $60,000 bonus deal the Indians were offering.

Why? "I knew Cleveland had a big park, good to pitch in, and I knew they needed left-handed pitching. But mainly it was Slap. I was sold on him as a person."

Score received his $60,000 in five annual installments of $12,000 each, the last of which he collected in 1956. These bonus payments were in addition to his salary for those years. Unlike most bonus boys, he didn't rush right out and buy an automobile. In fact, he still doesn't own one. First he made a down payment on a $22,000 ranch-type home for his mother. The remaining checks also went to her, and were deposited in a joint bank account. "All he wanted for himself," she says, "was a record player."

There were no restrictions on farming out bonus players when Herb signed in June of 1952. The Indians decided to try him out for the rest of that season with their top farm club, Indianapolis, in the American Association. Score worked a total of only sixty-two innings, and was generally ineffective. He remembers, "Every time I got to pitch, I'd blow up somewhere."

He didn't do a great deal better in 1953 with Reading, of the Class A Eastern League. He was so wild that, once while warming up, he threw the ball over the catcher's head and dented a brand-new auto that was being given away that night. He became so disappointed with himself that he took to walking home alone night after night from the park, a distance of four miles. He fretted so much that his weight fell off. Finally manager Kerby Farrell—whose nickname for Herb is "the Howitzer"—decided to bench him.



The only question mark about Herb Score, the Cleveland Indians' southpaw strike-out king, is his health. Last summer his recurrent stomach pains were diagnosed as a spastic colon.

Eventually, during a relief job, Score seemed to find himself. Three days later Farrell gave him a start, and he beat Scranton with a three-hitter. Then the next night, chasing fungoes in the outfield, he stumbled over a stone, fell on his left shoulder and dislocated it.

The shock of that fall was felt in Cleveland, where it was feared that another bonus had gone down the drain. However, expert medical care and physical therapy made the arm strong again by the time Herb reported to the Indians' minor-league training base at Daytona Beach in 1954.

He was wilder than ever, though. Greenberg, disheartened, ordered Ted Wilks, the Indianapolis pitching coach, to take on Herb as a full-time project.

"I wore out a saddle riding him," says Wilks today. "But he never whimpered. The best pupil I ever had." Specifically, Wilks got Score to eliminate his violent leg kick and to keep his head still while pitching. The results were fantastic. Herb pitched Indianapolis to the title, with twenty-two wins and five losses, and struck out 330 for an all-time American Association record.

During the past two years with Cleveland, his pitching helped the Tribe to finish second despite spotty hitting, slow base running and drab fielding. Already he is acknowledged to be one of the league's top three left-handers, along with Whitey Ford of the Yankees and Billy Pierce of the White Sox. Mickey Mantle—although he got two of his 1956 homers off Score—confided last summer to the Indians' Mike Garcia, "I'd rather face Pierce five times than Score once."

As a Cleveland rookie in 1955, Herb received the $6000 minimum salary. Last year he was raised to $12,000, and this season he is getting $20,000. He also has been picking up considerable outside income from personal appearances and radio and TV work. Then there were his earnings as a Tribe ticket salesman last winter. On top of all that, he managed to squeeze in a job as an automobile salesman. The dealer furnished Score a 1957 model for his personal use, and Herb finally learned to drive last December.

Herb can use the extra money, for in addition to supporting his mother, he is now saving up to buy a home in Cleveland for his bride-to-be, Nancy MacNamara. Herb and the blond, blue-eyed Nancy were classmates at Lake Worth High, but didn't date until after they left high school. Since Nancy went on to St. Mary's College, in South Bend, Indiana, where she's a senior this year, and Herb was off making his way in baseball, they parted "just good friends." Over the last Christmas holidays, though, they decided that they were absolutely meant for each other. Their engagement was announced last January, and the wedding is planned for next October.

Score's biggest expense is his telephone bill. It comes to about $200 a month because of his frequent long-distance calls to Nancy, his mother, his sisters, Father Kelly and such others as ex-roomie Hank Foiles. His present roommate when Cleveland goes on the road is Rocky Colavito, a buddy at Reading and Indianapolis.

In his large apartment on Cleveland's West Side, Score has almost as much record-playing equipment as a disc jockey. He carries a record player with him on all trips. After a defeat—or even a sloppily pitched victory—he finds sleep difficult. Music relaxes him, and so do Western novels—if he can find any that he hasn't already read.

Of the change in managers which brought Kerby Farrell to Cleveland this year in place of Al Lopez, Herb said before the season, "I was crazy about Lopez and he helped me a lot. But I had the best year of my life under Farrell at Indianapolis, so why should I complain?"

Under Lopez, Score was told, "Concentrate on your fast ball and curve for four or five years until you perfect them. You don't need anything else." This season you can expect to see Herb mixing in some change-ups, a delivery he often employed to good advantage at Indianapolis.

Herb also intends to throw more sliders, another pitch frowned on by Lopez, who feared it might strain that million-dollar arm. Last season Score did slip in a few sliders, to the confusion of some of the league's best hitters. This pitch starts out like his fast ball, then suddenly slides—Herb hopes—over the plate.

"I surprised Yogi Berra for a third strike with a slider," Herb says, with a grin, "and when I came to bat the next inning, he said to me, 'Aw, Herbie, you don't need that pitch. It ain't fair.'"

To Herb Score, anything that will help him win is fair. He has the kind of stuff that overpowers hitters, and he is developing the craftsmanship to go with it. Already he is one of the very best in his trade. He could be one of the very greatest. THE END

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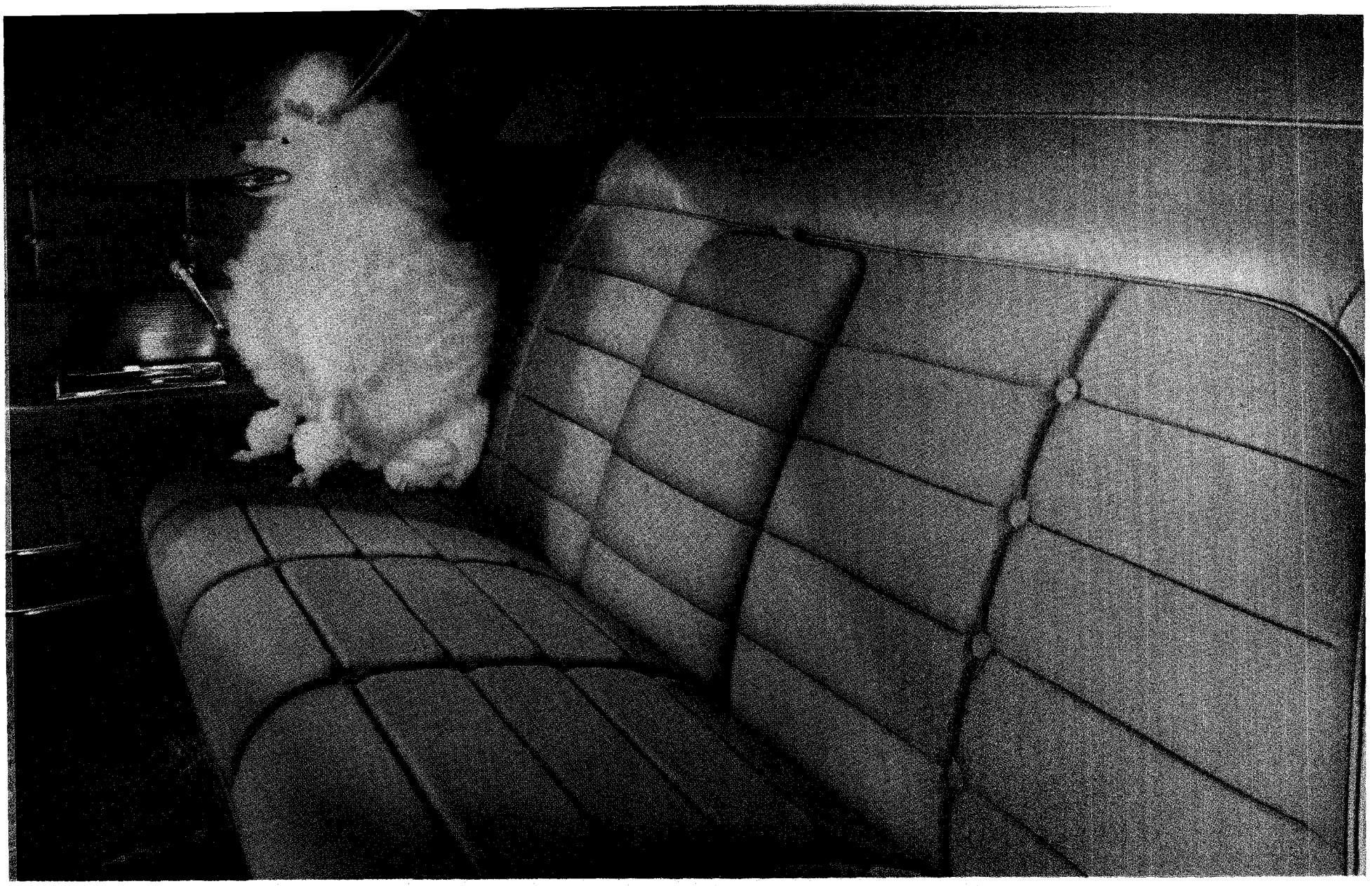

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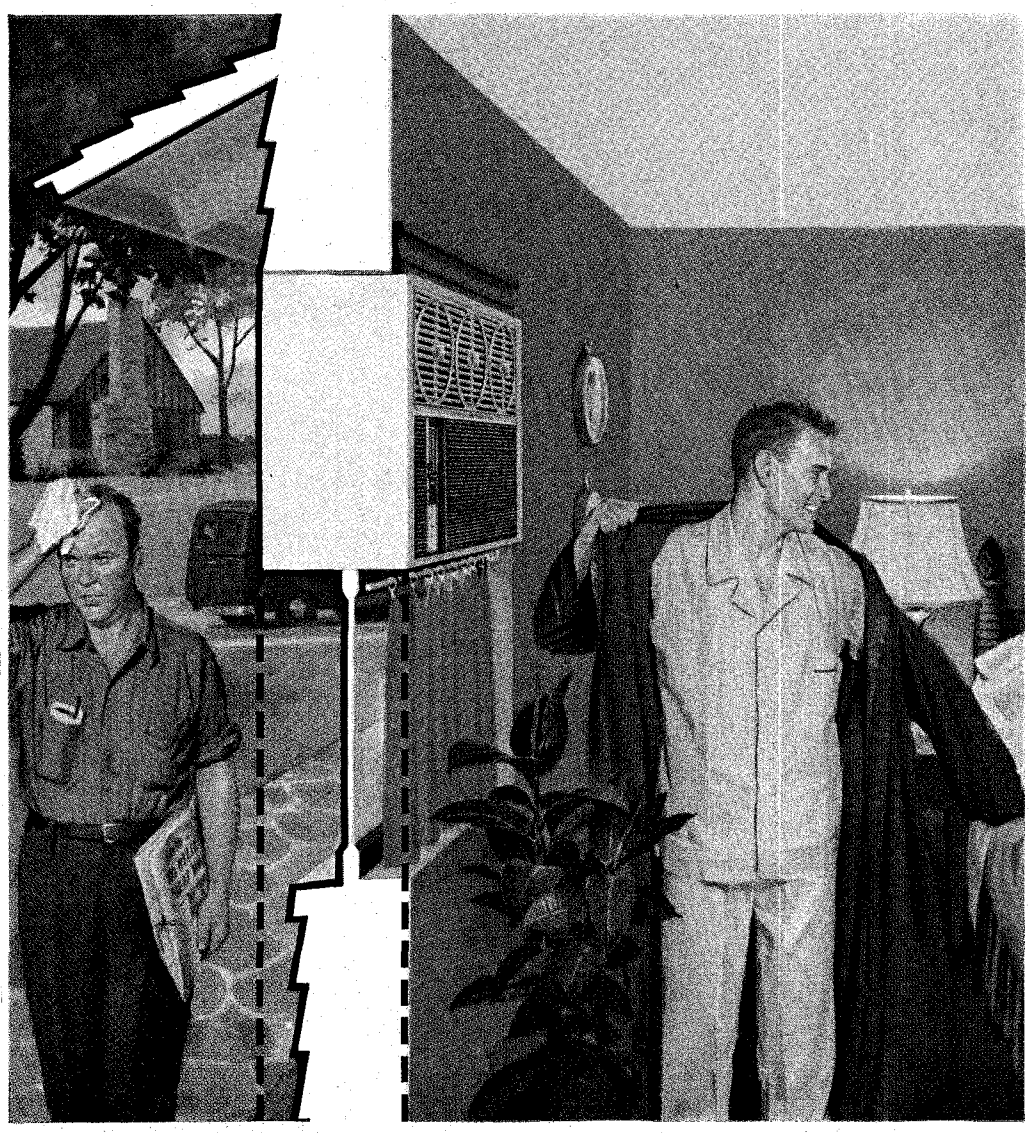

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It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* (shown at bottom) and the even lower-priced De luxe model (left) are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. They come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's.* Accessories include a *permanent* electronic filter (at extra cost).

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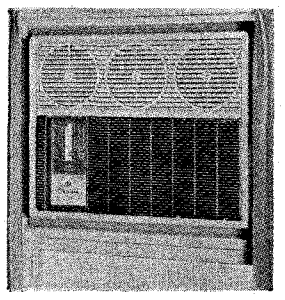

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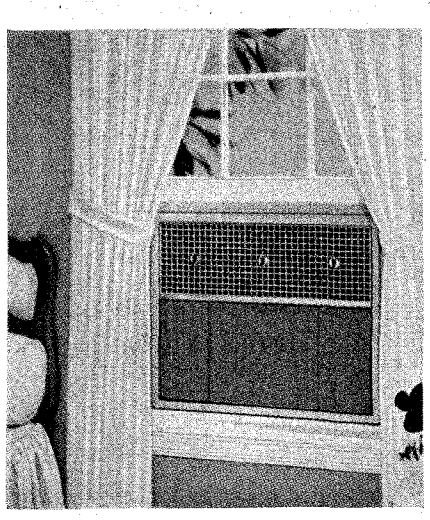

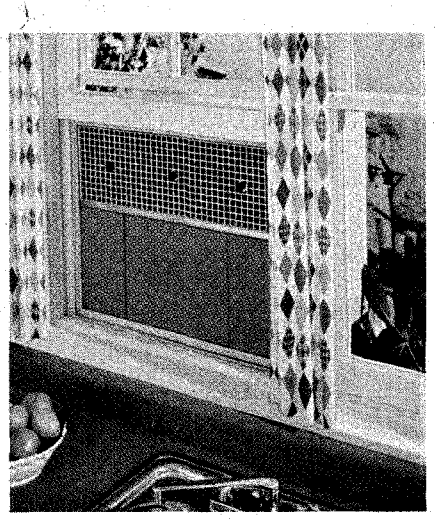

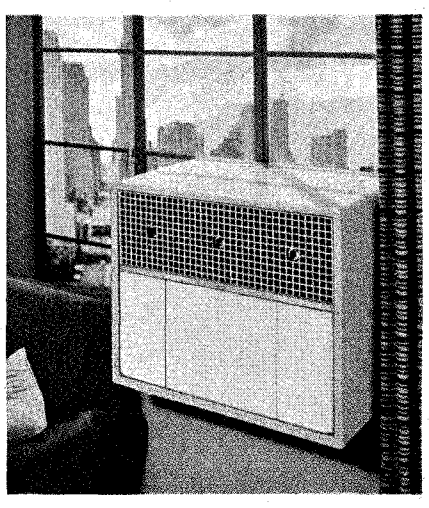

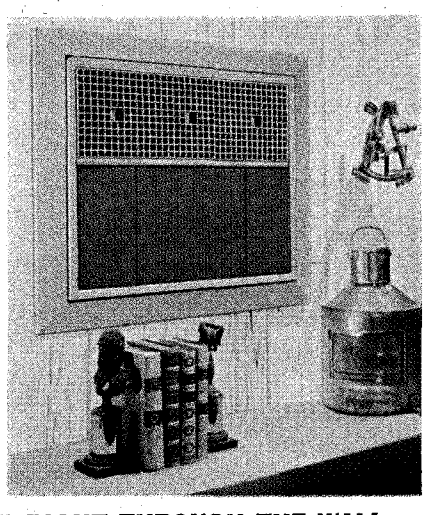

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Treasure House of Paris

(Continued from Page 45)

one fourth of it is steadfastly held on to by France's Ministry of Finance, with which the land-hungry museum people are constantly at war. More precious space is taken up by the Museum of Decorative Arts, which has its own administration, and by the School of the Louvre, the world's leading academy for future curators and museologists. Still, the museum we are now about to visit is big enough to fray a sturdy pair of shoes. Its floor space roughly corresponds to that of 2000 four-room apartments. There are no short cuts. And whether you've dropped in for a quick once-over between a visit to Versailles and lunch or whether you are bent on seeing all the eye will hold, it still means work—work that can turn into adventure for those who will hunt for hidden treasure.

"But why," one sorely tried American asked an attendant, "why don't you people put the Mona Lisa, the Victory of Samothrace and the Venus of Milo together in one room—say, near the entrance?"

What makes the Louvre so extraordinary, apart from its enormous length, is the variety of things assembled here under

One traffic hazard that drivers seem to be determined to eliminate is the pedestrian.

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one roof. The paintings and the statues which the name evokes account for but a fraction of the 500,000 items displayed on the three floors. In fact, the Louvre is composed of six museums, or departments, each run as a small kingdom of its own, each offering its special view into the universe of man's creations: Greek and Roman Antiquities; Egyptian Antiquities; Sculptures; Objets d'Art; Oriental Antiquities; and Paintings. Where to begin?

It's easier, in a way, to tell one's friends how not to see the Louvre than to chart a course. Trying to do it all, however superficially, would evidently call for days; and the more customary single-package visit might leave you hopelessly at sea. Why not fall in, then, with a guided tour or hire your own chaperon as you come in? For 1500 francs—four dollars—you'll have the company of some bright young man or woman telling you what's what in almost flawless English.

However, even if you brave it on your own, you won't drown. Once you have entered the vast hall with its well-burnished bronzes, the Louvre gently leads you on and up. For there, on top of the grand stairway that rises dead ahead, looms one of the three ladies you have come to see: the Winged Victory of Samothrace, skirts flying in the gale, wings stiffly spread, breasting the elements high on the prow of her gray ship. For sheer effect, the monumental statue is superbly placed. And though it dates from a period when Greek art was no longer what it used to be—the second century B.C.—who are you to quibble with such obvious perfection?

Wrapped up in Parian marble, you are apt to overlook two masterpieces of a different texture on the lady's left: a pair of Botticelli frescoes peeled off the walls of a Florentine villa, and, even in the semidarkness of this landing, delightful samples of the master's airy style. Thus, willy-nilly, you are drawn into the world of two-dimensional illusion and, drifting on, you find yourself in the domain of the Italian Renaissance.

The Louvre's massive hoard of glittering Italians is no accident. The hard core of this national patrimony consisted, after all, in the collections of the kings of France—who knew a good thing when they saw one. Francis I, patron of arts and letters, contemporary of the most renowned Italian painters, first bought their works for his enjoyment. And Louis XIV, France's Sun King, resumed the royal pastime with a vengeance. During the Revolution, finally—which, in 1793, decreed the Louvre a museum—the royal picture galleries were taken over by the state, along with the magnificent collections of the aristocracy. Such, briefly, is the Louvre's noble pedigree.

Now, it is true that the aesthetic standards of Valois and Bourbon kings are not the same that guide the twentieth-century sophisticate. Many a sweetly smiling Raphael Madonna that has sent generations into raptures is frowned on, nowadays, as picture-post-card art. And earlier, sterner masters, the admiration of today, were not "discovered" until relatively recently. Most of the Louvre's so-called primitives are acquisitions of the nineteenth century—some of them looted by Napoleon and not reclaimed after his downfall, others purchased since then, often at bargain prices: a precious little painting by the Sienese master, Simone Martini, was picked up for 200 francs. But though the Louvre's emphasis remains on the high Renaissance—it owns six Leonardo da Vincis, a dozen Raphaels, seventeen Titians and only one mediocre Giotto—the sparkling Seven-Meter Room, exclusively devoted to Italian primitives, is one of the museum's richest corners and worthy, inch by inch, of your devout attention.

The shock one feels on entering the Grande Galerie has to be sensed to be believed. Peer down the 1000-foot expanse of its parquet floor and you are torn between the pangs of agoraphobia and a strong urge to put on roller skates. Then, meekly following your fellow visitors, you, too, advance among the saints, the battles and the allegories until you stop, halfway along, at the holy of holies—the "Tribune," consecrated to six famous paintings, among them Leonardo's Mona Lisa.

Well. What to say about the Mona Lisa? How to react to her? As always when confronted with a work of art familiar through a million replicas, one finds it hard to be spontaneous. "Even if we discovered her today in some antique store," one of the curators remarked, "she would be a sensation overnight!" And, taking in the smile that the most faithful reproduction fails to capture, you are inclined to see his point.

This celebrated likeness of an otherwise obscure Italian noblewoman, spouse of Francesco del Giocondo and hence known also as "la Gioconda," takes us back to the origins of the royal collections. Anxious to snare the goose that laid the golden eggs, Francis I imported Leonardo into France, put him into a snug château and let him paint. The Mona Lisa, painted on a slab of poplar wood thirty by twenty-one inches in size, was actually in the master's luggage when he came to France, and Francis later bought it for the tidy sum of 4000 pieces of gold.

From the start, her enigmatic smile proved too much for most men's imagination. King Francis placed her in his bathroom in Fontainebleau. Napoleon kept her in his bedroom in the Tuileries. Love letters, solemnly addressed to her "C/o The Louvre" are now and then delivered by the postman. Nor is the sentiment always Platonic. One August day in 1911, a starry-eyed Italian mirror maker named Perugia walked out with her and held her captive for two years in the false bottom of a battered trunk—only to see his deity restored to public worship when he naïvely offered her for sale to an antique dealer in Florence. And, last December thirtieth, a forty-two-year-old Bolivian, Hugo Umzaga Villegas, who felt unhappy at the moment, hauled off and threw a rock at her, causing slight damage to her elbow. But though the guards do keep an eye on her, the Mona Lisa—like the rest of the Louvre's treasures—carries no insurance. There is, of course, no way of ascertaining her intrinsic value; and, as far as the Louvre is concerned, no check from Lloyd's could make up for her loss.

If the Gioconda leaves you, in the end, with the (*Continued on Page 130*)

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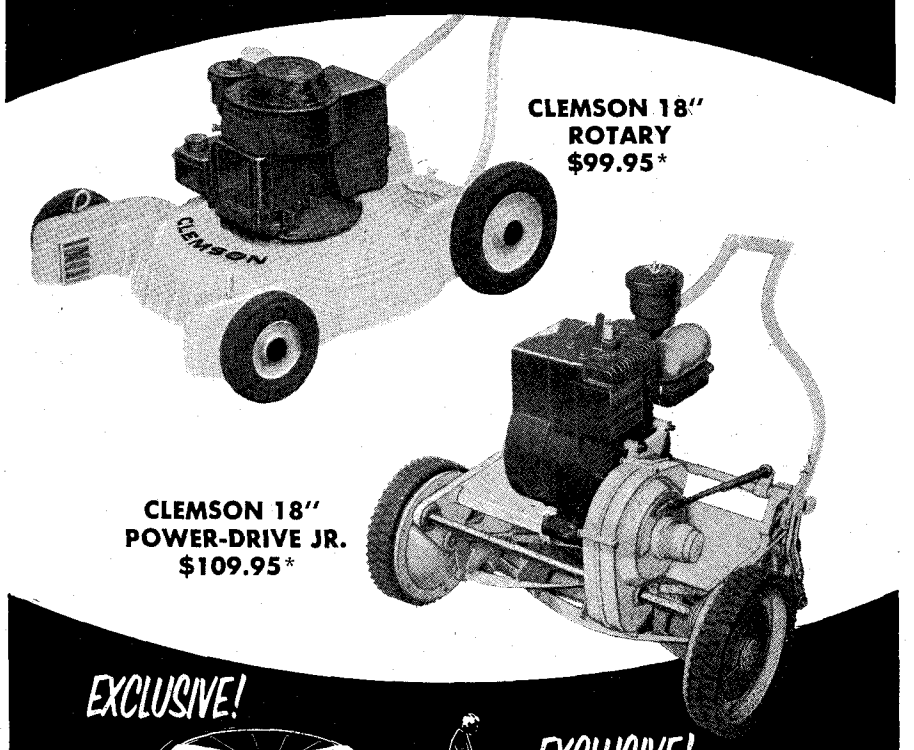

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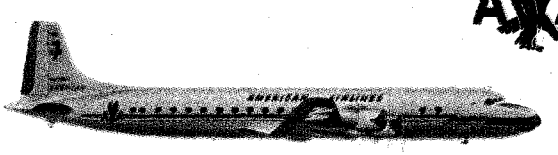

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(*Continued from Page 127*) uneasy feeling that her soul has managed to elude you, the gay, tumultuous Venetians, with their dazzling dress and undress, restore your self-assurance in a hurry. The outsized room off the Grande Galerie, aglow with Titians, Veroneses, Tintorettos, is the world's second-best collection of these sensuous delights, surpassed only by what is still left in Venice. As you stroll down the rest of the Grande Galerie, pause at El Greco's haunting image of St. Louis, king of France, and Zurbaran's Saint Bonaventure's Funeral—two exquisite examples of the moody Spanish school.

Now, as a narrow lane receives the traveler who tires of the roaring highway, the Louvre's "little rooms" allow you to relax. Here, in the intimacy of velvet-lined cubicles, you'll find such gems as Holbein's coldly intellectual Erasmus; a small Annunciation by Roger van der Weyden; the Louvre's one Vermeer; and, in a room all by itself, the Pietà of Avignon, a nameless "primitive" of visionary force which, when exposed in Paris early in the century, made such a hit that the Carthusian monks who owned it had to settle for a copy.

You've earned the right to sit down and reflect. What you have seen bears all the earmarks of an admirable organizing job. Old-timers who remember the sledge-hammer effect of the old Louvre will find that things have changed. The customer today is king. Great care is taken not to tax your powers of absorption, and quality comes before quantity. A vast reorganization project, begun in 1932 and helped along, if somewhat unexpectedly, by the museum's total evacuation during World War II, has turned the Louvre from a cluttered storehouse into an airy sanctuary where every gift to mankind is displayed to full advantage.

At times, the modern principle of making each exhibit count is carried to surprising lengths. For instance, of the Louvre's twenty-seven Rembrandts, barely one half are on display; the rest, including several world-famous canvases, are kept on shelves in carefully locked storerooms or farmed out to provincial galleries. But though the 3000-odd paintings shown before the war have shrunk to little more than 1500, the pruning process does not necessarily mean that every picture on the walls is a great work of art. Many a visitor has felt his skin break into goose pimples as he strode on through acres of fleshy Rubens nudes or stood up under broadsides of dramatic Géricaults and Courbets. The curators may or may not esteem these pictures, but, they explain, one of the Louvre's functions is to document the history of art, and the museum would be incomplete without them.

Like every government-controlled machine, the Louvre has at times been slow to move. It never leads, it follows; and sometimes by a handsome margin. When, in the latter decades of the nineteenth century, the French impressionists were turning out immortal masterpieces virtually at the Louvre's doorstep, the management stood by in sullen disapproval while French and foreign connoisseurs snapped up these canvases for a few francs. And when, in 1894, sixty of them were offered to the Louvre as a gift, the curators, reluctantly, accepted forty.

Today, nevertheless, the Louvre offers one of the world's finest samplings of impressionists, including such familiar stand-bys as Degas' Absinth Drinkers and Manet's nude Olympia, which, when first shown in Paris, had to be shielded from the viewers' critical umbrellas by policemen. After the war, this group of some 300 paintings—most of them gifts of the French bourgeoisie—was moved across the Tuileries Gardens into the Jeu de Paume museum, a former indoor tennis court serving as the Louvre's annex. The flimsy structure amidst spreading trees, a favorite with American visitors to Paris, is now being equipped with a foundation and a heating system, and the museum's glorious Renoirs, Manets, Cézannes, Sisleys, Pissarros, are being shown, less than a hundred at a time, inside the Louvre. Still vaguely wondering what hit them, the curators allow that van Gogh's drunken-looking country church of Auvers, with its exuberant blue sky, already is a runner-up to the Gioconda as a public favorite. (As modern art has a museum of its own in Paris, the nasty question of what to do about Picasso does not plague the Louvre.)

The best spot, probably, to take in the new system of presenting things is the Greek gallery, downstairs. Presided over by Jean Charbonneaux, chief curator of Greek and Roman antiquities—a tall and wiry scholar hopelessly in love with beauty—this smiling province is a paragon of good deployment and good taste. Surprised at first to find that several statues turn their backs on you as you come in, you soon get used to the idea of walking gingerly around them, enjoying the happy blend of Paris sunshine and Greek marble.

Here, every single object speaks to you, and some—such as the Exaltation of the Flower—are of a sensitivity and grace unrivaled by succeeding ages. Only if you look closely at the labels will you discover that, on leaving the two rooms devoted to originals, you are faced with an entire gallery of reproductions—skilled Roman copies, for the most part, of Greek originals long lost. Among them is Praxiteles' shapely Venus of Cnidus, modeled, presumably, after the sculptor's lady friend, the beauteous Phryne. The mutilated statue has four heads, all of them reproductions, like the torso, and somewhat disconcertingly arranged nearby.

The way the Louvre serves up its far-famed Venus from the isle of Milo is so spectacular as to be almost painful. Displaying her white charms against a dark red wall at the far end of a long, narrow corridor, the goddess hits you, at long range, with the effect of a well-aimed gun. As you approach, she seems more human and your awe subsides—in fact, the turntable on which she poses had to be locked, not long ago, as far too many visitors forgot her dignity and gave her a quick whirl. This is no reproduction, to be sure. Dug up, in 1820, by a farmer, the statue was grabbed by the French ambassador to Turkey and shipped to Paris as a little present for King Louis XVIII. The western world has sung her praises ever since. But though unquestionably carved with great artistic skill—the muscles seem to move under the marble surface—the lady is another product of the uninspired second century B.C.; her vapid features make you wonder what her equally famous cousin, the Victory of Samothrace, would look like if she had a face.

The trouble with the Louvre is, of course, that it was never meant to be a showcase. Visitors irritated by the fact that the Greek bronzes and Greek vases hide out upstairs, far from the marble statues that are their next of kin, might well remember that this labyrinthine structure is not the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. Unlike most of the world's museums, whose walls are built to fit the objects on display, the Louvre must adapt its objects to the walls. They were there first, and they will not be tampered with.

Originally built in the year 1200 as a fort, the Louvre—the name itself is shrouded in obscurity—did not become a royal residence until the fourteenth century, and, as succeeding kings contributed new wings, it grew in every direction. Louis XIV, an ambitious builder, sent for the great Italian architect, Bernini, and charged him with submitting plans for a new east façade. But when the master asked permission to pull down the entire building and put a new one up that "would surprise the world," the Sun King sent him back to Rome. The east façade, with its unimaginative colonnade, is strictly French.

When Louis and his court moved to Versailles, the Louvre became derelict. Appropriated by a swarm of squatters, many of them of an artistic bent, it gradually turned into a rabbit warren of dingy dwellings where painters, sculptors, cabinetmakers led their Bohemian lives. It was Napoleon I who rid the place of unbid tenants and hopefully resumed construction work. His less illustrious nephew, Napoleon III, completed the vast building, at long last—some 650 years after a medieval lord had laid the cornerstone.

The western tier of the rambling structure, known (*Continued on Page 132*)

"I'm beginning to see why this is known as a tough course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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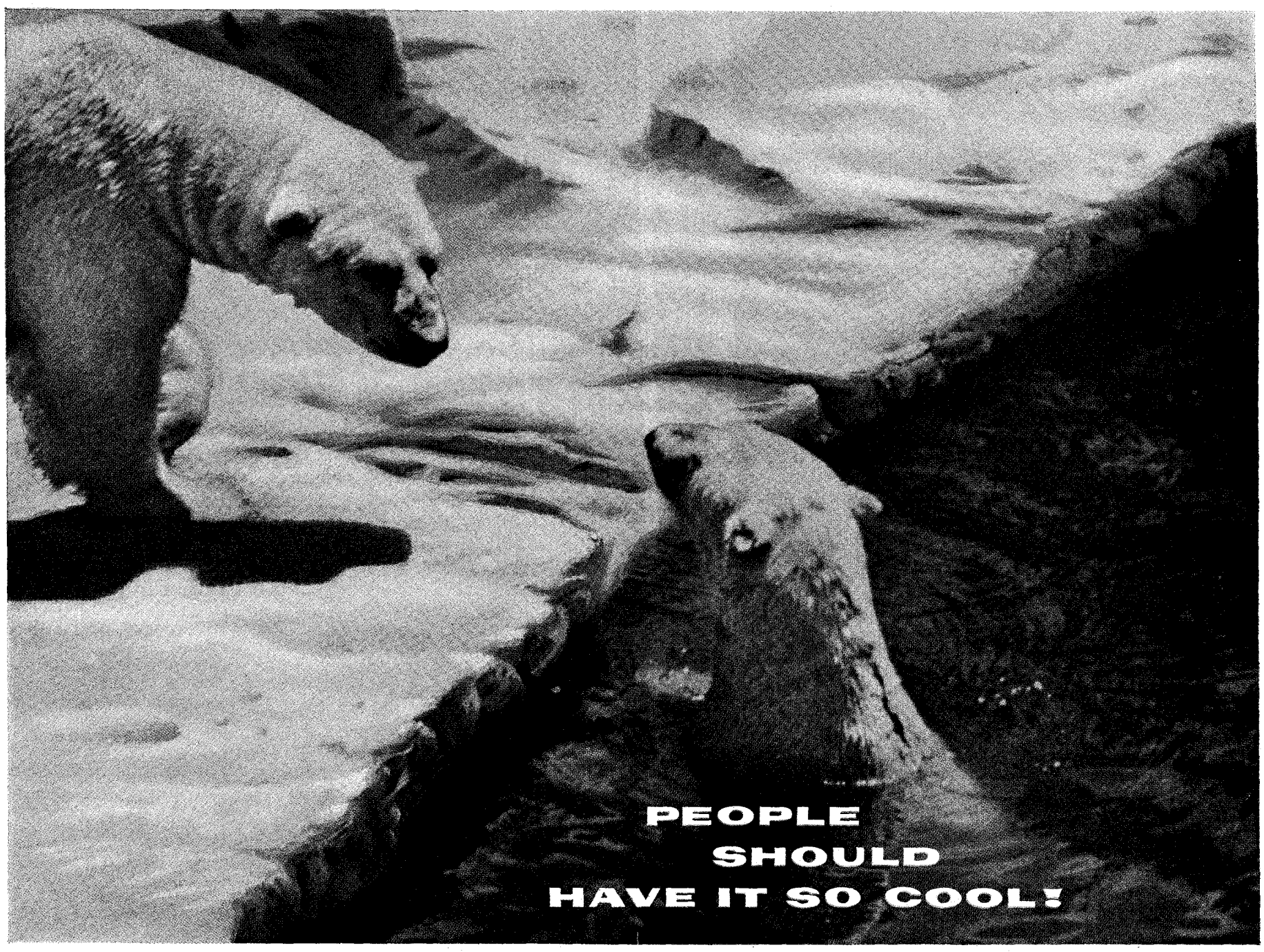

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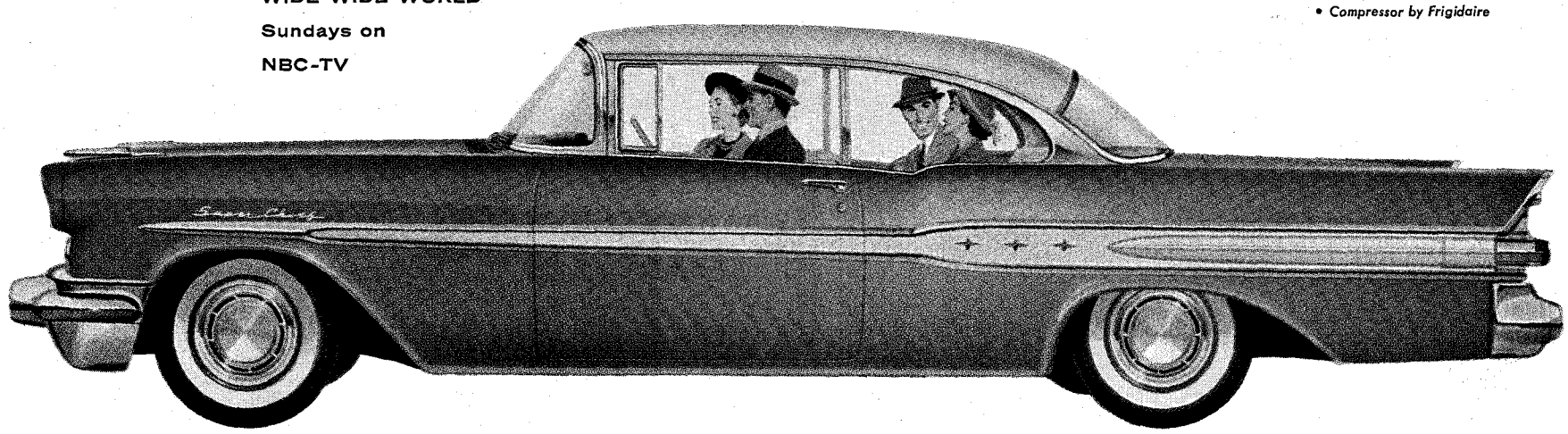

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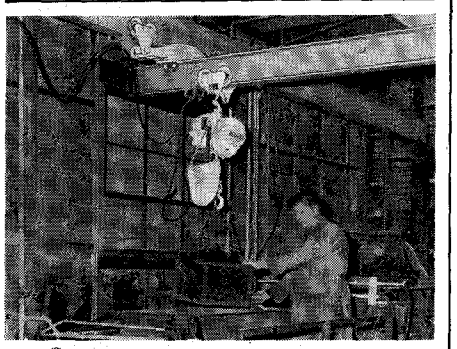

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(*Continued from Page 130*) as the Palace of the Tuileries, was burned by the Parisian people in the rising of 1871. The rest stands, a melange of many styles, and a repository of mixed memories—stalked by the ghosts of King Henry IV, lying in state here after a fanatic had killed him in the street; of Catherine de' Medici, plotting the slaughter of the Huguenots; and of Napoleon, marrying Marie Louise in the Salon Carré in 1810.

Most of the palace's interior décor, alas, dates from the nineteenth century, and the Corinthian columns, painted ceilings, gilt friezes, mirrors and marble fireplaces create a problem for the curators, who are forbidden by the law of France to alter a "historic monument." The Louvre's Egyptian kingdom, for example, whose superlative collections occupy portions of two floors, is harried, in its upper regions, by an incongruously gaudy setting.

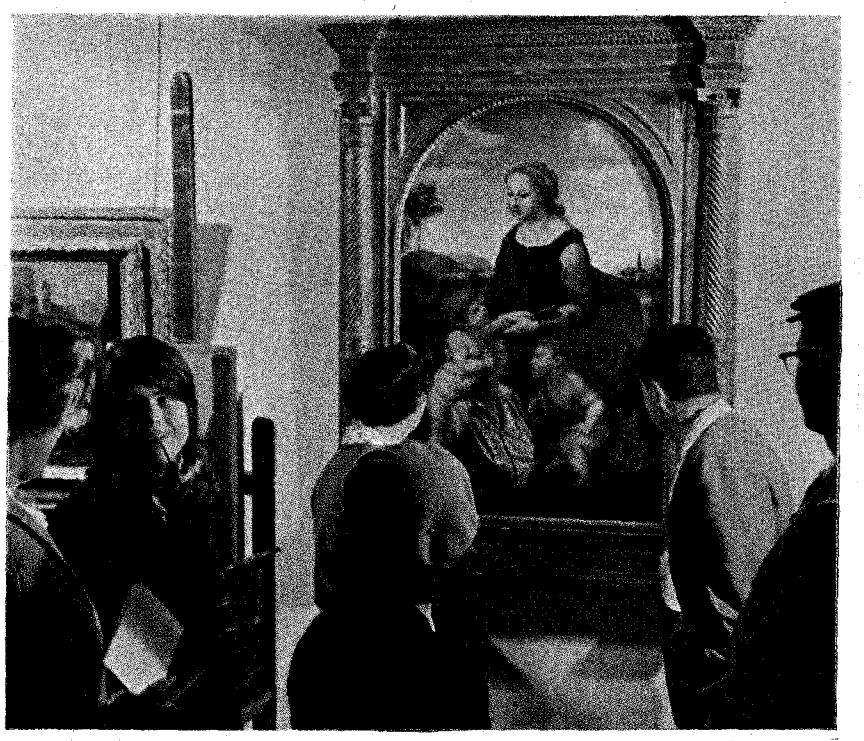
Purists who cannot take the jarring note are well advised to visit this department on some Friday evening when it is opened, after hours, for the weekly "Louvre at Night" routine, which is becoming quite the thing in Paris. What with the lights concealed in the sarcophagi, the tinsel of the walls recedes and you have little trouble dreaming yourself back into old Egypt.

Although the Louvre has, undoubtedly, a soul, it has no head. No one can call himself Prince of the Louvre—in the administrative structure of the French Ministry of Education, the six departments of the Louvre rank as coequals with the rest of France's thirty national museums. And, as each of these six dominions is headed by a curator in chief who owes allegiance only to the *Directeur des Musées de France*, the public is aware, in every section, of the personal touch.

Still, there are certain common denominators—poverty, for one thing. The struggle for the annual budget yields no opulence—France has no cash to spare for frills. There are no flowers or expensive fixtures. The uniformed attendants have a hungry look. Nor are the curators in chief and their assistants smothered in largess. Leaders in their respective fields, many of them of international repute, they draw a monthly maximum of $260, and have to add to it by way of articles and books. Around their modest offices, in the south tier of the Square Court, they are hard up for help, and often do their secretarial chores themselves.

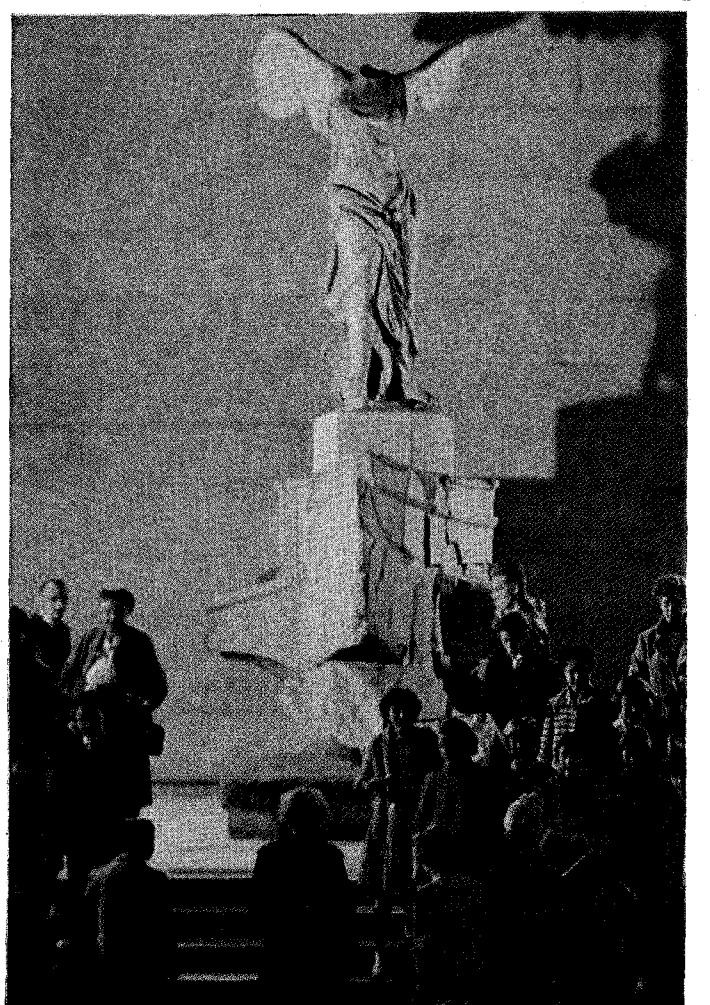
Yet, these distinguished characters lead enviable lives. Ensconced behind their desks today, they may be off tomorrow to dig for palace ruins in the Middle East or look for the still-missing toe of a Greek statue on a small Aegean island. Equally at home in Cairo, Ankara, New York and Florence, they're members of the free-and-easy brotherhood of art historians, critics and collectors, where phonies rarely last beyond the first libation. In Paris, they consider it their duty to make the rounds of the antique stores, and words cannot describe their joy on stumbling on a bargain and talking the new-acquisitions committee into nailing it for their department.

As funds for purchases are scant, the public is expected to pitch in. Does not the world, which would be poorly off without the Louvre, owe it a living? Among more recent acquisitions, not a few were contributed by the Friends of the Louvre, a private association of some 25,000 art (*Continued on Page 134*)



Raphael's sweetly smiling Madonnas, once the rage at the Louvre, are now dismissed by the critics as picture-postcard art. This one is called the Beautiful Gardener.

The Mona Lisa.
The faces of visitors are reflected in the special glass cover that protects her famous smile.



The Winged Victory of Samothrace, noble example of Greek art of more than 2000 years ago, commands the top of the Louvre's grand stairway.

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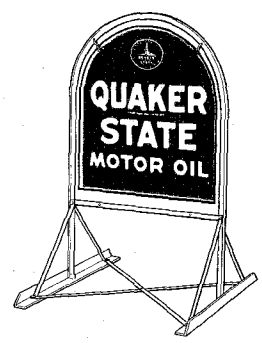

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(*Continued from Page 132*) lovers whose annual membership fee of two dollars gives them free access to the Louvre. And, luckily, rich men still like to donate works of art, if only for the privilege of having their names linked forever with the palace on the Seine. Thus, in December, 1955, the Louvre was presented with the famous Puiforcat collection of French silverware by Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos. Three years ago, another Croesus, Carlos de Beistegui of Mexico, transferred his paintings to the Louvre—among them Goya's full-length portrait of the Marchioness Solana, a symphony in gray and pink. Last but not least, the Paris Rothschilds, who now and then send over a few million-dollar trinkets, in 1937 handed the Louvre their unique collection of engravings and designs. Thus, slowly, all the gaps are filling in. And though the Louvre is always cramped for space, it still can move a few old vases and make room.

And it can say that it looks after its possessions with the affection of a mother hen. At regular intervals every painting in the Louvre goes to the laboratory for a health certificate, while other objects get a check-up when they need it. Set up in 1930 by two Argentine Maecenases, the Louvre's lab was among the first to apply modern diagnostic techniques—such as X rays—to sick pictures. Its adroit director, Madeleine Hours, may recommend such drastic operations as the removal of a rotting canvas from behind a painting and substitution of a new one; or the elimination of a painted surface to bring to light a more important older picture hiding underneath.

Now, if your shoe leather still holds, what else is there to see? Unfortunately, plenty. Selection, evidently, must be your key word from here on. In the section reserved for European sculptures, for example, you'll hold your breath before the two great marble slaves of Michelangelo, the master's only works of capital importance to be found outside Italy. And, while you are in this far corner, don't overlook the deeply moving Christ descending from the Cross—an 800-year-old Burgundian woodcarving which, half a century ago, the Louvre wouldn't touch because it was too "primitive" and which an angry curator bought with his private cash.

Nor would you want to miss the crown jewels of France, shown in the ornate Apollo Gallery. Provided you can nudge your way through worshipful French viewers, you will behold the crown of Louis XV, the only one of France's royal crowns extant; the flaming Regent, 137 carats of pure diamond, purchased from Thomas Pitt by the French court and stolen during the French Revolution; and the gold-handled Sword of Charlemagne. Nearby, in the Bijou Room, you'll find the Treasure of Bosco Reale, exquisitely wrought silverware discovered in the cistern of a villa buried by Mt. Vesuvius' ashes, and one of the exhibits the Louvre likes to brag about.

So far, so good. You've seen what you had come to see, and you may quietly withdraw: you've done the Louvre. Still, as the French are fond of saying, the appetite comes with the eating. Should you be bent on further exploration, here are a few more hints for the unflagging.

A compact little suite of rooms, for instance, has recently been opened up on the third floor, where, in a stripped-down, modern setting, you can unbend among the merry painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from Tiepolo and Canaletto to Lawrence, Raeburn and Watteau. Or, you may hunt for unexpected game in the thick jungles of the neoclassic school and light on J. L. David's delightful portrait of Madame Récamier. You even might ascend to the secluded study where the museum keeps its 75,000 drawings and, if you can produce the proper introduction, inspect the yellowed sheets marked by the pen of Leonardo, Michelangelo or Rembrandt. Please do not touch—someone is standing over you.

Adventure beckons farther on, however, where, in the Louvre's distant recesses, a terrifying mass of Oriental art objects carries you off to Asia's monstrous palaces. Here Prince Gudea, a cubic little man carved in black diorite, sits pensively on his Sumerian throne—or, rather, sat on it around the year 2130 B.C.

... ...

Nosegay

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Sometimes I think my nose
will be
The very last to die of me,
So eagerly my whole life
through
Like some gaunt hound
it's quickened to
All that has ever come its
way
In darkness or by light of
day!

Cool cellar smell and fresh
newsprint,
The tang of marjoram and
mint,
Cut grass and crushed
tomato vines,
Wood smoke and wind in
mountain pines,
Dry ferns and haymows,
dim with dust,
Tide pools, white-rimmed
with salty crust.

And from spring nights,
long since gone by,
The smell of rain when you
and I
Walked wet city streets
together,
Too much in love to notice
weather!

... ...

There, a fierce lion of green bronze guards a long-vanished temple gate. The bearded archers in glazed tile still march around King Artaxerxes' porch. And Hammurabi, king of Babylon, sets forth his views on crime and punishment on an enormous chunk of black basalt. These gloomy and deserted regions seem far away from the familiar smile of the Gioconda. If a man died, out here, of loneliness, how soon, you wonder, would they find the body?

And with this cheerful thought, you amble back toward the exit, not without stopping at the prettiest picture in the Louvre: the window—any window. Whether you gaze upon the smoothly flowing river, with its broad barges and its crowded bridges, or the cropped lawns and well-groomed flower beds down in the sunlight-flooded gardens, the scene before you will forever mock the painter's brush. And it occurs to you, as you look out on Paris, that sixty centuries of art cannot compete with the reality of this sweet city. THE END

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Swindler in the Statehouse

(Continued from Page 49)

Kankakee, Illinois. Some of Hodge's free riders, it transpired, hadn't even visited the office long enough to pick up their pay checks; Hodge had mailed them to them.)

That phone call, telling Thiem that Hodge had passed the word not to tell Thiem anything, goes a long way toward explaining how investigations like this can succeed. Hodge held all the cards, but Thiem's reputation was working for him. Once Thiem started asking questions, odds and ends of fact in the possession of honest people came his way.

Some bits of information were inconclusive. However, he got some material which was to prove as useful as a shotgun to a duck hunter, and it came to him because he is known around Springfield for holding the old-fashioned view that public officials exist to serve the public, not to feather their nests.

Thiem is no burning reformer, but greed annoys him. He thinks it is a cheap trick, akin to romancing widows for their money, to butter up the voters and then swindle them. He is a constant threat to gentlemen reaching for the public's wallet. "Every time that guy starts walking around the statehouse," someone once remarked, "it saves the people of Illinois a million dollars."

Thiem didn't cultivate this role of Nemesis, and it has drawbacks. Many regard him as a Mr. Fixit who rights all wrongs. Recently a woman pursued him for several days to tell him she got a raw deal in buying a car. She felt sure Thiem would bring down thunderbolts on the dealer. But there are a lot of career people in government offices who don't like being mixed up in anything off-color, and people like these confide in Thiem. Often they don't have much to tell, but the interesting thing about this process—and the warning to grafters—is that it can't be stopped. Thiem finds a bit of pottery. "That's from a vase," somebody tells him. "That vase is missing," says somebody else; and in time, Thiem uncovers a buried city.

Hodge had things arranged so that nobody in his office except his administrative aide, and possibly one other, knew anything for sure. But he took no chances that a disgruntled employee would poke around and find out more. About 100 of his 500 employees were overpaid with monthly checks of $50 to $200, theoretically for expenses.

"Actually to seal lips," says Thiem, and to dull curiosity.

But that reputation of Thiem's rallied honest people to his side. He was looking for an unknown object in the dark, and he would have got nowhere if a lot of relatively unimportant people hadn't lit matches for him.

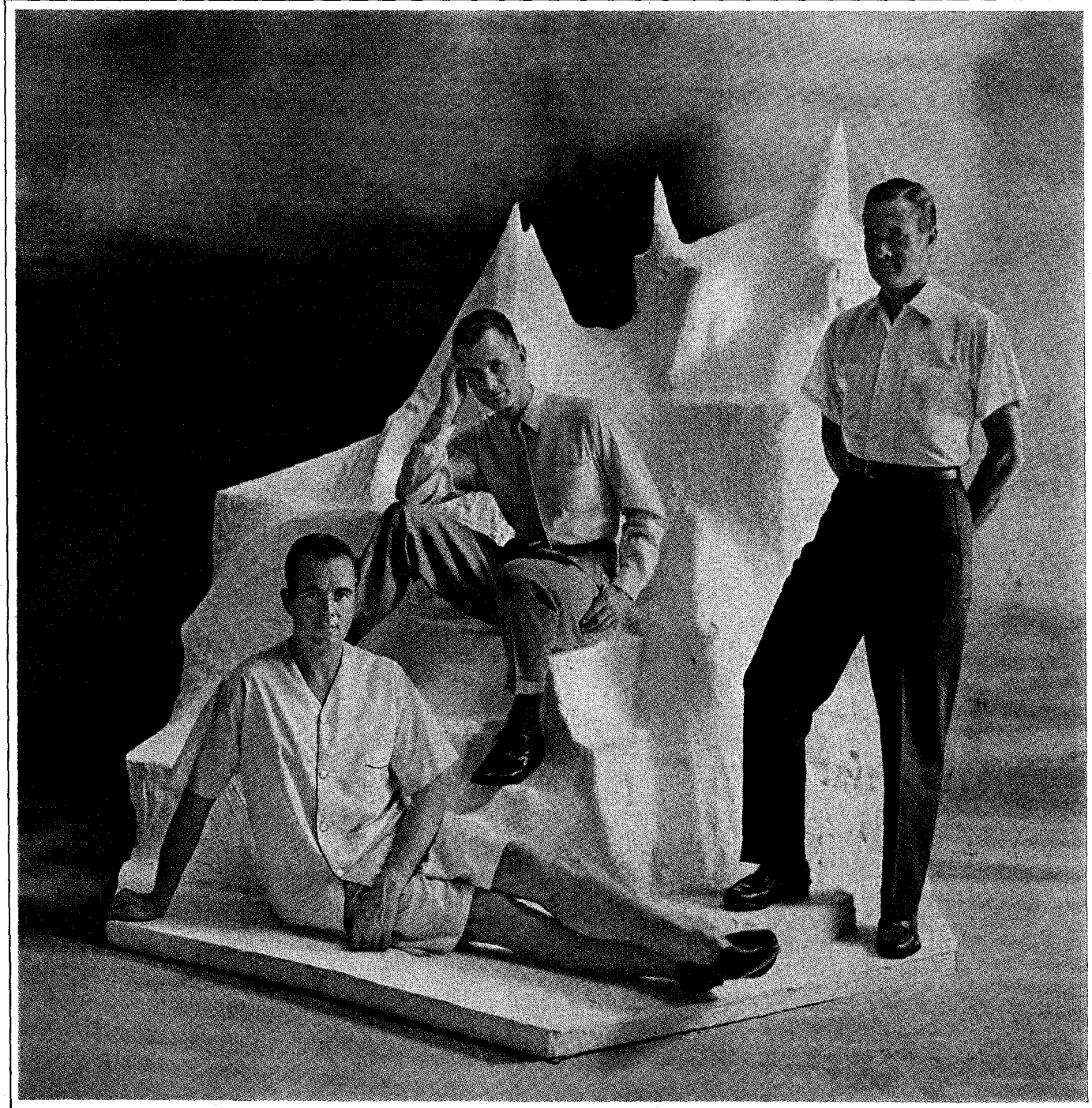
The following week Hodge made the payroll available and supplied a thirty-one-page statement about his official spending. The statement justified only about $200,000 of the $2,000,000 increase in appropriations. The explanations were specious. As for the payroll, that showed twenty-five jobs as having been "terminated," pretty clearly right after Thiem's inquiry. Included were many of the alleged payrollers. Nothing exciting here, but mildly funny. Hodge, the stalwart Republican, had some Democratic county chairmen on his payroll. Also on the payroll was a sister of Tony Accardo, reputedly Al Capone's successor.

Otherwise, it was pretty dull stuff. Hodge could shrug off hiring the Democrats—"I like votes." If he had other payrollers, he could get on the phone and instruct them to look busy, as he did. Not much of a story. But Hodge's little evasions had got Thiem interested. And Thiem had another angle to work on. "Look into Hodge's public spending," the managing editor had told him.

A state capital is a great spot for gossip. Thiem had no trouble learning that Hodge had indeed been living graciously. He kept suites in both the leading hotels, for instance, though one, the St. Nicholas, was regarded as a Democratic hangout. They were specially decorated and furnished, too, and for this and expensive entertaining, Hodge had paid with state checks—technically, "warrants."

Hodge had paid a bill for $5200 at the St. Nick with a state warrant. He was letting the state pay for maintenance on his two planes, Thiem learned at the airport. He had paid for $5000 worth of entertainment at the Mill Tavern, a night spot popular with politicians, again with a state check. Some of this may have been official entertaining. Still, the use of state checks for personal expenses looked like a habit, and this kind of chiseling wasn't becoming.

So in his next session with Hodge, Thiem asked about these things. Hodge had answers. The hotel rooms were for the convenience of visiting bank examiners. That didn't wash; there isn't that much traffic in bank examiners. Hodge admitted that his pilot was on the state payroll, but claimed he did office work too. He spoke of his high political standards. Others might assess employees for campaign funds; not Hodge. He paid his



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SPORT SHIRT...convertible collar. White, blue, maize, tan, green, grey. Short sleeves $3.95; long sleeves $4.95.

DRESS SHIRT...Jay-Mil collar illustrated. Also available in Carefree collar, short sleeves, or Button-down collar, long sleeves, $3.95. White, blue, tan, grey, green.

PAJAMA...illustrated, V-neck, short sleeves, knee length, $4.95. Not illustrated—convertible collar, long sleeves, long trousers, $5.95. White, blue, grey, green, maize, tan.

JAYSON, 1115 Broadway, New York 10, New York *Also makers of* Excello Shirts and Sport Shirts

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Enjoy the 'barefoot freedom' of a sandal, yet more restful support than the finest shoe could give! The exclusive built-up arch and cupped heel cradle your every step . . . make walking a real pleasure . . . prevent that 'letdown' feeling of ordinary sandals. Ideal casual footwear for home, street or recreation. Finest quality saddle leather, nylon stitching.

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WOMEN'S: Tan, White, Red, Black.

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MOLDED SOLE · BUILT-UP ARCH · CUPPED HEEL

Also for Children, from $6.95.

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EASY does it with SAKRETE

Build an outdoor grill, patch a broken sidewalk, lay brick, or take care of a thousand other concrete or mortar jobs with dry-mixed, accurately-proportioned SAKRETE! Just add water, stir and pour. SAKRETE is *real* concrete — tested strength of 4,000 pounds per square inch . . . exceeds ASTM specification C 387. SAKRETE is packaged for clean, easy handling. Buy it today, use it when you're ready! At hardware, lumber or building supply dealers everywhere!

LOOK FOR THE SACK WITH THE YELLOW DIAMOND!

SAKRETE

Manufactured and Sold Nationally

own way. He went on to talk about improvements he had instituted. "I'm trying to do a good job, George," he said earnestly. "The best I know how."

It was a nice pose he struck, but the con wasn't working. Thiem is what the criminal lawyers call an "Honest John type," or "law-and-order guy," to be kept off juries if possible. There was a way to settle all questions about the expense items, and now Thiem proposed it. For every check there is a voucher, or should be, showing the check's purpose.

"Orville," he said, "I want to see your vouchers, all of them."

It was like saying, "If you'll kindly give me the key, I'll lock you in a prison cell," but Thiem didn't know that. His suspicions were mild, limited to the idea that Hodge was being pretty free with state money and was loading his payroll.

But Hodge had far more to conceal than these trifles. Thiem's request to see the vouchers was alarming. The reporter had very little on which to base so large a demand, but there was no good assertible reason to refuse him. And to refuse would look bad.

A thoroughly honest official could have said, "All right, Junior. Bring in your whole Boy Scout troop and wallow in vouchers. But your paper's got to pay the extra filing expense."

Instead, Hodge sat there looking uncomfortable. "Can't do it," he said finally. "After all, I'm running this office. I can't have my files gone over like that. But we'll give you any one voucher you ask for."

It was the right play because it sounded so reasonable. Hodge's office issued 15,000 warrants a day. Why allow his office routine to be disrupted just so a reporter could go on a fishing expedition? Now, if Thiem had anything specific in mind ——

Actually, Hodge was merely offering to let Thiem engage in wild guessing. For the vouchers were filed by the serial number of the check. If you had the check number, you could find any voucher in seconds. If you didn't have the number, you had nothing. So it amounted to saying, "All right, Thiem. You find out where and when I spent money wrongfully. Then find out the number of the check. We issue three hundred and fifty thousand a year, so your chances aren't high. And even if you could get the check number, we'd have time to alter the voucher before digging it out for you."

But as a matter of fact, Thiem did have one check number. One, and only one. When he found that Hodge had paid the St. Nicholas Hotel with a state check, Thiem had asked around. His luck was working. Someone in Hodge's office had seen that check going through the works. The amount, $5200, seemed high for a hotel bill, and on the chance that there was something wrong, he had jotted down the check's number. This he gave to Thiem.

At no time in these early stages did Thiem expect to learn much that was sensational. Hodge might spend a little of the state's money on himself, but not much. Why should he? Hodge was known as a millionaire.

This was the smoothest part of Hodge's whole operation—this successful pretense that he was rich. It was taken for granted by everyone. The Daily News exposed him as a larcenist, but a month later was still referring to him as "a millionaire who liked the glamour of public office."

People saw Hodge spending, but what of that? He was rich. Millionaire, wasn't he? But modest about it. When a paper estimated his wealth as "somewhere between one million and five," Hodge told friends, "That's a little high." Sometimes, in talking of his business projects, he remarked, "I don't know whether I've got a million or owe a million."

It now appears that Hodge was worse than broke when he entered the legislature in 1947, but he was accepted at once at his own valuation. His friends would tell you that his grandfather had owned the land on which now stood the business district of Granite City, Illinois, Hodge's home town. (There's no reason now to believe his grandfather ever saw Granite City.) Hodge had inherited a prosperous business and about $100,000 from his father, the story went, and had married the richest girl in town, who brought him about $250,000. This was the tidy stake Hodge had run up into a million or more—so it was said. No pretense, you see, that he got rich from a standing start or was a self-made man; that line sometimes antagonizes people.

The picture Hodge drew in his official biography helped the legend along. It was that of a solid and substantial conservative. He owned the Hodge Agency in Granite City, a realty, insurance and building firm. He owned and operated a farm in Illinois, another in Missouri, a fruit ranch in Texas; he was co-owner—later full owner—of an apartment hotel in Florida. He was a director of a fire-insurance company, also of a mortgage company—important-sounding connections.

Hodge kept the reputation going by the simple device of looking, sounding and acting like a rich man. He carried a lot of money, spent easily but not flamboyantly. He made gifts, but not ostentatious gifts. For his banker pal, Ed Hintz, a bolt of silk for a suit. For George Thiem, at Christmas, a thirty dollar sweater in honest navy blue.

This rich man, people said, was all right. It was a trick which even misled the newspapermen. In Illinois, they are an especially suspicious lot. The older reporters saw Big Bill Thompson's riproaring regime in which no possible variation of graft could have been overlooked. They caught a governor, Len Small, pocketing $600,000. But Hodge's somewhat adolescent delight in his wealth deceived the newspapermen into assuming the wealth was real. This was Hodge's slickest accomplishment, and they give him credit. "In Illinois, we have had our share of rogues," says a Tribune man, "but Orville is the king of them all."

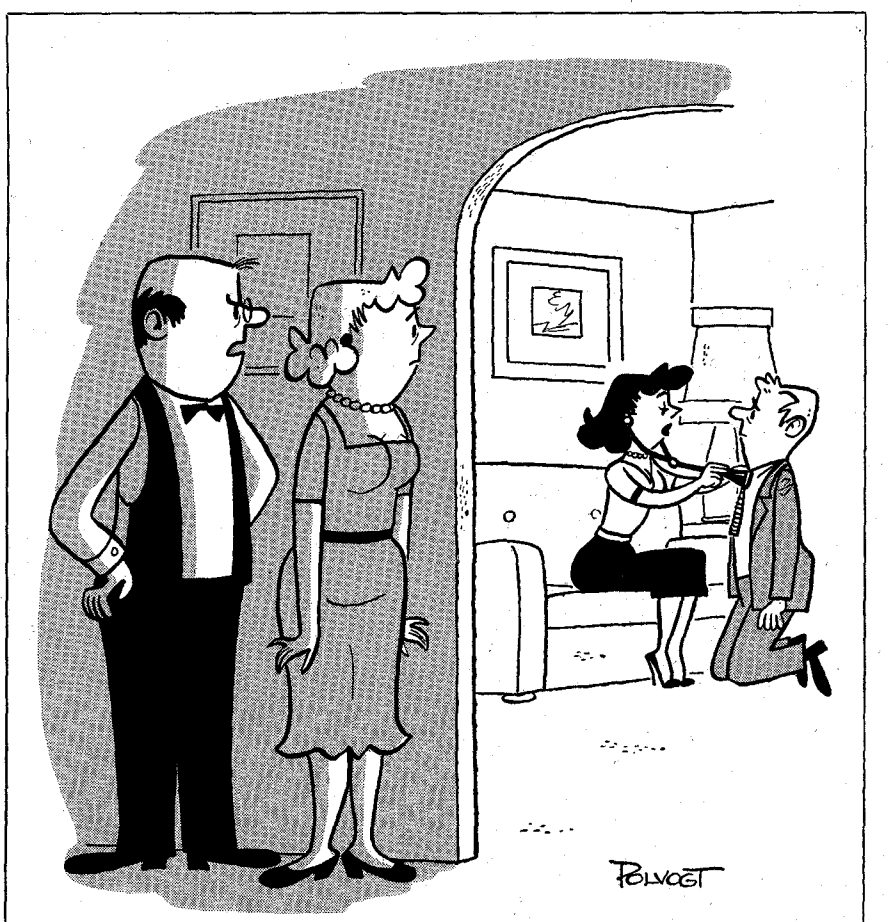
Charles Finston, political editor of the Chicago American, thought at first that George Thiem's investigation was much ado about nothing. Later, publicly eating crow, Finston said, "Hodge fooled me. But I thought he was rich." Says Charles Cleveland, political editor of the News, "All the details of his wealth—his planes, his hotel in Florida, and so on—were things he managed to introduce into his conversation, but naturally, so as not to boast. This openness fooled us."

People in his home town might have known better, but they hadn't seen much of Hodge for ten years or so. It wouldn't have surprised his admirers if he had rolled up a fortune in that time. Why not? Mighty nice fellow, that Orvie. Million-dollar personality. Says Jack Willner of the News, "They were busy thinking of him as their fair-haired boy."

There were those who didn't admire Hodge, but they, too, were willing to believe he was rich. He had been on the Board of Tax Appeals. His detractors took it for granted that he shook down the big taxpayers. He had been interested in an appliance store. Tom Berry, usually called "Madison County's gambling boss," also was interested. It was assumed the store had something to do with slot machines.

Nobody in the press corps suspected Hodge of being simon-pure, and that was a great help. He was in position to do a good bit of grafting. His office had a lot of money to spend in ways that could bring kickbacks from contractors and suppliers. It was assumed that if Hodge wanted money he would get it that way.

Willner discovered that Hodge had heavy mortgages on his real estate and had borrowed heavily on his life insurance. He could have paid off with stolen money, but (*Continued on Page 139*)



"She'd have been married years ago if she wasn't so darn particular."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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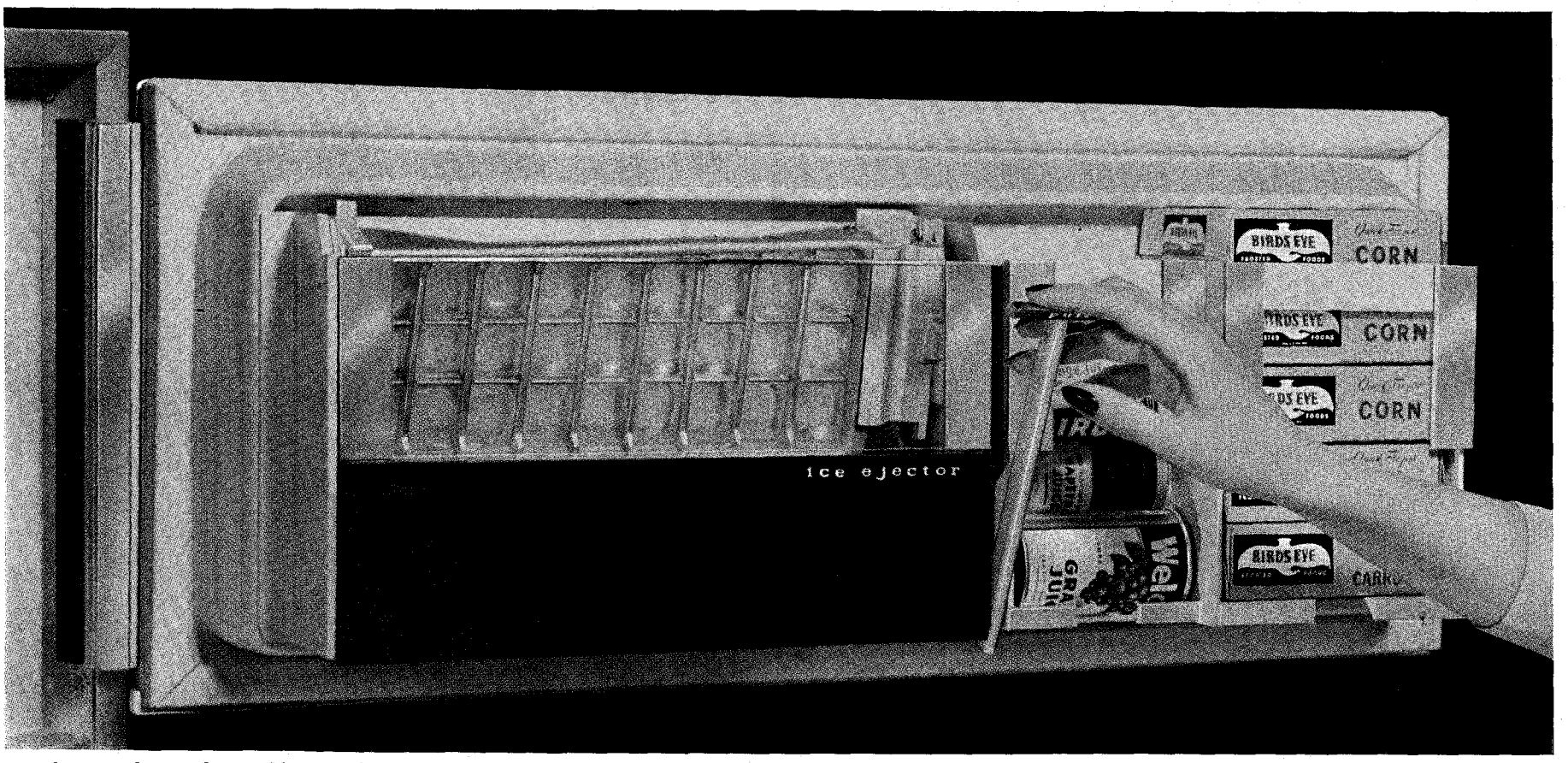
DRY ICE CUBES IN A BIN —JUST LIKE THIS



At lever touch, ice cubes tumble frosty-dry from tray into serving basket. Always enough ice on hand for lots of tall drinks.

MODEL FI-121-57

Everything in the new Frigidaire Refrigerator lives up to its Sheer Look smartness

From the amazing Ice-Ejector in the separate freezer door to finger-tip service of frozen juice cans—the surprises never cease in this all-new Frigidaire Food Freezer-Refrigerator.

For instance, by a marvel of ingenuity, doors swing open wide, yet need so little room at the side.

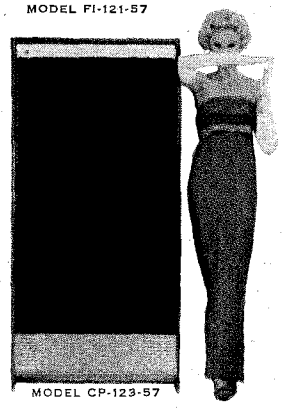
Then there's the Plan-A-Door. So flexible you can arrange everything where *you* want it.

Just a touch opens or closes either door, and each opens just as easily from the inside, too.

Roll-to-You Shelves? Of course! And now even tall bottles roll to you, too. All this in a color-gay interior enhanced by three glare-free lights so nothing can hide.

Yes, it's all new from top to toe – the *handiest* refrigerator ever! And the handsomest, too, with the new Sheer Look—now in *all* Frigidaire '57 Appliances, for that "made-for-each-other" look. Blends right in—looks beautifully built in, in your kitchen. See them all—in glamorous colors—at your Frigidaire dealer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "ELECTRIC APPLIANCES."

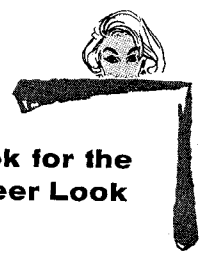
MODEL FI-121-57



MODEL CP-123-57

Charcoal Gray, as well as other colors, available on some models. Another fashion-first for the Sheer Look, the all-new style triumph from Frigidaire. How you'll love the sheer square lines that make every corner count.

And to top it all—Frigidaire now sells its four glamorous colors at NO extra charge.



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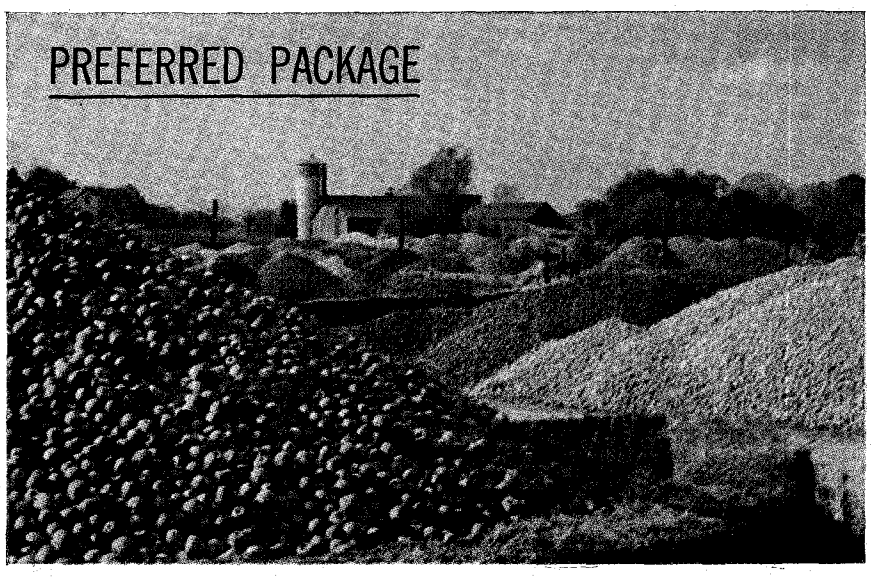
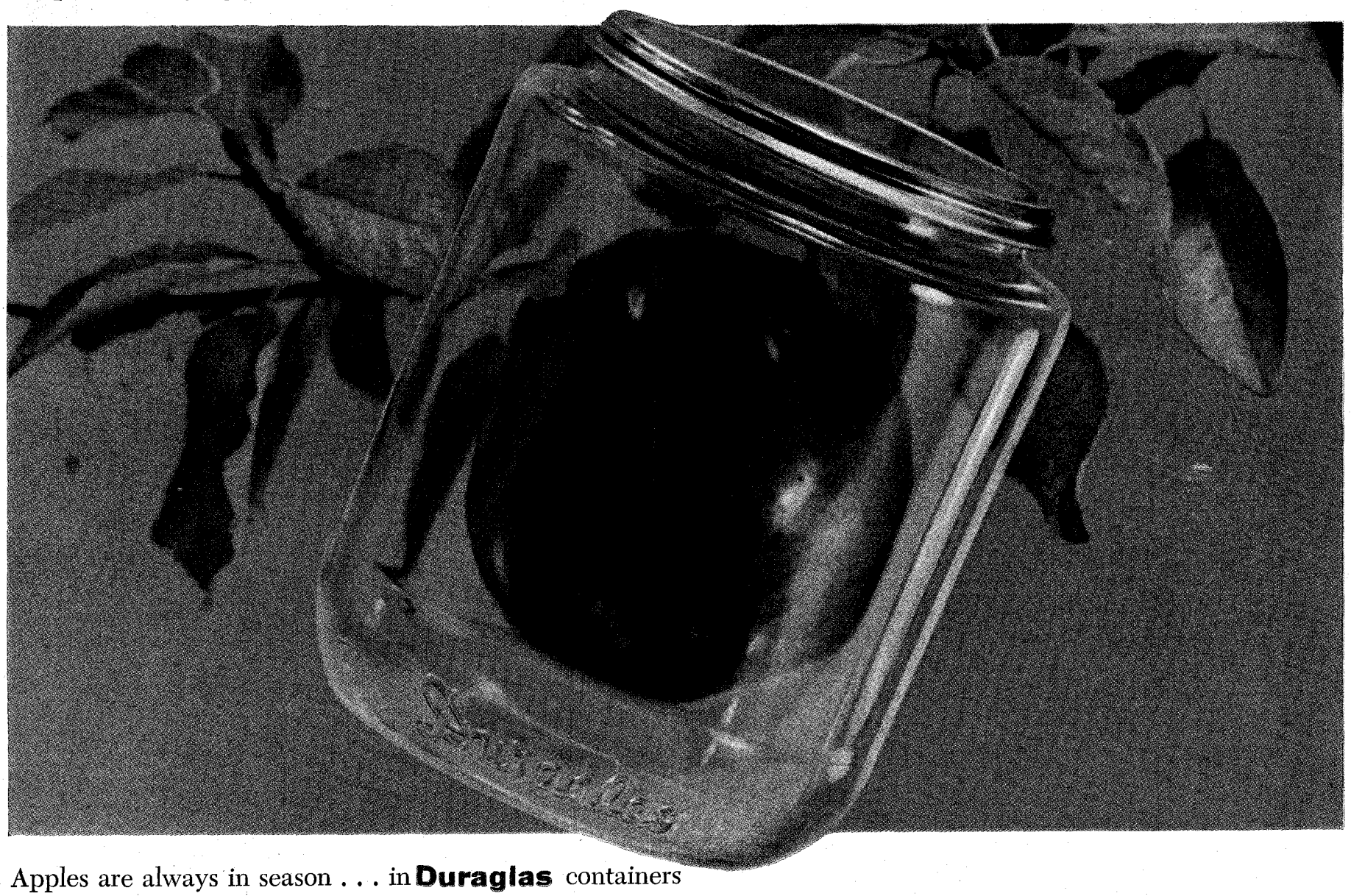


People who buy **apple** sauce

prefer it in glass—2½ to 1!



Apples are always in season . . . in **Duraglas** containers

June or January—any time is apple-time at your grocer's. Apples sliced and spiced for pie, applesauce that's smooth and tasty, apple juice, apple cider, apple butter—all these wonderful products are yours for the picking. And all of them come packed in glass.

According to a recent nation-wide survey among homemakers, glass is the preferred package for applesauce—by 2½ to 1! Glass doesn't change the fresh, outdoor flavor of apples, nor add taste of its own. It guards the bland goodness of applesauce and the pungent spiciness of apple butter with equal ease.

And serving is so easy from Duraglas containers. Tops flip off in a second. The wide-mouthed jars make spooning out portions quick and neat. Snap on the cap again, and you've got an airtight, flavorproof container that keeps leftovers safe and shows how much is left for another meal.

Developing a package that's right for a product is an everyday problem for the technical experts at Owens-Illinois. Their creative skill and technical know-how is a vital ingredient of every O-I product.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
Kimble television bulbs • Plywood
Kaylo insulation • Kimble vials and ampuls
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DURAGLAS CONTAINERS
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GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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(*Continued from Page 136*) he didn't. Only the poor worry about their debts. Hodge knew his role.

George Thiem was a long time reaching the startling conclusion that Hodge was stealing. Thiem kept looking for conventional graft. "He could have chiseled a hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand," says Thiem, "and got by with it." You'd think that would be enough—for a rich man.

The nature of Hodge's office—stodgy title, stodgy duties—also helped the deception. The state auditor's job is an important one; the auditor ranks with the state treasurer and the attorney general. But his was not an office to be watched closely for news. In fact, Hodge had to maintain a public-relations staff to keep his name in the papers. When a man is trying hard to get publicity you don't suspect him of skulduggery. And you don't think of an auditor as having access to anything but records. What could an auditor steal, outside of papers?

Hodge reached the Illinois General Assembly in Springfield in 1947, as a representative from the southern counties of Madison and Bond. His good-fellow qualities made him popular. In his second session he was a minority whip. In 1951 he was vice-chairman of the revenue committee and ranking member of the appropriations committee.

His popularity with the voters grew steadily. He made as many friends as possible, had an excellent memory for names and did all the favors he could. Stopping for a few words of conversation, Hodge almost invariably said in parting, "Now, if there's anything I can do for you, let me know."

> The worst of wrestling with your conscience is that it's almost impossible to get a strangle hold on it.
>
> HAL CHADWICK

By 1952 he was popular enough to try for statewide office. Well established in the role of rich man indulging a liking for public life, he made it clear he would pay his own campaign expenses. He couldn't yet hope to be governor. William Stratton, state treasurer, wanted that. Hodge got the nomination for auditor.

Running mates recall that he had more money to spend than any other candidate. This is the origin of a theory that he was financed by gamblers with $200,000, the amount he says he spent, on his promise to get them the green light for wide-open gambling. The rest of the theory is that he stole, later on, under pressure to pay back the $200,000. The idea is romantic, but open to serious doubt. It's not sure that Hodge spent anything like $200,000 and gamblers are hardly so stupid as to think an auditor of public accounts would have the say on gambling. In any event, you don't need to steal $2,000,000 or so to pay back $200,000.

He talked of running for governor in 1956, but Stratton wanted a second term. Hodge made something of a ceremony of bowing out in Stratton's favor. But he was building his own machine. Most of the Republican votes are downstate. In some areas, they are pretty much under one-man control. Hodge cultivated downstate Republican leaders, and Democratic leaders as well. Nobody could have marshaled more votes than Hodge, at the moment Fate chose for his downfall.

Among those taken in by the rich-man pose, it appears, was H. Kendall Olds. A former United Press man and a good Springfield reporter, Olds had become Hodge's chief public-relations man. As George Thiem's investigation came to a thunderous climax, Olds felt sick and betrayed. He drove out to Lake Springfield and drowned himself.

Another who was close to Hodge without suspecting his dark secret, she insists, was Bonita Lillie. They met in 1953, when Miss Lillie, a rising young designer and decorator, was commissioned to redecorate Hodge's Springfield home. At the height of the scandal, Marcia Winn, of the Chicago Tribune, found Bonita in Los Angeles—"helping," Bonita said, "by being as far away as possible."

Marcia Winn is widely known for brilliant description and a deadly instinct for the jugular. Now she wrote so approvingly that fans looked twice to make sure this was coming from Marcia's usually saw-toothed typewriter. This was her appraisal of Miss Lillie: "a woman of education, breeding and charm," with "a piquant, heart-shaped face, large gray eyes and dark hair. . . . Her voice is soft and musical."

What was there about Hodge to win such a woman's love? Bonita found him "a scrub-faced, clean-cut man wanting to be a statesman." Far from knowing anything about his financial manipulations, she said, "I thought he was the most honest man I ever knew." The Hodge she knew liked her to read the Bible to him, especially the Beatitudes. This wasn't the Springfield playboy or the glad-hander. This was "a man who hurt inside"; who was, in Bonita's eyes, "the loneliest person I ever knew."

Bonita's forthright admission that she loved Hodge appeared likely for a time to cost Hodge another ten years in prison. In imposing two sentences of ten years, Federal Judge John P. Barnes had promised to substitute probation for the second ten-year term if Hodge made restitution.

At the disclosure of Hodge's romance, his wife, Margaret, balked at surrendering property, even refusing to vacate a luxurious penthouse in Florida bought by Hodge with stolen money. But Hodge's trouble seemed to arouse the judge's sympathy. As things stand now, Hodge is under a ten-year sentence to be followed by five years of probation—if he makes restitution. But the day after this reduction was granted, George Thiem discovered that in listing assets Hodge had left out two farms held in the name of dummies.

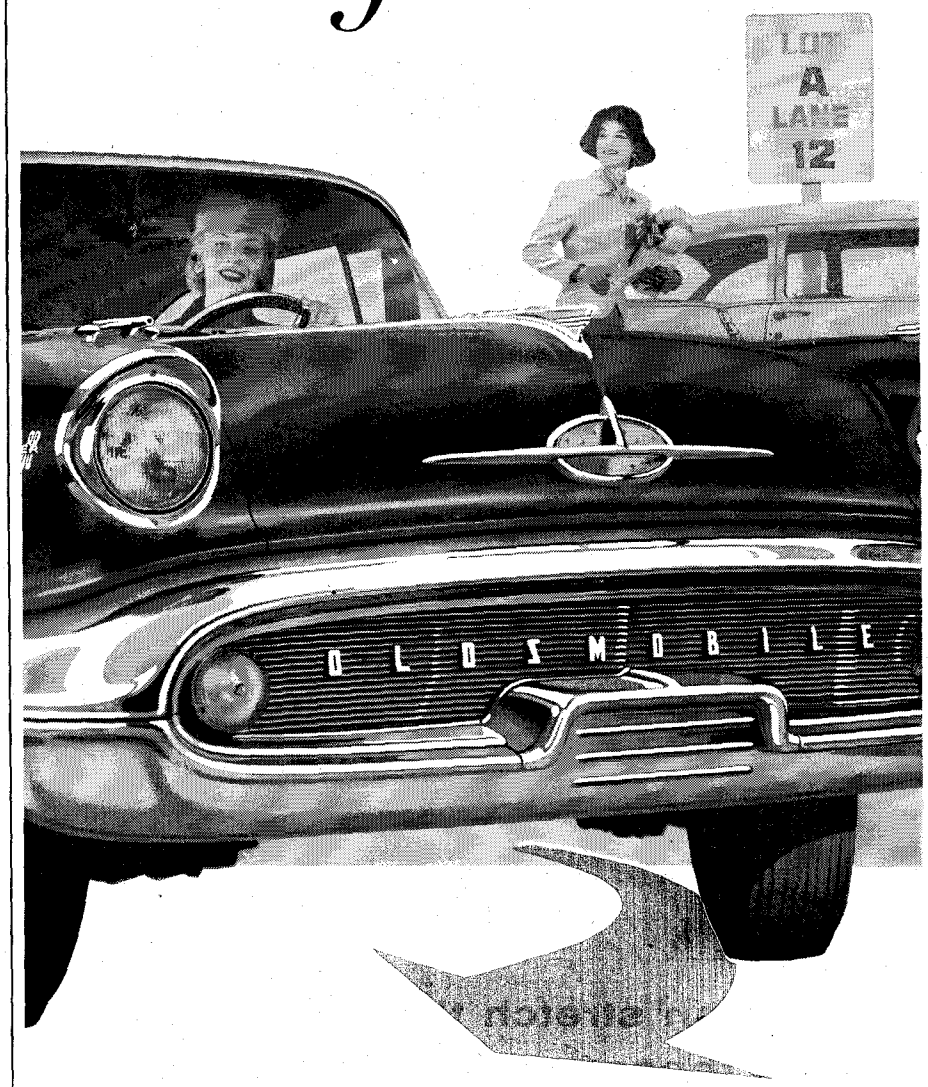
After Hodge's guilt had been established, the psychiatrists said he had always had a starved ego. His deep hunger for the spotlight, they thought, showed in his monogrammed shirts, his gadget-filled home, his habit of reaching for the check in restaurants, his delight in knowing celebrities.

A man like Hodge, the psychiatrists said, knows all along that he'll be caught. The sanctimonious speeches calling for honesty in government, they said, were "a way of confessing." They said Hodge would have done a better job of covering up except for a repressed wish to get caught.

If so, he repressed it well, George Thiem would say. The Daily News reporter worked for forty-two days before he stumbled on Hodge's secret; and for nearly two weeks of that time, Hodge was working frantically to cover up. With his strong political influence and unlimited stolen money, it seemed likely he might make it. Tension mounted so high before it was over that two Daily News men, both seasoned campaigners, were felled by heart attacks.

Editors' Note: This is the second of four articles. The third in the series will appear next week.

Just a spin... and you're in!



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Suburban center, downtown or neighborhood store . . . sometimes these days the fun of shopping hardly seems worth the struggle to park! Unless, of course, you're driving a dream-handling car like this big new Oldsmobile with *Safety* Power Steering! It makes parking *anywhere* truly painless. It takes the toil out of traffic, too . . . and the feeling of relaxed security *Safety* Power Steering gives you on the highway is something you simply can't imagine till you experience it. *Full "road feel"* . . . but all the *fight* is gone!

Safety Power Steering is standard equipment on the Oldsmobile Starfire 98, optional on the Super 88 and Golden Rocket 88 at a price too low to pass up. It's standard or optional on all other GM models, too. Try it before you buy your next car and *feel what you've been missing!* Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Michigan.

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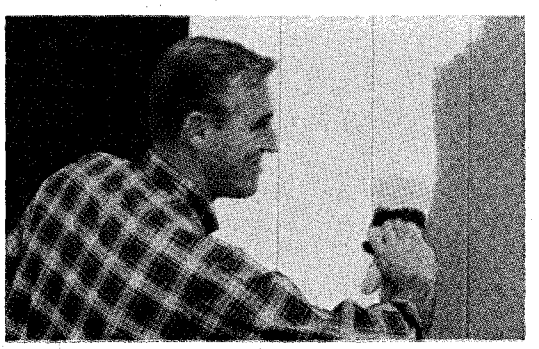
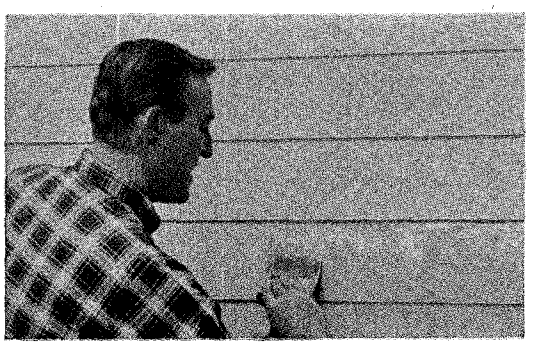


Now you can do a one-coat white house-paint job to outlast many two-coat jobs! Glidden IMPERIAL has 50% more ultra-white hiding pigment. Saves time, money. Self-cleaning. *(Sold in Canada as "Endurance Ultra White".)*



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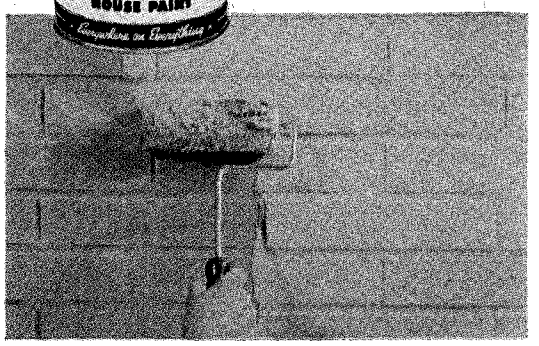
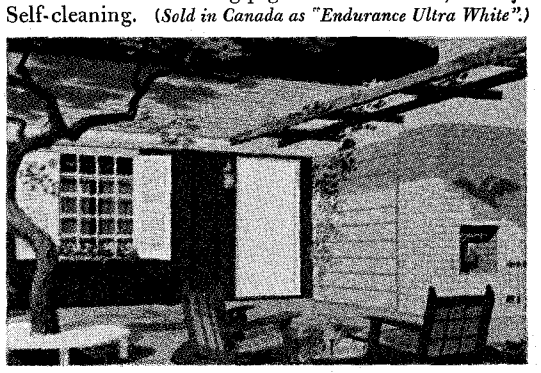
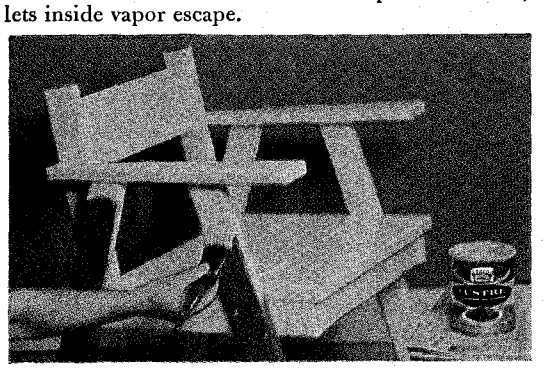


SPRED GLIDE-ON flows on smoothly, easily. Use brush, roller, spray. Goes on twice as fast, dries dust-free in minutes. Beautiful suede-like finish keeps out moisture, lets inside vapor escape.



You get superior protection, "picture-book" colors on wood siding, with ENDURANCE house paint. Choose from 36 weather-resisting pastels and deep tones. Easy to apply.

Get professional staining results on wood, plywood, veneer without tedious effort. Use GLID-TONE indoors or out. 62 new pastel colors and natural wood tones.



Washable, weather-resistant beauty for porch and lawn furniture! New SPRED LUSTRE all-purpose alkyd enamel gives a velvety sheen to all woodwork—indoors or out! 140 colors—all smooth, easy to apply!

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Hornblower and I

(Continued from Page 27)

deprivation, and I suppose it is, but I have grown so accustomed to ordering my life in accordance with it that I hardly think about it nowadays.

But it was not so at first; very much on the contrary. I listened to gloomy doctors who pulled the longest faces imaginable and warned me—they really did—that it would not be very long before they would cut off my feet and then my legs. Not very long, only a matter of months perhaps; and I would be well advised to install myself in a house with no stairs, so that I could be easily wheeled about. That is what they told me thirteen years ago; it has been my experience during that time to read the obituary notices of those same doctors.

Those doctors did not even call a halt after discussing amputations. They told me that if I wanted to live at all I would have to live the life of a cabbage, doing nothing, worrying about nothing, even thinking about nothing. And—naturally enough I suppose—I tried it. Of course, nobody can think about nothing; the thing I was likely to think about, in those conditions, was the approaching moment when they were going to cut off my feet. In any case, I fear I have not the sort of temperament that would let me lead the life of a cabbage; trying to do so was just the kind of exhausting work the doctors had warned me against.

Do I have to say who it was who came to my rescue? Hornblower came creeping back into my consciousness, forgiving me my years of neglect, and presenting himself, as he usually does, along with a story plot that called for almost no conscious work upon it to be acceptable. Out came pen and writing pad again, the life of the cabbage was forgotten, and by the time I had taken Hornblower up the Baltic and seen him through an attack of typhus fever I was over my worries and had adjusted myself to a new way of living—to such an extent, indeed, that before the war was over I was at sea again, with Hornblower forgotten by me, although welcomed by the public. It's a big ship in which one has to walk more than fifty yards at a time.

Hornblower took advantage of the ending of the war to come back into my life again, and I went along with him to the ending of his war, up to the Battle of Waterloo and the conclusion of a general peace, which would mean the end of his fighting career. That was the obvious time to say good-by to him forever. Was I sorry? I wish I knew the answer to that question. When a writer is planning a new book there is a definite pleasure in venturing into territory hitherto unexplored, in evolving a new character and directing him through new interests. I knew Hornblower well by now, his quirks of character and his long-settled habits. I could be irritated by him, just as an old friend can irritate by repeating his jokes once too often. And there were other novels clamoring to be written and other work insisting on being done. Those novels kept me busy and preoccupied for a while.

Horatio came back again, of course. He contrived to don a new guise and make a different kind of entrance. This time his adventures appeared as short stories—something quite different from the previous novels. They were his adventures as a very young man, presenting to me—knowing already what sort of a man he was in his thirties—the peculiarly tempting technical problems of working out how he came to be that way. That called for some hard work on my part, I seem to remember, but the stories themselves did not. It was extraordinary how easily those plots came; it was almost as if I would be without a story one day and would next day find one complete in my mind, only waiting to be written down.

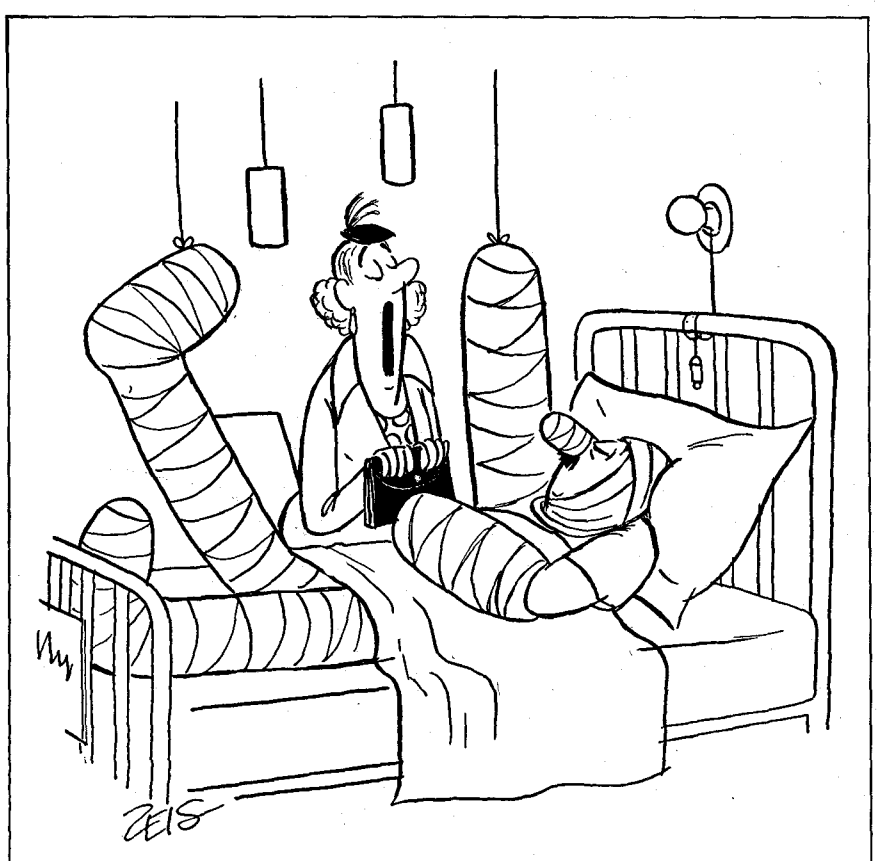
There was one story about Hornblower and an Irish rebel called McCool which The Saturday Evening Post published as Hornblower's Temptation. I can remember clearly how that one arrived. I went to bed one evening quite peacefully, read—as is my habit—some dull and factual book for half an hour, and then put the book down and turned out the light the same as on hundreds of other evenings. But this time, as I laid my head on the pillow, a notion came up into my mind. It was the germ of an idea, and I made some sort of mental note of it without much interest, and composed myself to sleep. Just as I was going off I came back to consciousness with a start, for that germ had budded off another germ, the way germs do. I took another mental note and tried to go to sleep again. I did not succeed, for every time I was about to go to sleep a new idea, or a new facet of an idea, presented itself. I was not looking for ideas; I don't think I particularly wanted them; I wanted to go to sleep. But here they came, hurrying along, joining themselves up and marshaling themselves in order. At the end of a couple of hours there was the whole story of Hornblower and McCool, almost fully formed.

What was missing was a fragment of doggerel verse, necessary to the story—the action depended on the message to be conveyed by that verse. That could wait until tomorrow, I said to myself, turning over the fortieth time in two hours. Of course, it could not; unless the right piece of verse could be written, and the message correctly conveyed, the whole elaborate plot would be useless and wasted. It was tempting to try to compose it. The general idea was clear, but could it be carried out? Naturally I had to try. That was where the work came in—the only work so far. Rhymes and codes formed and reformed in my mind. McCool's first names changed from Patrick Terence to Barry Ignatius for the sake of the code, but I could not be certain that the job was done properly until at four in the morning I growled in disgust and turned on the light and stepped out of a warm bed onto a cold floor to find pencil and paper to write those verses down and check them through.

They fitted satisfactorily; the story was complete. It even appeared complete under the hypercritical examination to which I submitted it next morning while shaving and going through the routine of dressing. There it was, waiting to be written down, and the scribbled verses incorporated. One evening I had had no story, no thought of a story. Then in less than a week Hornblower had a new adventure and The Saturday Evening Post had one more contribution.

McCool marked the end of that particular phase, but not the end of Hornblower. Between novels Hornblower persisted in showing up again, each time bringing with him as a free gift a story that amused me or interested me. He presented himself as a lieutenant, as the young captain of the Atropos, and each time I received him as courteously as I could, and with all the patience I possess. In the old days of Lady Bountiful, did the indigent poor receive her and her basins of nourishing soup with enthusiasm? I fancy that at times it was with a groan. I think I have groaned over Hornblower; I have published verses laughing at him, but he does not recognize a rebuff when he meets one. He thrusts his kindnesses upon me, and I accept them with prickings of conscience.

He has made friends innumerable for me, all over the world. Customs officers read my name and promptly mention his, and chalk my baggage without examination. He has brought me the acquaintance of admirals and princesses, and I am grateful to him, I really am, even though I often wish he wouldn't. And here he is again, as a peer and a rear admiral, with a problem to be solved. But there is comfort in the thought that I am as necessary to him as he is to me, when all is said and done—we are Siamese twins and the surgical operation has not yet been devised which can separate us. I am not quite sure if I would like that operation to be performed in any case. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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57

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Botts' Folly (Continued from Page 35)

On this property Mr. Dixon is planning a tremendous real-estate development—miles of streets, hundreds of homes, several small lakes, a shopping center, a big hotel, half a dozen motels, a golf course and many other features. Before he can get started, he must, of course, clear away the jungle. And that is why we have put together our sensational Super-Jungledozer. It will do the job better, quicker and cheaper than any other piece of equipment in existence. And, after the land clearing has been finished, it can be disassembled and the tractors used in the subsequent construction work. We have created exactly the sort of machine Mr. Dixon needs—which means the sale is practically in the bag.

I should like to point out, however, that our success, when it comes, will be well deserved. In the planning, building and testing of our machine, we have encountered, and overcome, many difficulties. We started out by testing the various component parts in a big vacant lot behind Ben Wiggins' establishment. In this way we proved that our giant subsoil plows would turn over the earth to a depth of six feet. We also proved that our equipment can plow up almost anything buried in the top six feet of soil. On the very first day we broke off and pulled up a section of twelve-inch water main, which resulted in flooding that whole section of town. This, of course, was not our fault; the main had been very carelessly buried only two feet below the surface. However, citizens whose property had been flooded joined with the City Water Department in threatening to sue us. And it took many hours of diplomacy and a certain amount of cash to quiet things down. Later, when we cut off a telephone cable, we had the same sort of difficulty with some very unreasonable officials of the telephone company.

The entire Super-Jungledozer is too big to move over the roads, so the final assembly had to be done outdoors at the edge of the jungle. This caused more trouble. At times the sun was too hot. At other times we had heavy rains—in one of which I got soaking wet and contracted a bad cold.

There were inevitable minor accidents, since none of our workmen had ever seen a machine like this.

As our operations proceeded we attracted more and more of an audience from the local population. Loafers and idlers would congregate and amuse themselves by making witless comments—most of them of a derisive character. They began referring to the machine as "Botts' Folly," and to me as "Botts the Bungler." But it takes more than ridicule to stop me. I merely reminded myself that plenty of wise guys had laughed at Robert Fulton. And I kept on working.

The Super-Jungledozer is now completely assembled, and we plan to spend most of the coming week tuning it up and getting it ready for the big demonstration next Friday—at which time Mr. Dixon is expected to arrive from Venezuela, where he has been inspecting some of his properties.

At the close of the demonstration I feel sure that I shall be able to report that we have sold our beautiful machine to this very important customer.

With all best wishes,

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
MARCH 13, 1957

ALEXANDER BOTTS
JUNGLE CITY HOTEL
JUNGLE CITY, FLORIDA

I HAVE YOUR LETTER TELLING HOW YOU TURNED THE MONTGOMERY PROXY MATTER OVER TO BEN WIGGINS. I ALSO HAVE A LETTER FROM BEN STATING THAT HE CALLED ON MR. MONTGOMERY LAST MONDAY AND FAILED TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING. AS I PREVIOUSLY INFORMED YOU, THIS IS A MATTER OF VITAL IMPORTANCE. YOU WILL THEREFORE DROP YOUR FOOLISH SUPER-JUNGLEDOZER PROJECT AT ONCE. YOU WILL GIVE CAREFUL STUDY TO MY REPORT. AND YOU WILL THEN BEND ALL YOUR ENERGIES TO SECURING MR. MONTGOMERY'S PROXY. THIS IS URGENT. THIS IS AN ORDER. GILBERT HENDERSON

JUNGLE CITY, FLORIDA
Wednesday, March 13, 1957

Dear Henderson: Your telegram arrived early this afternoon. I had been working very hard getting the Super-Jungledozer ready for the great demonstration. Everything about the machine was in perfect shape. I had just gone to bed in my hotel room to nurse the very severe cold I had contracted last week. I was dosing myself with my favorite cold medicine. And Ben Wiggins had dropped in to discuss a few last-minute details.

After all the work I had been doing for the good of the Earthworm Company, I found the peremptory tone of your telegram most annoying. And I was not in any mood to study a long and tedious report from you, Henderson. Fortunately, however, it was not necessary for me to waste my time in this manner. Ben had read your report. And he very kindly explained the salient points. Our conversation ran approximately as follows:

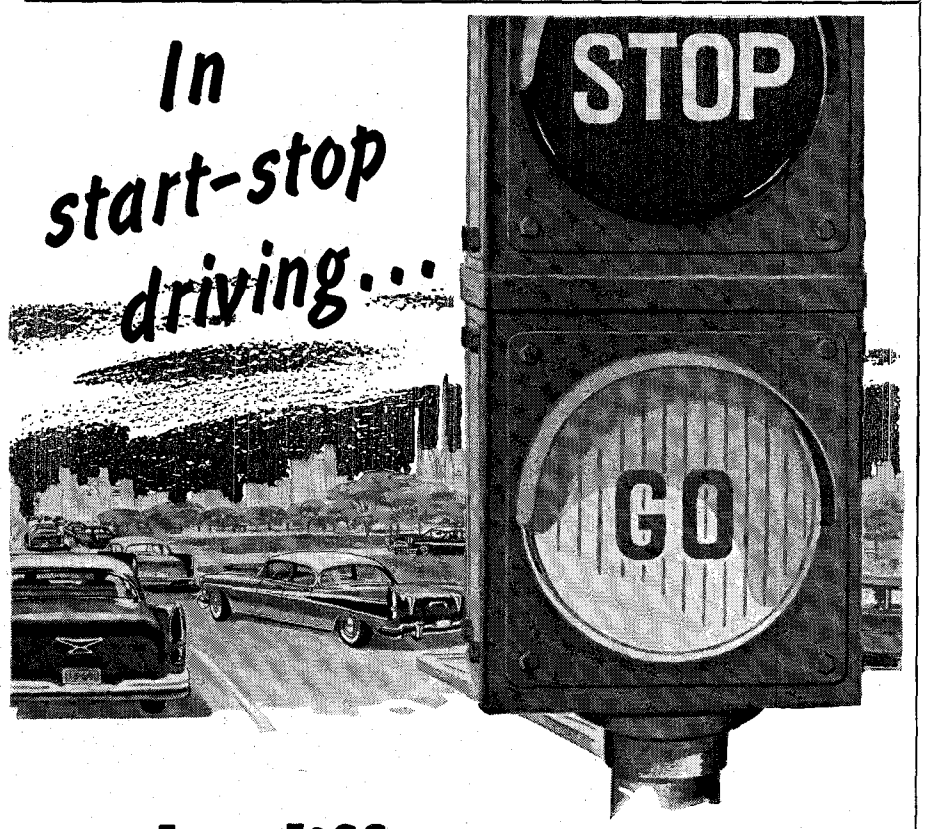
"A man by the name of Fox," said Ben, "has been quietly buying up common stock in the Earthworm Tractor Company. And a couple of weeks ago he began sending out a whole series of letters to all Earthworm stockholders urging them to give him their proxies for the annual meeting."

"And just what is this Mr. Fox trying to do?"

"He is trying to grab control of the company. He wants to elect his own board of directors, so that he can kick out Mr. Henderson and the entire present management."

"You mean he might even fire me?"

"Certainly." (*Continued on Page 144*)

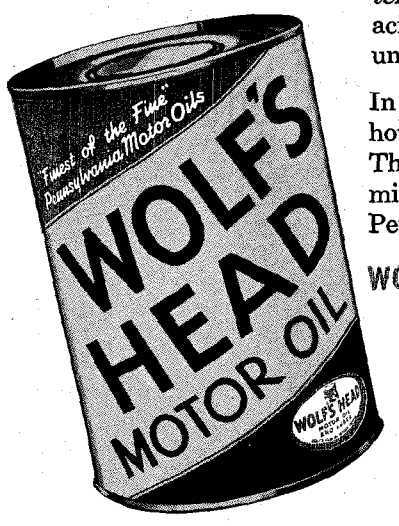


...the difference in motor oil counts!

Two out of three motorists follow a start-stop, short trip driving pattern for the major portion of their driving—unaware that this type of driving has been designated as "severe service" by their car manufacturer . . . and that under these conditions the *difference in motor oils really counts*.

Start-stop driving—even in warm weather—is a cold engine operation in which engine temperatures do not have a chance to reach ideal operating range. Under these conditions, the motor oil can become "over contaminated" with combustion blow-by products and moisture condensation. This can result in the formation of harmful sludge, rust and corrosive acids in your engine.

That's where the superior lubricating qualities and superior detergency of WOLF'S HEAD Oil really make a difference in the operation of your car . . . help you avoid costly, unnecessary repairs. WOLF'S HEAD has superior resistance to contamination. It cleans as it lubricates . . . provides complete protection against "low temperature" sludge, rust, and corrosive acids. Its strong, tough film eliminates unnecessary wear.



In start-stop driving . . . or at 50 miles per hour, your engine needs the *best* protection. That's WOLF'S HEAD, the *superior* premium quality motor oil—100% Pure Pennsylvania.

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FREE!
WOLF'S HEAD "Guide to the Weather" Folder. Tells how to be your own accurate weather forecaster. Write for a copy today.

"I'm washing a worm."

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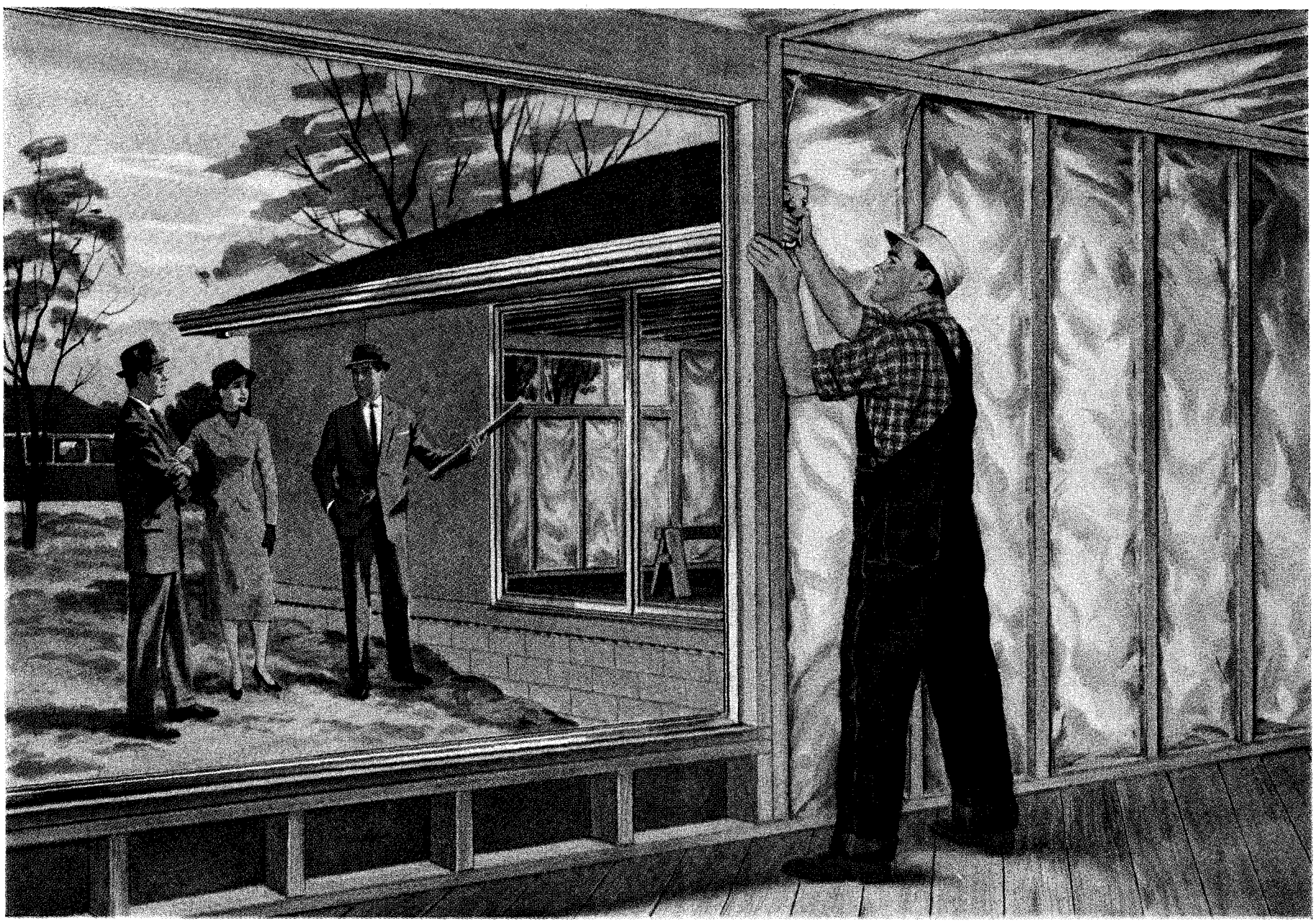

Furnace and air conditioner will be smaller! Monthly operating costs will be lower!

Now everyone can afford year-round comfort

With aluminum-clad insulation, central air conditioning fits any new-home budget

When you're building your new home, remember this exclusive advantage of *aluminum-clad* insulation: *its reflective surface turns back the sun's radiant heat.*

During winter, insulation surfaced with ALCOA® Aluminum keeps furnace heat *in* to cut fuel expense. During summer, it is the most effective insulation known for keeping *out* radiant heat—makes your home cooler and cuts air-conditioning bills. This means year-round comfort with a smaller air conditioner and furnace . . . a home that costs less to heat and cool.

INDEPENDENT RESEARCH BASIS FOR CALCULATING SAVINGS

Both the National Bureau of Standards and The Pennsylvania State University independently studied the heat-reflecting qualities of aluminum-clad insulation. Their findings led heating and air-conditioning engineers to this conclusion . . .

With aluminum-clad insulation, a properly built average-size new house (1,200 sq ft) in an average city in the U.S., can be heated and air conditioned throughout the year for as low as $12 a month or $144 a year.

ALCOA DOES NOT MAKE INSULATION

Alcoa makes the aluminum foil and flaked aluminum pigment that many manufacturers use to produce several types of insulation. For more information on the economies of aluminum-clad insulation, mail coupon for your copy of *How to Heat and Cool the Average Home for $12 a Month.*

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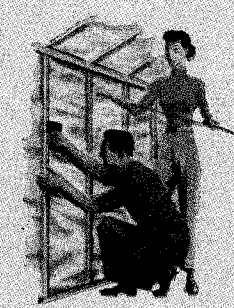

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Aluminum-clad insulation is easy to install. The only tool you need is a stapler, furnished by your insulation dealer. See him for complete instructions and cost data.

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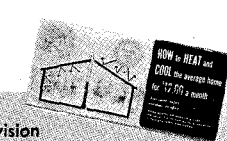

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(*Continued from Page 142*) "But if he fires me, he might wreck the whole company."

"Apparently, Mr. Botts, that is just what he plans to do. From what I hear, the man is a crook. And he is trying to put over the same sort of deal that he has worked on other companies in the past. He buys as much stock as he can, and tries to line up enough independent stockholders to give him a majority. Then he moves in, robs the company by paying out tremendous dividends and exorbitant salaries to himself and his henchmen. And finally he unloads the stock and moves on."

"And you really think he has a chance to do this to the Earthworm Company?"

"Apparently so."

"Then why hasn't anybody told me about it before?"

"It was all in Mr. Henderson's report. But you were too busy to read it."

"I'm afraid you're right," I said. "The whole trouble is that my power of mental concentration is too great. When I once start working on an important project like this Super-Jungledozer, it takes a real jolt to switch me off onto anything else. I hope Henderson is putting up a good fight against this man Fox."

"He is sending letters to all stockholders. And the more important ones are receiving personal calls. That is why he wrote you in the first place and asked you to see Mr. G. Dudley Montgomery. And that is why he still wants you to see him. Now that I have failed to accomplish anything, he apparently thinks you might have better luck."

"You say you got nowhere with Mr. Montgomery?"

"Nowhere at all, Mr. Botts. He had already sent in his proxy to Mr. Fox. And in spite of everything I said, he refused to sign a new proxy for me. So finally I had to give up."

"And you reported all this to Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes. I tried to tell you about it, but you were too busy to listen. So then I wrote to Mr. Henderson. I gave him the whole story. In the first place, I told him how Mr. Montgomery had heard so many people making fun of our Super-Jungledozer that he had made up his mind it was no good—and, hence, that the Earthworm management is no good."

"When he sees that machine in operation," I said, "he'll change his mind."

"Maybe so," said Ben. "But that's not the only difficulty. Mr. Montgomery's whole mind has been poisoned by the false but clever propaganda put out by Mr. Fox."

"And what exactly is this propaganda?"

"Mr. Fox claims he wants to save the Earthworm Company from being ruined by the present management. He says Mr. Henderson is too old. He is hopelessly senile. He dwells in the past. And he is almost completely devoid of energy and initiative. Mr. Fox promises a complete house cleaning. He will throw out all the deadwood, replacing such people as you and Mr. Henderson with a group of competent young men full of new ideas, inspired with the spirit of progress and ready and anxious to lead the Earthworm Company to new advances in production and vast increases in profits and dividends."

"But all this is pure idiocy," I said, leaping out of bed and starting to get dressed. "I will call on Mr. Montgomery at once. When I will tell him that this talk about the Earthworm management being senile is nothing but a pack of lies. Even though Henderson may be getting old and a bit doddering in his ways, he still has enough sense to keep me on the payroll. This means that the Earthworm management has the benefit of all my energy, drive and enthusiasm. Such a management is, of necessity, progressive in the best sense of the word."

Ben did not think I would have any chance of converting Mr. Montgomery. But I persisted. And finally he agreed to take me around and introduce me.

By this time my cold had induced a fever of approximately 102 Fahrenheit. Although I had no thermometer, I was able to make a very close estimate by checking on the state of my mental processes. By long experience I have learned that a temperature of 102 has a tendency to stimulate my mind to a much greater brilliancy than is normal. My imagination and my creative powers are increased. I begin to think much more clearly and much more accurately. I am able to generate a veritable torrent of new ideas. And at the same time my judgment remains cool and collected.

So it was on this occasion. As Ben and I walked down the street, it suddenly came to me in a flash of inspiration that my first plan of attack had serious drawbacks. It might be very difficult, in a short interview, to convince Mr. Montgomery of the tremendous effect of my own personality in inspiring the entire Earthworm management to a high level of achievement. As an outsider, Mr. Montgomery would naturally assume that the management would reflect the influence of the president of the company. I decided, therefore, that I would stretch the truth and give you, Henderson, complete credit for everything.

Mr. G. Dudley Montgomery turned out to be a self-important little runt. He

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reports **THOMAS MOORE**, Mgr.
Construction Materials Co., Tucson, Arizona

"Day after day, over all kinds of roads, our 25 GMC Eaton-equipped trucks turn in top records for economical performance," says Mr. Moore. "Considering the heavy payloads these trucks carry, the long distances they travel and the schedules we have to meet, credit for these big savings is largely due to Eaton 2-Speed Axles.

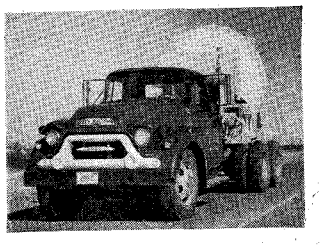
"We haul building materials — cement block, concrete mix, sand — to construction sites around Tucson. Making deliveries, our Eaton-equipped trucks must contend with a wide variety of driving conditions. They've got to climb mountains...pull through rough desert roads...make time on straight stretches. With an Eaton 2-Speed Axle, it is possible for drivers to select the right gear ratio for every situation.

"Going through rocky, off-the-road areas, Eaton's low-gear range supplies plenty of pulling power. Up steep grades, too, that low-gear range keeps the load moving without delay. On a straightaway, Eaton's high-gear range delivers top legal speeds and keeps engine RPM low. Engine strain or wear isn't a problem; we get more miles from a gallon of gasoline; maintenance expense is minimum. We just wouldn't buy a truck without an Eaton 2-Speed Axle."

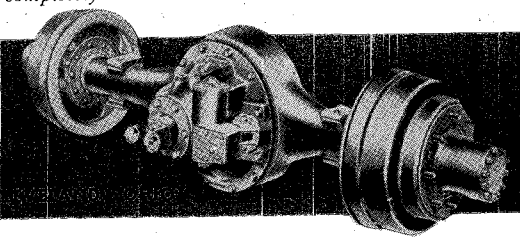
You can save money, operate more efficiently, with an Eaton 2-Speed Axle. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

TOP GMC DEALER Gene Bogard, of Tucson, has sold in recent years over 1,500 trucks—almost every one equipped with an Eaton 2-Speed Axle. "We've never had a complaint from a customer who has owned an Eaton-equipped truck," says Mr. Bogard. "When they see the savings and efficiency an Eaton 2-Speed assures, my customers are *completely* satisfied."

"SIXTY-MILE TRIPS — three times a day—aren't at all unusual for our trucks," remarks Mr. Moore. "With Eaton 2-Speed Axles, our trucks can haul maximum payloads quickly... stay on the job and out of the repair shop. Eaton Axles make our units much easier to handle, too—they reduce driving strain, help assure safer and more comfortable trips."



EATON



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was seated behind a large desk in a luxurious office. And even though he was not an inspiring audience, I was able—partly because of that 102 degrees of fever—to make one of the most eloquent appeals of my entire career. I built you up, Henderson, as a veritable superman. I explained how your financial wizardry had always kept the company on a sound fiscal basis. I extolled your high moral character. I praised your tact and understanding in dealing with men. I dwelt at length on your unerring instinct for the proper approach in advertising and in sales. And finally I opened up with a glowing tribute to your achievements as an engineer and an inventor.

"Mr. Montgomery," I said, "you have no doubt heard of the great Earthworm Super-Jungledozer which is to have its premier performance on the outskirts of this city next Friday. This remarkable piece of equipment, Mr. Montgomery, is the brain child of that mechanical genius, Mr. Gilbert Henderson, president of the Earthworm Tractor Company. His was the brain that conceived this engineering masterpiece; his the mechanical skill that integrated the various working parts into a harmonious whole; his the determination that pushed this mighty monster through to completion. The Earthworm Super-Jungledozer, Mr. Montgomery, is one of the greatest achievements of modern science—one of the wonders of the world. And yet Mr. Fox has the effrontery to claim that the creator of this boon to mankind is senile. Such a statement, sir, is false!"

"Maybe so," said Mr. Montgomery; "maybe 'senile' is not the proper word. In my opinion, the Super-Jungledozer is an idiotic monstrosity. If Mr. Henderson, as you say, actually designed it, he is not so much senile as crazy—which is another good reason why I shall continue to vote against his management of the Earthworm Company. My mind is made up. I do not care to discuss the matter further."

Ben Wiggins gave me a look which seemed to say, "I told you so." But I was not discouraged. "Mr. Montgomery," I said, sonorously and magnanimously, "I understand completely your point of view. I sympathize with your attitude. I do not expect you, as a competent businessman, to believe any of my claims. All I ask is that you give me a chance to back up my words. My only request is that you attend the great demonstration next Friday and make up your own mind."

"All right, Mr. Botts. I will be there. Your demonstration might be good for laughs, if for nothing else."

"Thank you," I said.

Following this interview, I decided, in spite of my wretched cold, that I will spend every single daylight hour from now until Friday in completely re-examining, readjusting and retesting our beautiful machine. The situation is now critical. Any failure in our demonstration might result not only in losing the sale to Mr. Dixon but also in losing Mr. Montgomery's votes—which, in turn, might result in our losing control of the Earthworm Company. To prevent any such unbelievable disaster, Henderson, I am resolved to fight to the last. Yours with calm and hopeful determination,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
MARCH 15, 1957

ALEXANDER BOTTS
JUNGLE CITY, FLORIDA

YOUR DELAYED EFFORTS TO INFLUENCE MR. G. DUDLEY MONTGOMERY HAVE TURNED OUT TO BE WORSE THAN USELESS. AFTER RECEIVING THE REPORT OF WIGGINS' FAILURE, I WROTE MR. MONTGOMERY A LONG LETTER, WHICH HE WILL PROBABLY RECEIVE THIS MORNING. I TOLD HIM THAT THE EARTHWORM COMPANY AND ITS PRESIDENT DISCLAIM ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MONSTROSITY YOU CALL A SUPER-JUNGLEDOZER. I ASSURED HIM THAT THE PRESENT EARTHWORM MANAGEMENT IS COMMITTED TO A POLICY OF ENERGETIC BUT SENSIBLE PROGRESSIVISM, AND I MADE A STRONG APPEAL FOR HIS SUPPORT. YOU WILL APOLOGIZE AT ONCE TO MONTGOMERY AND TELL HIM YOU WERE IN ERROR IN BLAMING THE RIDICULOUS SUPER-JUNGLEDOZER ON ME. THEN YOU HAD BETTER GO TO BED AND TAKE CARE OF THAT COLD. YOUR FEVER, INSTEAD OF STIMULATING THE CLARITY OF YOUR THOUGHTS, HAS APPARENTLY MADE YOU DELIRIOUS.

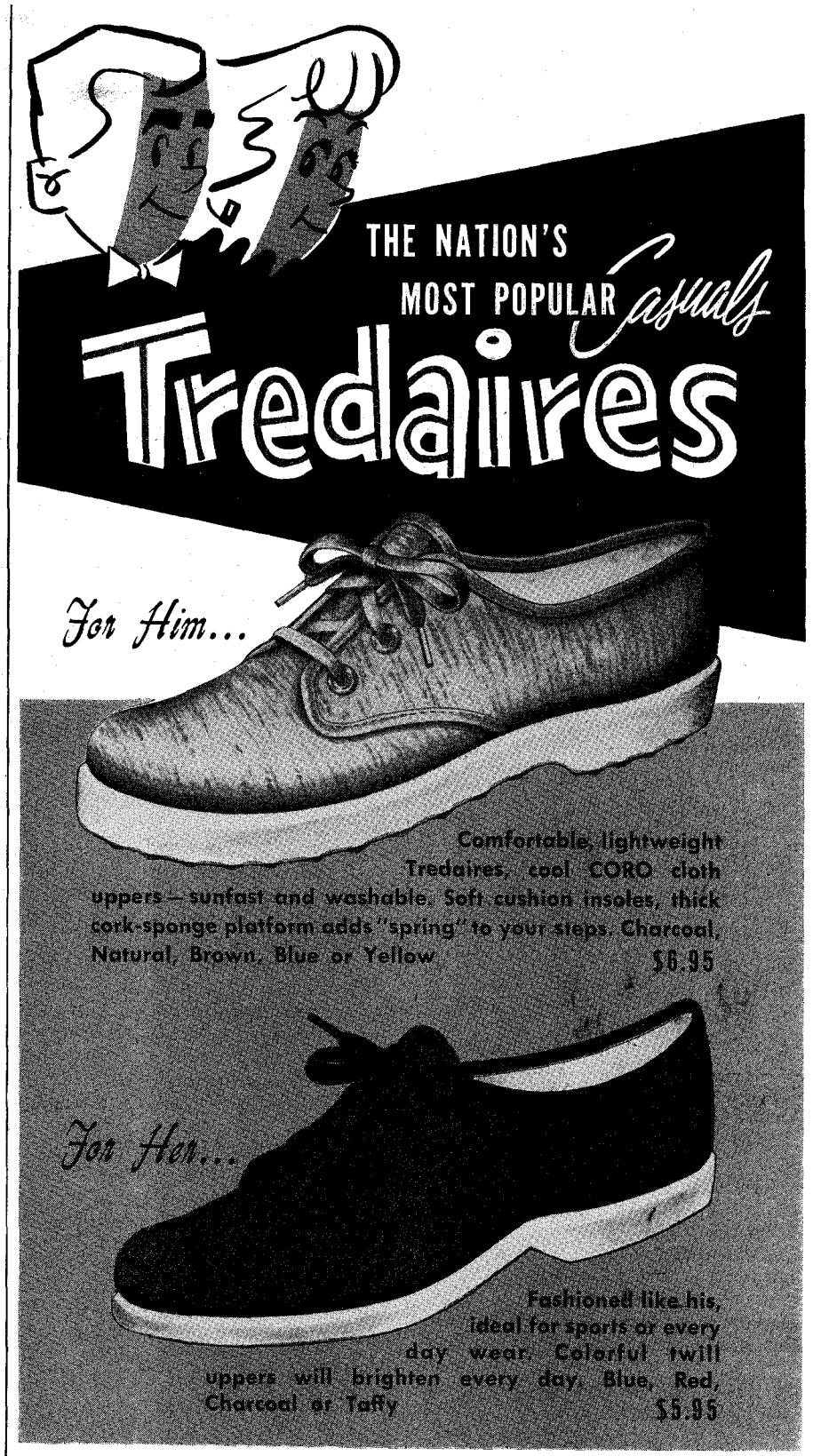
GILBERT HENDERSON

JUNGLE CITY, FLORIDA,
Friday evening, March 15, 1957

Dear Henderson: Your telegram arrived about noon today, just before our big demonstration, and I am compelled to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Grace, remember the carriage and high chair we gave you last September? . . ."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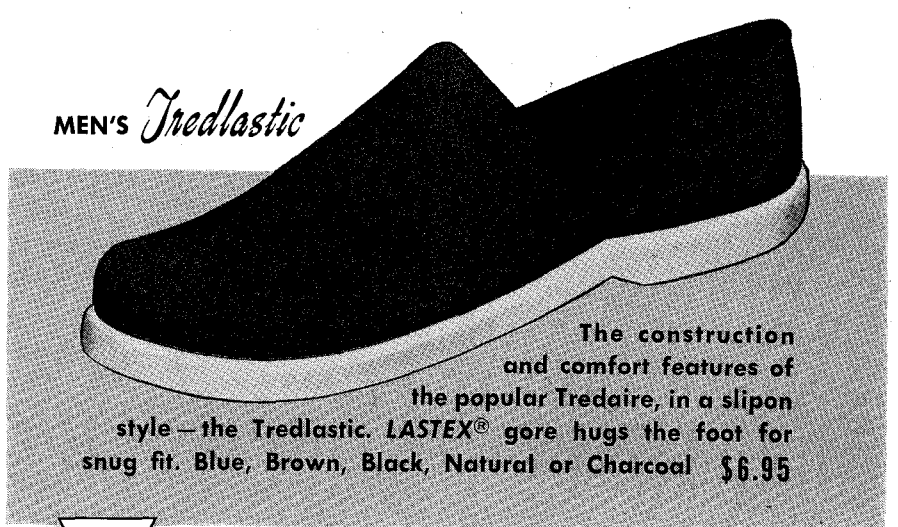
Comfortable, lightweight Tredaires, cool CORO cloth uppers—sunfast and washable. Soft cushion insoles, thick cork-sponge platform adds "spring" to your steps. Charcoal, Natural, Brown, Blue or Yellow $6.95
For Her...
Fashioned like his, ideal for sports or every day wear. Colorful twill uppers will brighten every day. Blue, Red, Charcoal or Taffy $5.95


MEN'S Tredlastic
The construction and comfort features of the popular Tredaire, in a slipon style—the Tredlastic. LASTEX® gore hugs the foot for snug fit. Blue, Brown, Black, Natural or Charcoal $6.95

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Washable Grips are sold in leading department stores and shoe stores nation wide.

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A trader of horses named Clay
Wired home to his wife in Green Bay,
"Found a filly with flash,
Telegraph me some cash—
The price of this pony ain't hay!"

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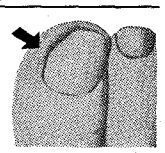
INGROWN NAIL



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report that I was definitely nonplused to learn you had written Mr. Montgomery contradicting everything I had told him about your alleged contribution to the building of the great Super-Jungledozer.

However, in spite of the bad news from you, and in spite of my very severe cold, I remained undaunted. And, in order that you may appreciate my Herculean efforts to overcome incredible difficulties, I will give you a complete account of the events of a very trying afternoon.

The demonstration started auspiciously. Out of a blue and cloudless sky the sun shone down in lordly grandeur on the complicated machinery of our colossal Super-Jungledozer. Every moving part had been carefully inspected, adjusted and lubricated for the great demonstration. Mr. Ralph Dixon was on hand, in jovial and friendly mood. A crowd of townspeople had arrived. The great moment was upon us.

I waved my hand. The roar of four powerful diesel engines filled the air. The four mighty Earthworm tractors, integrated by the huge all-embracing steel frame into a single unit, moved majestically forward. The tree pushers, the rooters, the shredders, the rock crushers and the subsoil plows went into action with a magnificent grinding, crashing and crunching. In the face of this stupendous onslaught, the jungle was completely pulverized and plowed under.

After the machine had traveled about half a mile, cutting a swath fifty feet wide, it made a sweeping turn and came back toward its starting point, cutting another fifty-foot swath.

The performance was so successful that the crowd of onlookers—most of whom had come to jeer—burst into spontaneous applause. Mr. Ralph Dixon was visibly impressed. And I began to hope that Mr. Montgomery—who had arrived late—might also show a favorable response. Such, however, was not the case. As soon as he spotted me in the crowd, he walked up and addressed me in denunciatory terms.

"I have just received a letter from your Mr. Henderson," he said. "It indicates that one of you people is a liar. First you tell me that this Super-Jungledozer is a wonderful machine and that Mr. Henderson should have all the credit for it. Then Mr. Henderson tells me that he considers it a mechanical monstrosity and denies all responsibility."

I started to explain. But I was interrupted by a cry of alarm from the crowd. The Super-Jungledozer had come to a sudden stop. A number of people were examining the freshly turned earth behind it. We rushed over and found that a somewhat unusual accident had taken place. Someone had parked a car behind a thicket of brush where it could not be seen by the operators of the Super-Jungledozer. As a result, the car had been chopped, crushed and shredded into small fragments and then plowed under without a trace.

It was indeed a remarkable performance. And Mr. Dixon was much interested. Naturally, I lost no time in making the most of the occasion, pointing out that a machine which so easily disposed of a complete motorcar could be relied upon to dispose even more easily of large trees, rocks and other obstructions.

My satisfaction over this lucky break was a bit spoiled, however, when some of the workmen started digging to find the fragments. Almost at once they turned up a license plate, which proved conclusively that the car, an expensive foreign model, belonged—or rather, had belonged—to Mr. G. Dudley Montgomery. The accident was his own fault, of course. I tried to tell him that he never should have parked his car where it was sure to be run over. But he would not listen. He flew into a rage. He yelled. He threatened to sue me. And he repeated his previous statement that he would never vote his Earthworm stock in favor of what he called "the present egregiously incompetent management."

This was definitely the low point of the afternoon. Most people, in my place, would have given up hope. But not Alexander Botts. As I have previously explained, my fever had considerably stimulated my mental processes. Furthermore, I am always at my best when faced with seemingly insurmountable difficulties. And I rose to the occasion in what I can describe as a magnificent manner.

In one of my most brilliant flashes of inspiration, I suddenly came to realize something that had been buried in my subconscious mind for some time, but which I had been unable previously to bring up into my conscious mind. It was so simple that we both should have thought of it before. But we did not. And, as far as I know, you haven't even yet.

What came over me was the thought that a modest bank in a small town would be very unlikely to invest its own funds in a large block of common stock. Obviously, then, that Earthworm stock registered in the name of the Jungle City Trust Company must be held in a trust fund. And, if it was a large block of stock, it must be a very large trust fund, set up very likely by the town's wealthiest citizen. All this, of course, was a mere assumption. But it was such a plausible assumption that I acted upon it at once.

After assuring Mr. Montgomery that our insurance would pay for his car, I addressed Mr. Dixon—who turned out to be a man of quick decisions.

"Sir," I said, "are you going to buy this Super-Jungledozer?"

"Yes," he said.

"And you will need additional Earthworm equipment?"

"Yes. I'll need a lot of it."

"You like the Earthworm Company?"

"Yes."

"You want to keep on doing business with the present management, including myself?"

"Absolutely."

I then explained about the proxy fight, and asked if we could have the proxy for the Earthworm stock in his trust fund at the Jungle City Trust Company.

"How," he asked, "did you know I owned that stock?"

"I didn't know," I said. "I just guessed it."

"Well, you're right," he said. "Normally, Montgomery votes all my stock without bothering me. But in this case I am going to take charge myself." He turned and spoke to Mr. Montgomery. "You will send the Earthworm Company a new proxy in favor of the present management. You will send it right away, air mail, registered."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Montgomery.

"And one more thing," said Mr. Dixon: "Don't forget that my trust fund is revokable. If you want to keep on doing business with me, I would suggest that you vote any other Earthworm stock you may hold in favor of the present management."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Montgomery. He hurried away.

After thanking Mr. Dixon, I returned to the hotel, where I have been writing this report. I will now mix up an unusually large dose of my favorite cold medicine, and retire for a much-needed rest.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
MARCH 19, 1957

ALEXANDER BOTTS
JUNGLE CITY, FLORIDA

CONGRATULATIONS. THE MEETING IS OVER. DIXON'S PROXY SAVED THE DAY. WE RETAIN CONTROL OF THE COMPANY. I HOPE YOU CAN ARRANGE TO HAVE A SEVERE COLD AND A FEVER ON ALL FUTURE OCCASIONS WHEN YOU ARE CONFRONTED WITH CRITICAL PROBLEMS.

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THE END

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Mr. Belcher, despite an unsavory record, was running for re-election as mayor. A suave politician, he took every opportunity to present himself as a champion of purity and defender of all things fine and good.

There came the time, however, when he met face to face with a little old lady who knew of his record.

"And so, you see," he concluded in speaking to her, "you must vote for me—and vote for good government."

"Do you mean to tell me," she said evenly, "that I should vote twice?"

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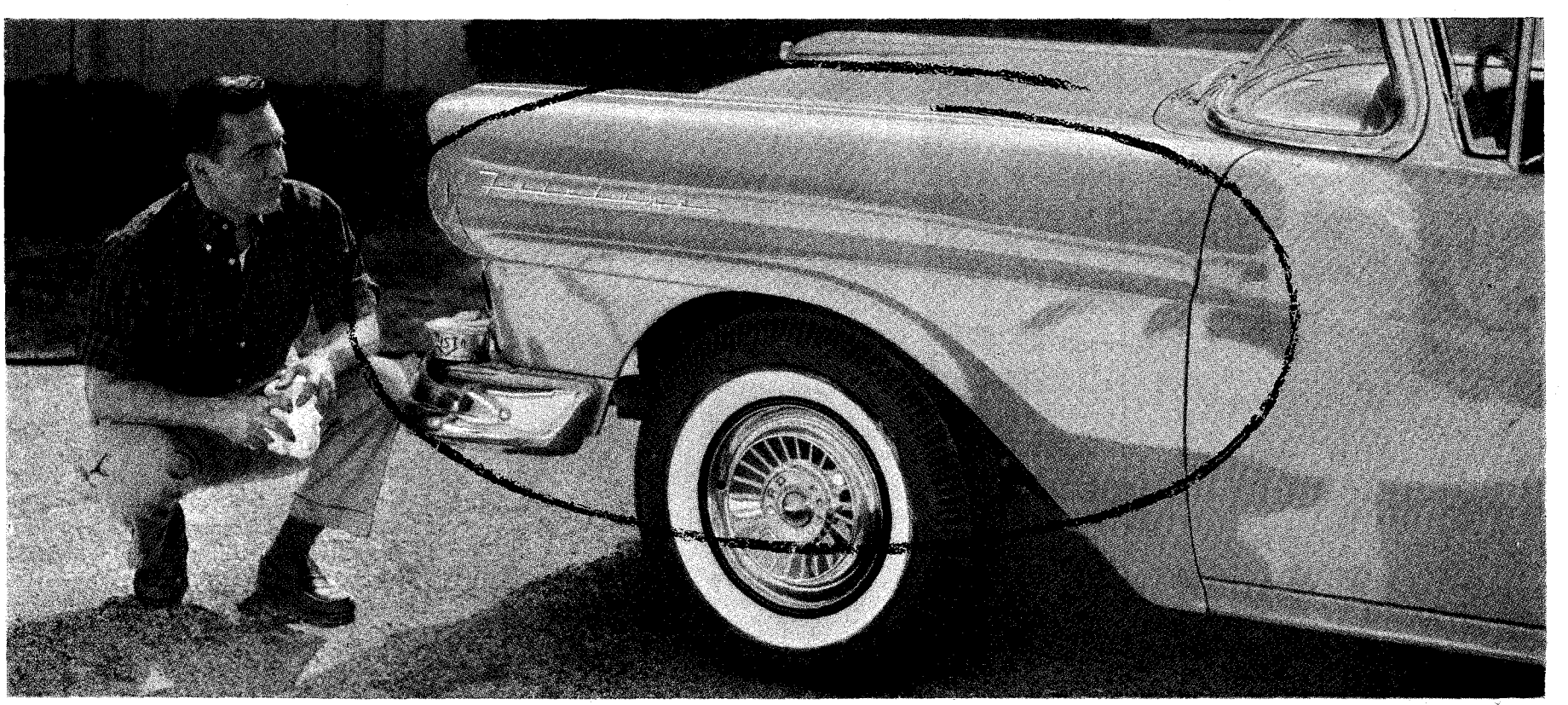

Front fender, '57 Ford, cleaned and waxed. **VISTA TIME: 3½ MINUTES. DURATION: UP TO 6 MONTHS.**

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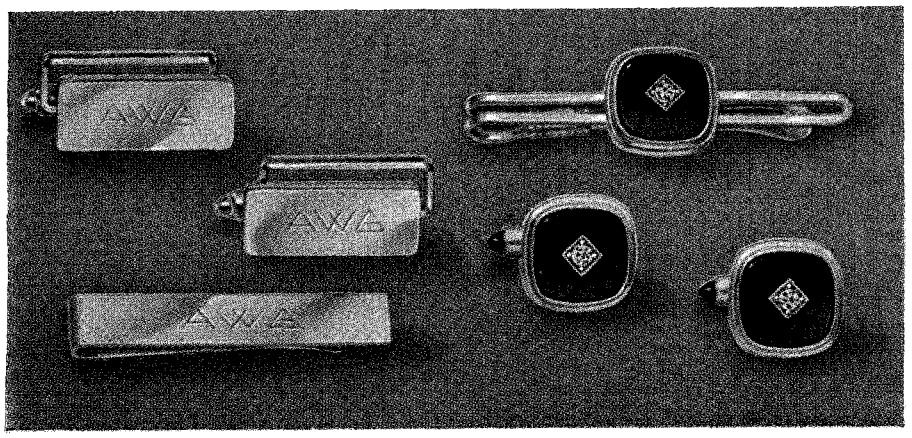


No Other Woman (Continued from Page 43)

Burned in his memory was the frosty morning when she had wheeled to him as they stood at the edge of pheasant cover, exclaiming, "I've always loathed a creeping, cautious dog! The kind that sneaks and potters! I love a big bold dog who slams into his point from a dead run!"

His own dog and hers were working as a brace, quartering the field of grain stubble edged with dense weed growth and briers. But he knew she had meant something else. She had been talking about him. Why she loved him. He had grinned, pulling her to him, kissing her hard.

Moments later her setter had made game. A big, gaudy, hard-flying ringneck had clattered up with a raucous "Cak! Cak! Cak!" and she had dropped it with a single burst from her twenty-gauge at forty-five yards. The bird had been beautifully centered in the pattern. The flight line broke sharp. The hit was clean, graceful and final.

"That's the way I hope it happens to me," she had said. "If The Gun Up There makes a cripple shot, I'll never forgive Him."

That had been a year ago, at the very beginning of pheasant season, and Carol's words had been a premonition, as if something within her had sensed the terrible future. Her sickness had come on in late winter, first with tiredness and little twinges of acute pain, lengthening finally into a long, torturous illness. There had been only a few fleeting respites in the steady, inevitable progress of the disease.

To the very end, even in resignation, she had not forgiven. "The Big Gun can't shoot for sour apples," she had said one night. But it was more impatience than bitterness. She had held his hand, not clinging, but restlessly, as if poor marksmanship were an abomination. "Imagine me—a cripple shot!" she said. It was an indignity. An inexcusable flaw in the form of The Gunner. "Maybe He's a poor one on windage," she added ruefully. "Anyway, He certainly pulls off the target."

He remembered his answer, the hot, constricted pain in his throat, as he said, "The usual cause of pulling off the target is flinching. I guess there are times when God ——" He had left it at that, unable to reconcile divine compassion with the inevitability of the laws of nature.

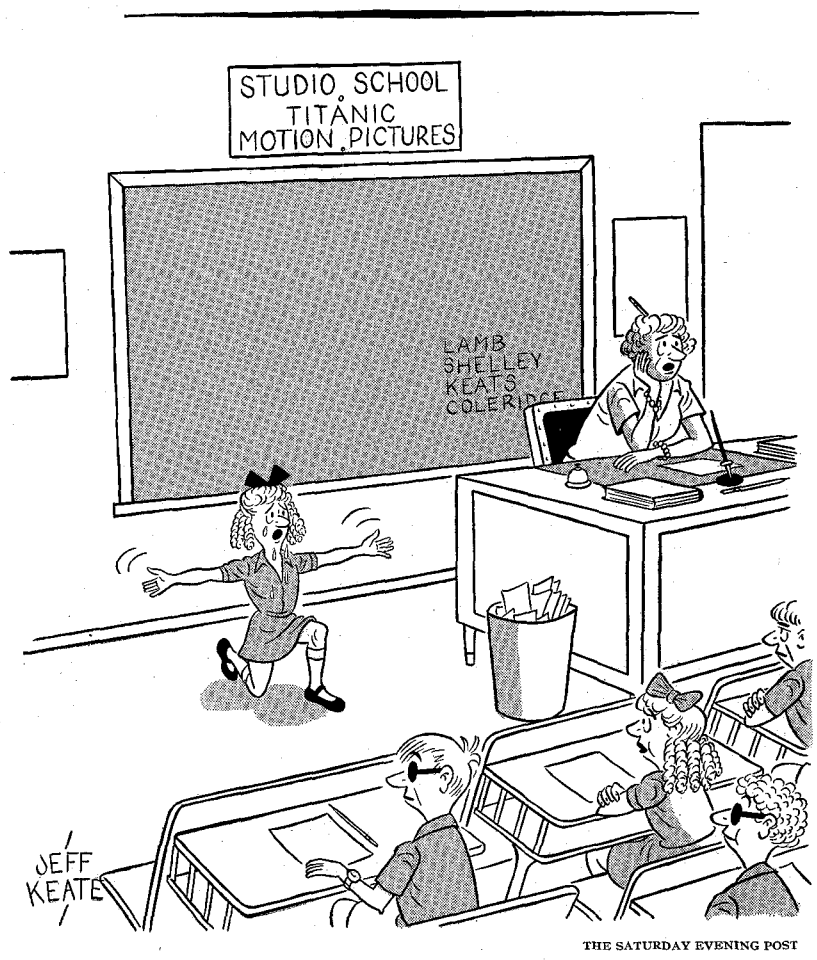
Her concern all through the hot summer had been that he wasn't getting out enough, wasn't keeping himself in shape. She had worried more about him and the dogs than about herself. And pain had never dulled her shining pride in their beautiful guns racked in the wide walnut cabinet.

She had insisted on his keeping the expensive rifles and shotguns in immaculate condition. The exquisite checkering of the wood and fine deep hand-carved steel of the custom pieces had filled her with a joy impervious to suffering. There were long evenings when he sat by her bed, polishing the figured walnut stocks and satiny barrels. The smell of lubricant and flannel, the faint, lingering odor of powder burned in fields and woods—the good gun smell—had been stronger than the medicinal odors of the room. Her fingers had caressed the fine engraving of pheasants and dogs and fighting cocks. Her hands had lingered over the silky-smooth action of the pieces. They had talked of days in the field, wonderful trips they had taken.

"We'll do it again," he had promised.

"You will," she had answered. "I'll try to be near you someway—I'll try."

During all the months she had been ill there was only one gun he had shot, and that was only because she had begged him to do it. It was a little .20-caliber compressed-air rifle that they both had used for years for target practice in the back yard. It was a quiet, clean, safe little arm, ready for instant use with only a few strokes of the piston. Carol had achieved an uncanny accuracy with it. There had been delight and raillery when she outscored him. Her ambition had been only to shoot as (*Continued on Page 150*)



"Just recite the poem, Mercedes . . . don't ham it up."

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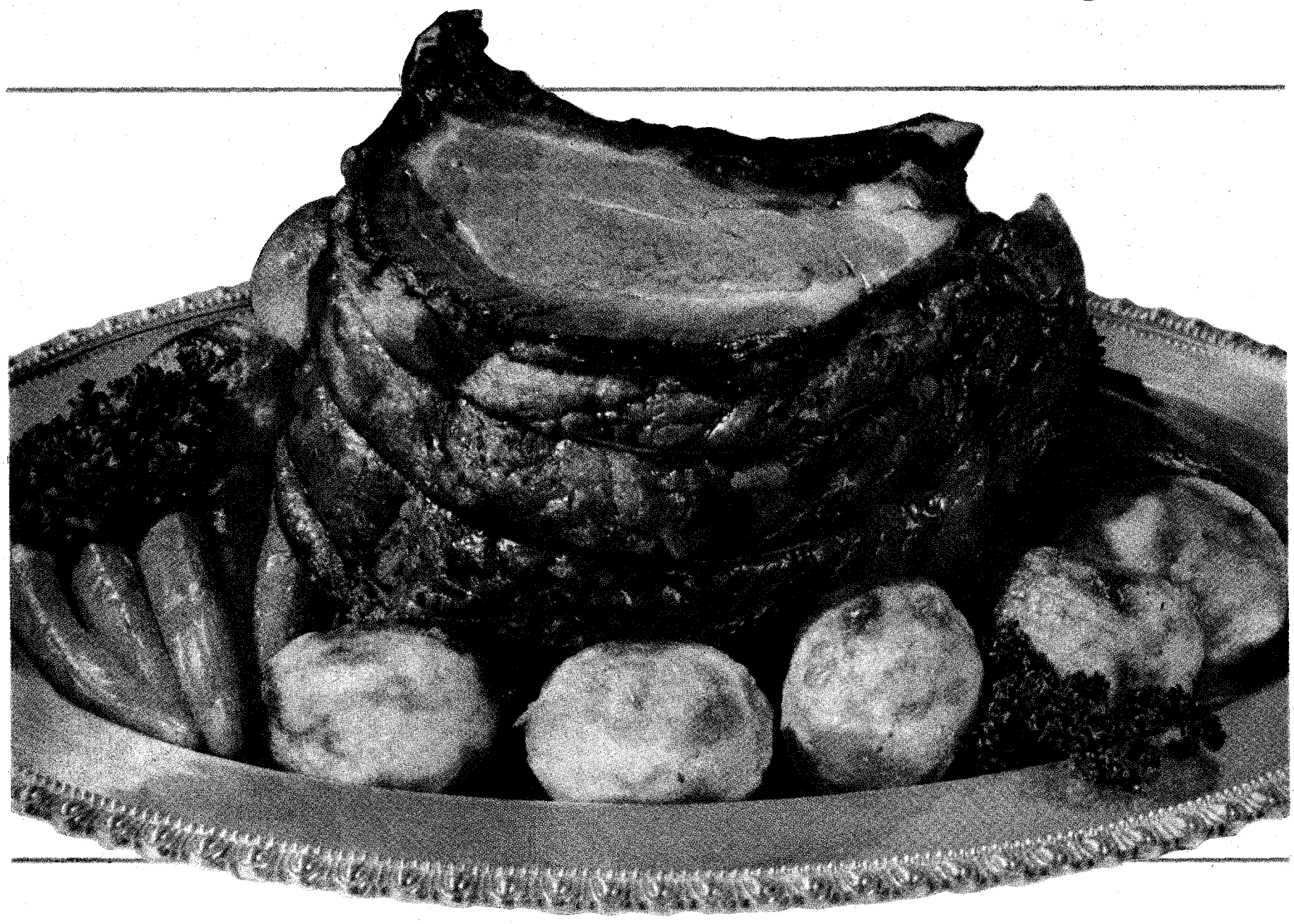

Meat as a Source of Protein, B Vitamins & Iron *All Ratings Based on Cooked Values*					
KIND OF MEAT	COMPLETE PROTEIN	B VITAMINS			FOOD IRON
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PORK	Excellent	Excellent	Fair	Excellent	Excellent
BEEF	Excellent	Fair	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
LAMB	Excellent	Fair	Good	Excellent	Excellent
VEAL	Excellent	Good	Good	Excellent	Excellent
VARIETY MEATS *(Liver, Heart, Kidney)*	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
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Nature's mighty good to us—putting so much healthful protein in delicious meat; in every *kind* of meat; in every *cut* of meat. Whether it's an economical Pot Roast or a lordly Rib Roast, every satisfying bite is rich in complete, high-quality protein. Protein that helps build blood and muscle; nourish nerves and tissues. Helps mothers have healthy babies; helps children grow sturdy bodies. So look around the table proudly whenever you serve meat. You're not only *pleasing* the family . . . *you're doing them lots of good!*

• The nutritional statements made in this advertisement have been reviewed by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association and found consistent with current scientific opinion.

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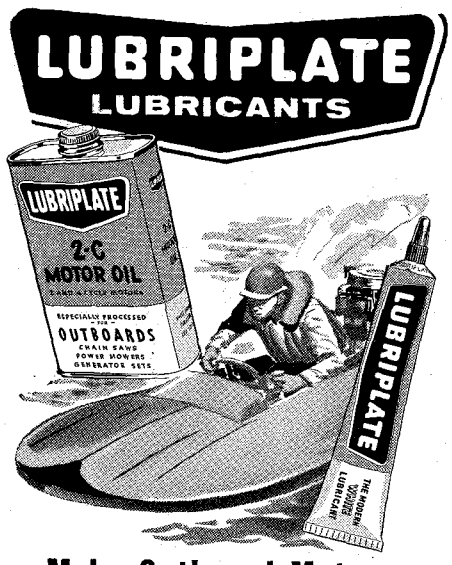

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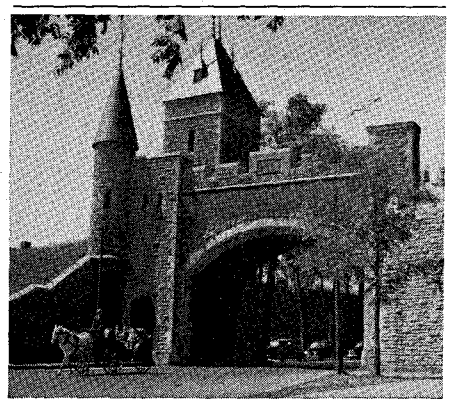

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FREE LITERATURE, REX, MONTICELLO, ILL.

(*Continued from Page 148*)

well as he, so he wouldn't be humiliated in the field, so he could brag about her with good-natured exaggeration. So he would have something his pals didn't have; not a lot of money, or a big place, or kids growing up, but something.

The gun had stood in the corner of their bedroom for years, the box of .20-caliber bantam lead bullets in the small drawer under his bureau mirror. The gun was safe there in the bedroom, away from the reach of their friends' children. It was ready at any time for a practice shot through the open window, across the back garden, at the target painted on the heavy board fence. Lots of times, on sunny mornings, just for the heck of it, they had stood in pajamas, peppering away.

He turned from the gun cabinet, burying his face in his hands. The week before the opening of early deer season, Carol had made him take some practice shots from the window, watching him from her bed, teasing disbelievingly when he reported good hits. He had been heartsick, but he had bragged he was still pretty sharp. The target had blurred before his eyes and he had been away off, yet he had tried to look smug with male superiority, and she had been delighted with him.

The fellows had begged him to join them for opening day, and Carol had pleaded, but he had been adamant. "Next year," he had said. "We'll both be going out next year."

Late deer season, too, came and went. The fellows had brought them venison—the best, the tender backstraps—and they had tried to stir him from his decision. But he had stopped arguing with them. Finally, they had given up. There was no answer to silence. But he had known they were waiting for something else.

When the upland shooting started, they figured he would weaken. The quail and partridges and pheasants would get him. He was an upland-game hunter, a pheasant man. They knew how it would be with him. Carol would bend a double gun over his head if he didn't go for pheasants. He had always laughed and bragged that he was a two-passion man—Carol and the hard-flying ringnecks. When a big raucous rooster clattered up, his heart skyrocketed with it. And with Carol there in the field with him, the dogs working upwind, the guns gleaming in frosty autumn sunlight, a man's happiness was almost beyond endurance. But Carol wouldn't be there.

The day before the opening of quail season, without telling her, he had taken the dogs to the country, boarding them out with the best man in the business, a friend and the owner of a co-operative hunting farm. When the dogs leaped joyfully into the ventilated luggage compartment, he had suffered a sickening sense of betrayal. But it had to be done.

He might not have needed to say it, but he had suggested to Jim Elliot, "Next month, when the ringneck shooting starts, you might—sometime ——"

"I'll see they get lots of work," Jim had interrupted. "I understand."

Jim hadn't asked, and it wasn't necessary to say that the season would have to pass without breaking a gun. Jim knew about Carol, and he knew how it was. It had been harder than he thought to leave the dogs. They had been half mystified, half reproachful, at his behavior. Then, as if resigned to the fact that some things about humans must be forever inscrutable, the English setters had haunched dejectedly beside Elliot and watched him go.

Back home, he had asked Carol's forgiveness. "I didn't have the guts to tell you before I'd done it," he said shamefacedly. "But it's better this way, ahead of the season, than later."

"I'm glad you brought them in here with me so long last night," she had said. "I'm glad I didn't have to say good-by to them. I wish you wouldn't feel so badly about it." Then, taking his hand, she had brightened. "They'll get a workout," she said. "They'll be sharper than you are when you go into the field."

"I'm not going," he had answered stubbornly.

"Not go for pheasants!" she had cried incredulously. "Darling, it's not you here in bed! It's just me, remember? You've missed so much already. If you don't go, I'll—I'll —— It's just not fair! Not fair!" She had turned her face to the pillow, sobbing with exasperation.

He had made her stop and dried her tears. But she had lain there, then, propped up against the pillows, her eyes closed, and he thought she was asleep until the whispered words broke from her lips, "Damn. Oh, damn—damn."

It wasn't a curse. It was the hurt cry of the gunner who has missed when everything was right. Missed when there was no reason in the world. Failed, somehow, to do the superb thing when the perfect chance presented itself.

He wheeled now, stretching out his hand, yielding to the momentary impulse of wretchedness and despondency. But the gun case was locked. He had locked it the night Carol died. He had stumbled home from the hospital in a blind rage against everything—the injustice that destroyed the strong and beautiful, the unreasonable crushing of the love of life.

That night he had thrown open the gun case in despair, bent upon ending a meaningless existence. But at the last moment, something in him had been stronger than his urge to take his own life. A revulsion at the ignominy of the act had swept over him. Standing there, filled with terrible inner sickness, he had locked the gun case against himself.

She must know how it was with him now, how it had to be. With his decision to endure, there had come an abrupt falling away of all sentimentality. Nature was cruel and impersonal. One survived or one perished. If, behind appearances, there was a deeper reality in which events made better sense, it still did not justify all the pain and suffering.

The torturing thought would not leave him that Carol had not died in the way she had wanted to die. Unafraid of death, she had asked only that it come swiftly. But the pheasants had flown over the bright grain stubble and alder patches in the autumn sunlight while they had waited, hand locked in hand, in the hushed silence of the hospital room. They had waited, and waited.

"Maybe you'll still have time," she had whispered. "Maybe the season won't be over."

Heaven on earth, how she had loved him! To her last breath she had thought only of him. She had looked at him that last time with clear, shining eyes, as if she saw him under a blue sky in an open field, lifting his gun.

"You'll still have time," she had said.

But the world had stopped for him. Too much of him had died with her. She must know that now. The guns would stay locked in the case. The dogs were still in the country. Today was the last day of pheasant season, and time had run out.

He turned heavily, crossing the den to his desk and the litter of unpaid bills and legal papers. He struck helplessly at the desk top.

"You'll have to pull yourself together," Tom McIntyre, his lawyer, had said three days ago when he left the papers. "I'll handle the probate, of course, but as Carol's executor there are some things you'll have to ——"

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"Just let me alone!" he had shouted. "Just let me alone!"

Since then he hadn't gone out of the house except to the liquor store. The papers Tom had left were still there, untouched, on the desk. His own real-estate-and-investment office was closed. To be with Carol, he had let everything else go by the board. Now that it was all over, there was little or nothing to go to at the office. Of course, if he made an effort again —— But why? What was the use now?

His mouth felt bitter and dry. It came to him that he wanted a cup of coffee. Yet the desire for coffee was only one more painful reminder that Carol was gone.

"Let's have coffee while you tell me," had been the preface to countless hours of sharing and togetherness. The very word was redolent of joys and sorrows and dreams that had made them seem nearer to each other than they had supposed it possible for two people ever to be. This feeling of their being a single person sometimes was, they had thought, one of the strangest and most mysteriously wonderful things about their love—a kind of compensation, perhaps, for other things which had never happened.

He walked mechanically into the kitchen. The electric clock on the stove pointed to 4:21. The sink was heaped with dirty dishes. Empty cans and trash overflowed the container underneath. The coffeepot was pushed back among the jumble of scorched pans on the stove, the old grounds still in it, the coffee stale and rank-smelling.

A wave of guilt swept over him. If Carol could see her beautiful kitchen now, and the mess it was in, she'd be frantic. And yet he knew she'd never blame him. "Don't be silly; it's not your fault!" she'd say. "The kitchen is not your job. I'm the one who's loused everything up for us." Again he could hear her heartsick cry of self-reproach: *Oh, damn, damn.*

He held the coffeepot under the faucet, staring abstractedly as the fine brown grains swirled out and were sucked down in the whirlpool of the drain.

While the pot was filling with fresh water, he glanced absent-mindedly out of the window above the sink. It was getting dusk. The hazy, color-streaked autumn sky hung like a smoky backdrop behind a motionless world. The black roof tops, the almost-leafless trees, stood in a thin vapor beyond the close, sharp darkness of the high board fence.

The row of dried sunflowers leaned crazily with bent heads along the inside of the fence. One of them, wind-blown, had fallen across the half-open gate. The flower beds had dried and gone to seed. The grass was high and matted and brown. There had been no occasion to go into the back yard. All the time Carol was in the hospital he had taken his meals out, coming home only to sleep. He hadn't even carried the trash out to the alley. Nothing had seemed important. Nothing but Carol.

Suddenly he thought he saw a movement in the dried weeds under the sunflowers. His hunter's eye, instantly alert, watched for a flash of wings in the shadowed undergrowth. It was a cardinal, perhaps, or a mocker after the fallen seeds. Some kind of bird, probably, or maybe a cat, slipped in from the alley, hunting along the fence.

The next moment a weed clump shivered and came alive. Not six feet from the gate he saw the pheasant's scarlet cheek patches, the greenish hornlike feathers above them, the purplish hue of the upper neck, and the white collar separating the mean-looking, eared, green-and-red head from the chestnut plumage of the breast.

The pheasant began skulking slowly and deliberately, flaunting its streaming brown tail, barred with black. It stopped. The long black legs scratched and kicked among the leaves. Then the extravagantly colored head stretched up cautiously before it flashed downward. The next instant the bird darted forward, disappearing in the dense cover of a clump of blackberry bushes in the fence corner.

Dave Hillyer was shaking. There was no pheasant. There couldn't be, not here in town! What he had seen was a hallucination. It had no reality outside of his own sensations. But he found he was already moving. He had put down the coffeepot and was dashing toward the bedroom and the only gun in the house that he dared risk using. A shotgun or rifle shot within the city limits was not only forbidden by law but would bring his neighbors pounding on the door to see what had happened. But the air gun was quiet, safe and deadly. Moving by instinct, he found the gun and took the lead bullets from the small drawer. Quickly, he pumped and loaded the gun.

In his excitement it did not seem unreasonable to shoot at a pheasant which had no material existence. He had wanted to go pheasant hunting. Now, in a waking dream, his unconscious mind was giving him what he had protested to Carol was out of the

(*Continued on Page 153*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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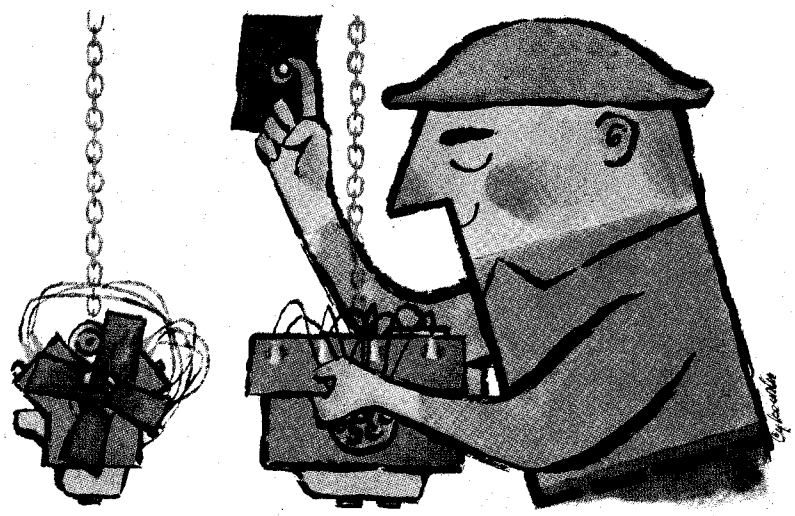

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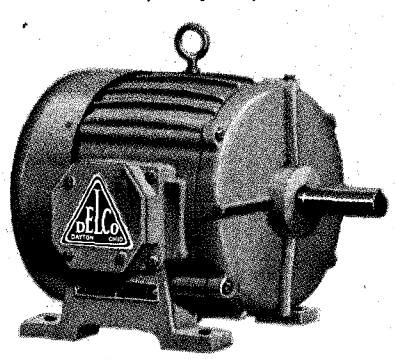

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(*Continued from Page 151*) question. It seemed a plausible insight into the trickery of his mental processes. But the sense of delusion excited rather than quieted him. He crept with a hunter's stealth through the kitchen and to the door of the back screened porch. He would kill the hallucination. The determination was bitter, ironical and grief-laden.

The next moment he almost hurled the gun aside. A vague fear filled him that he was losing the tenuous distinction between what was real and what was not. But the impulse to reasonableness was fleeting. He stood, staring through the screen door, gripped by the hard compulsion to fire the gun.

The fine mesh dimly obscured his vision, and he could detect no movement. But that did not mean that the pheasant wasn't in the yard. It might have run forward, out of the tangle of berry bushes in the fence corner. The pheasant was a wily and crafty bird. It could have crept near the house, under the sheltering edge of the porch, where he couldn't see it.

His hand pushed at the catch on the screen door. While she was sick, Carol had begged him to fix it tightly. He had put it off and then had fixed it too tightly. Now it was stuck. Carol—Carol —— The catch snapped loudly under his fingers.

As the door sprang outward, he saw a streak of color darting along the foundation of the house. It cut diagonally under a row of gooseberry bushes to the rear of the yard and disappeared behind the dry castor-bean plants around the incinerator. From where he stood on the steps, the castor beans were between thirty and forty feet away.

A wave of exhilaration swept through him. He stood frozen, the gun ready, waiting for the pheasant to show again. At that distance, with a tiny .20-caliber bullet, his only chance was a clean head shot. Otherwise, the missed or wounded bird might boil up and out of the yard.

But as he waited and there was no movement in the leaves, strong doubt overcame him. Tiring, he lowered the gun. His imagination had tricked him again. There was no pheasant.

That was the instant the bird lifted its head. The scarlet cheek patches showed in a vivid pip of color among the low-hanging dried foliage. In a flash reaction, he sighted and fired. The bird exploded from the shadows, spun upward a few feet and dropped fluttering in the weed-grown path.

He stumbled to it, reaching out frantically, clawing at the threshing wings. His twisting grip had scarcely closed around the white neck collar when the wings suddenly stilled. The warm bird lay limp in his hands, the blood oozing in a tiny droplet from the center of the head.

It had not been a hallucination! It was a Chinese ringneck, as real as the earth under his feet. He held the bird with a fierce possessiveness, as if, even still, it might disappear out of his hands. He could remember no feeling like this since he was a boy standing over his first buck—the heady flush of elation, the deep flood of guilt, and over all the stolid muscular sense of masculinity and competence.

He turned and strode into the house, standing the air gun in a corner of the kitchen. Turning on the light over the sink, he set to work plucking and drawing the bird, putting the feathers into a paper sack. He was surprised that the pheasant was no larger. It was a small rooster, not more than two pounds, dressed, at the most. In delicacy of bone and structure it might have been a hen.

For the first time he faced the probability that it was not a wild pheasant that had somehow flown in from the outlying farm land to the town's suburbs and by accident found the cover of the neglected yard. He had never before seen a wild pheasant within fifty miles of town. It was much more reasonable that it was someone's tame bird.

To his knowledge, only one man in town kept a pheasant pen. Old Reverend Foley, the minister of the First Congregational Church, kept a few birds behind the parsonage in a small wire-roofed cage. But the parsonage was at least twenty blocks away. The chance of one of the minister's pheasants escaping and wandering this far was extremely remote. The only other thing he could think of was that it might have been some child's pet and had escaped.

With an uncomfortable feeling of misgiving, he took the paper sack full of feathers out to the incinerator and burned them. When the bright plumage was gone, he felt better. Back in the house, he telephoned the humane division of the police department, but was informed that no pet pheasant had been reported lost. He put the phone down with relief. If the bird had belonged to a child, it would have been reported. That left the other possibility—Reverend Foley. He quickly found the minister's telephone number and rang the parsonage, but no one answered. He reasoned that the old gentleman was probably out to dinner someplace.

The thought of eating, and the uncertainty as to what he would now do with the dressed pheasant, brought a painful rush of longing and need for Carol. Carol would have taken the bird from here on. Carol would have roasted it with wild rice and corn-bread dressing. They would have had a banquet, a party.

He realized suddenly that this was the first time since he had seen the pheasant that he had thought of Carol. The past hour was the first in many days that the agonizing thought of her had left his mind for an instant. Now, awareness that the hard circle of grief had been broken filled him with remorse and a sharp sense of disloyalty. He paced the kitchen with restless uncertainty.

"What would she want me to do with it?" he asked himself, half aloud. "Who do I know that I can go to with one small bird? Everybody is already sitting down to dinner. How can I explain about it?"

He couldn't. And he didn't want to talk about it. No one would believe that he had shot the pheasant in his own back yard with an air gun. Everybody knew he was strictly a wing shot, that he would never shoot a bird on the ground. A pheasant simply wouldn't have been where he said it was, anyway. As for the air gun—he could hear them laugh!

He shook his head ruefully. If only Carol were here, she'd understand. She'd see how he had been carried away, how the thing had got the best of him. She'd have a little praise for his accuracy. She wouldn't ride him too hard about the ground shot.

As he puzzled over what he could do about the bird, he found himself wondering what he would have done before Carol and he were married. The answer, strangely, was very straightforward.

He rinsed the bird carefully, and wrapped it in a clean towel, and then in a newspaper. He went to the bedroom, snapping on the lights, and then into the bathroom. When he emerged, he was shaved and refreshed. Putting on comfortable sport clothes, and taking the pheasant under his arm, he left the house.

A quarter of an hour later, he parked his car and entered the little restaurant where Carol and he had eaten off and on for years. He sat down on the stool near the cash register. When Alex, the proprietor and chef, came to him with hand outstretched, he accepted the condolence gratefully and tried to put Alex at his ease. Alex was a man of deep and warm sympathy.

"I appreciate it, Alex," he said. He held out the bundle. "Think you could fix this up for my supper? Roast it, maybe?"

Alex unfolded the papers and the towel. His face broke into a smile of admiration. "Sure I can, Mr. Hillyer. I'm mighty glad to see this. Some of the men were saying only at lunch time, they wondered if you'd get into the field this year."

"Today was the last day of the season," Dave Hillyer answered, ashamed of the half truth of the words.

"A man has to go on, Mr. Hillyer," Alex replied. "You take a booth now. I'll bring you the evening papers." He leaned over, examining the pheasant. "What a delicate little bird!" he cried. "Not a mark on it!"

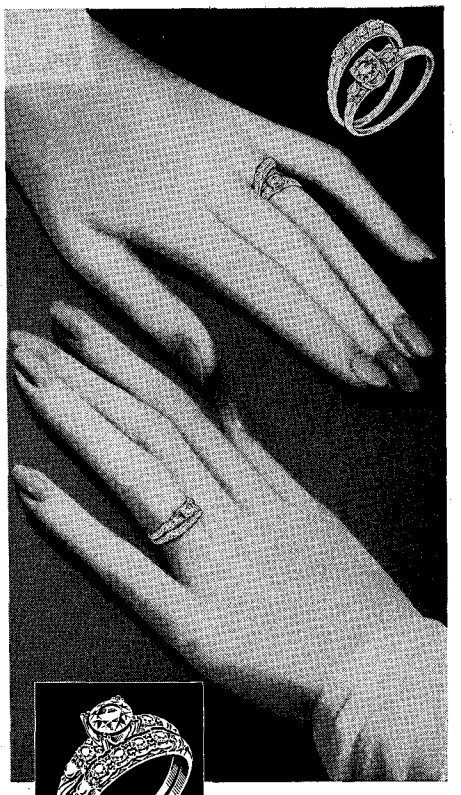
"It was a head shot," Dave answered.

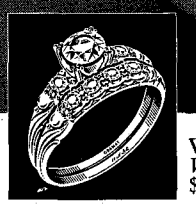
He waited in the booth, glancing through the evening papers, experiencing

"Come now, where's that infectious little smile?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Which is the happier bride?





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the passage of the time almost experimentally. Was it really possible to go on without Carol? Was it possible to be just one's single self again, and not two people?

When Alex uncovered the roast pheasant before him, and opened the bottle of white wine, he smiled at the way the chef fussed and fumed over each detail.

"Bring another glass, Alex," he invited. "Join me." Over the wine, he said, "It all looks great."

"Good appetite," Alex answered softly. He savored the wine, put the glass down carefully and tiptoed away.

Dave Hillyer ate slowly, enjoying the delicious flavor of each bite, while he wondered at the strong hunger that had come upon him. There was an inconsistency between grief and a good appetite, and yet it was as if his whole body felt starved. When he finished, he signaled Alex and asked for the check.

"I didn't know I was so hungry," he apologized. "I haven't had a good meal for a while."

Alex shook his head. "No check this time, Mr. Hillyer."

"But why not, Alex?"

"This is a little thing I could do," Alex replied. "I am not a man to send flowers. This is better."

"Thanks, Alex," Dave Hillyer answered slowly. "I think Carol would have liked it."

Outside, he entered his car and sat quietly for a few moments. Then he drew the napkin from his pocket, unfolded it, and taking out the small wishbone of the pheasant, slipped it securely under the clip on the back of the sun visor.

Now, he thought, *I'd better go pay Reverend Foley for his bird.*

Later, however, when he rang the bell of the parsonage and the white-haired minister stood before him, he found it awkward to explain to him why he had come.

"Reverend, I think I killed one of your pheasants in my back yard this afternoon," he began lamely. "A little rooster, about two pounds." With growing embarrassment, he related what had happened.

The minister listened gravely. "I've never heard of a wild ring-neck being seen in town before," he said. "And I'm quite sure I'm the only one who keeps tame birds."

"Then it must have been one of yours," Dave Hillyer said.

"That's scarcely possible," Reverend Foley answered. "Come, I'll show you." He led the way around to the back of the parsonage. "I have only six birds," he said, switching on the light in the small run, "and they were all here at feeding time."

It took only an instant for Dave Hillyer to verify the number. "You're right," he said, frowning. "There are six here."

The minister switched off the light, and together they walked back to the front of the house.

"Before my wife died she begged me to go pheasant hunting. She didn't want me to miss out on the season," Dave Hillyer said. He asked the minister to accompany him to his car. "Look," he went on, when they reached the automobile, "this is the wishbone. It was a real bird, Reverend. I ate it at Alex Kosloff's restaurant not an hour ago."

"This would have given your wife happiness," the minister said quietly.

"But what do you think?" Hillyer demanded impatiently. "How do you explain a pheasant coming into my yard like that?"

"I'm an old man," Reverend Foley answered. "I no longer ask for explanations of everything. One does not need to understand his blessings. It is enough to be grateful."

"Sure," Dave Hillyer said finally. "Sure. I guess that's true, Reverend."

As he drove away, leaving the city and entering the outlying country, the night seemed to possess a brightness and beauty that he had not seen for many months. When Carol had fallen ill, the world had died for him. Now, somehow, in a few strange hours, that world had been resurrected and returned to him.

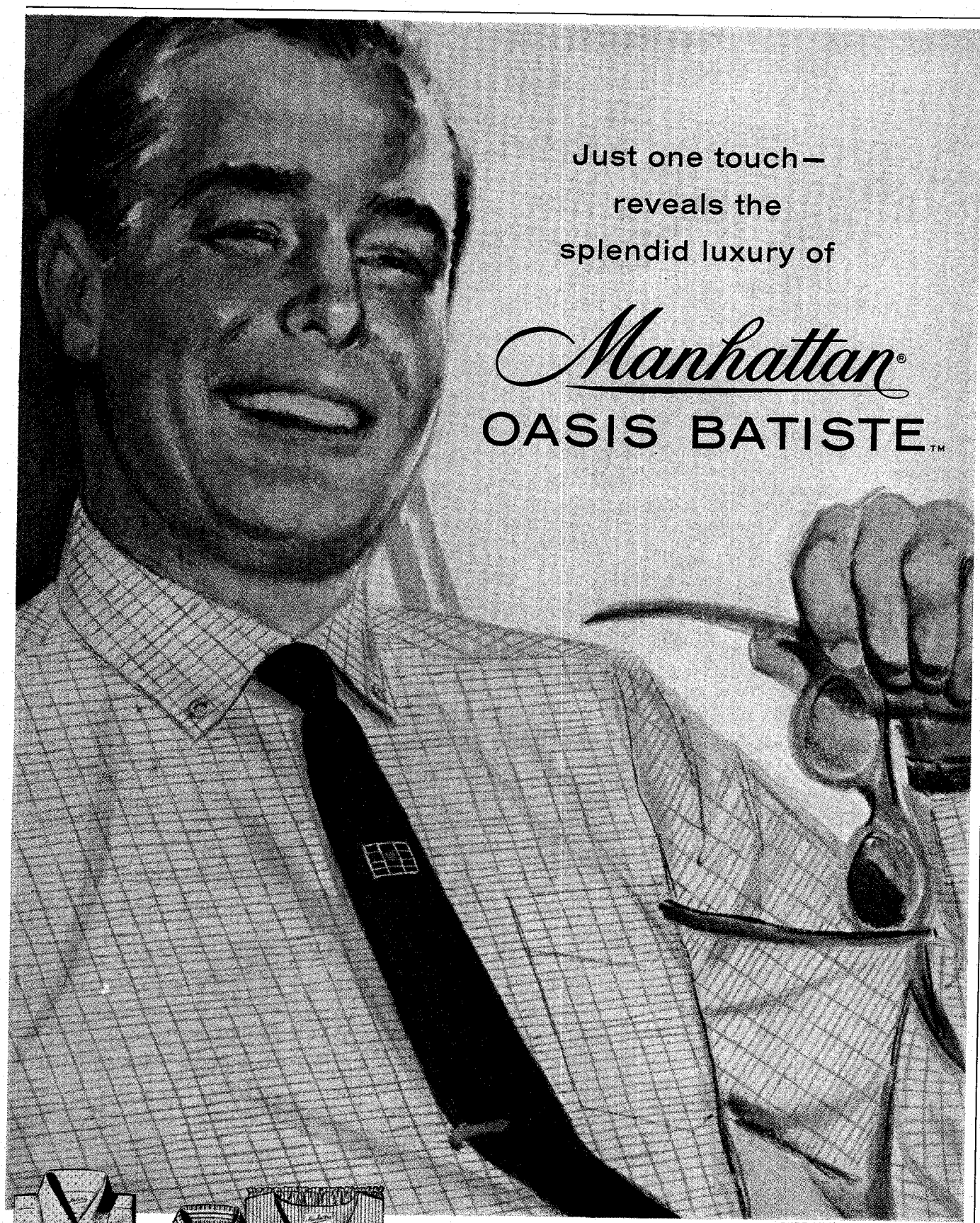
But was it really so mysterious? Many times in years gone by, in moments of disappointment and unhappiness, his world had died a little for him, and each time had been restored by Carol's unfailing love. How many things she had done, how completely she always had given of herself, to cheer and encourage him! This was like that, only a thousand times more so.

As the fields and wooded stretches sped by, and he thought about what had happened, the certainty grew that if it lay within her power to send the pheasant to him, she would have done it. He concentrated on the road now, knowing he was going to drive to Jim Elliot's farm and rouse him out in the middle of the night. But when he explained that he'd come for the dogs, Jim would understand. Jim could understand a man's urge to have his dogs home again.

With the setters kenneled in the back yard once more, he would have company. He would pick up the broken threads of his life. He would see Tom McIntyre. Go to the office. He would rake the yard, burn the dead weeds and rubble, and in the spring ——

"Thank you, Carol," he said.

THE END



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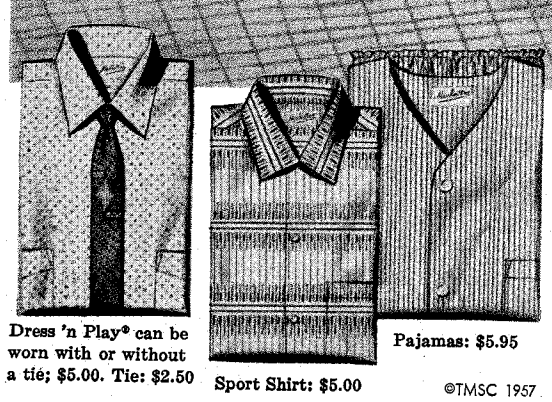

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Your Child Doesn't Need You Forever

(Continued from Page 37)

of existence if they don't keep constantly testing to see how well they can get along without our help?

I once had a startling glimpse of how this struggle for independence looks from behind the children's battle lines, at a several-family, all-generation party where we were playing The Game. An eleven-year-old was acting out the title of a movie. To act the first word he got down on the ground and writhed and struggled like a snake shedding its skin or Houdini getting out of a strait jacket. Then, holding something imaginary in one hand, he began fiercely hacking at it with an imaginary ax held in the other hand.

"The Snake Pit?" someone guessed. "Prison? Trap? Jungle?" others suggested. Then some Freudian-minded, free-wheeling adult tentatively murmured, "Born? Born Yesterday?"

The youngster sat up with a smile of bright relief. "I thought you'd never get it. Born Yesterday, of course. Seemed to me I was doing it pretty well."

It is a startling concept to a mother who remembers what a struggle it took on her part to produce each child. Yet the more you think of it the more logical it is. As soon as children are old enough to know they started life inside us, how can they help assuming it must have taken quite a fight to get out in the open air and be free, especially since from the moment they are born each hard-won bit of progress is apt to involve considerable struggle on their part?

Each time I see a college senior who lives nearby and shows every sign of becoming a highly contributing citizen, I remember the time his mother, in tears, said to me, "He insists on feeding himself. He screams if I try to help, but he can't get the food into his mouth. I can't stand watching him, so I just put the food in front of him and go out of the room, but I'm afraid he'll starve to death." He was fourteen months old when she said that, and the mess at feeding time was frightful for a while, but he found the way to his mouth before he starved. I have often wondered if his mother was as much worried about his starving as she was appalled at having so soon to face the fact he didn't want to need her.

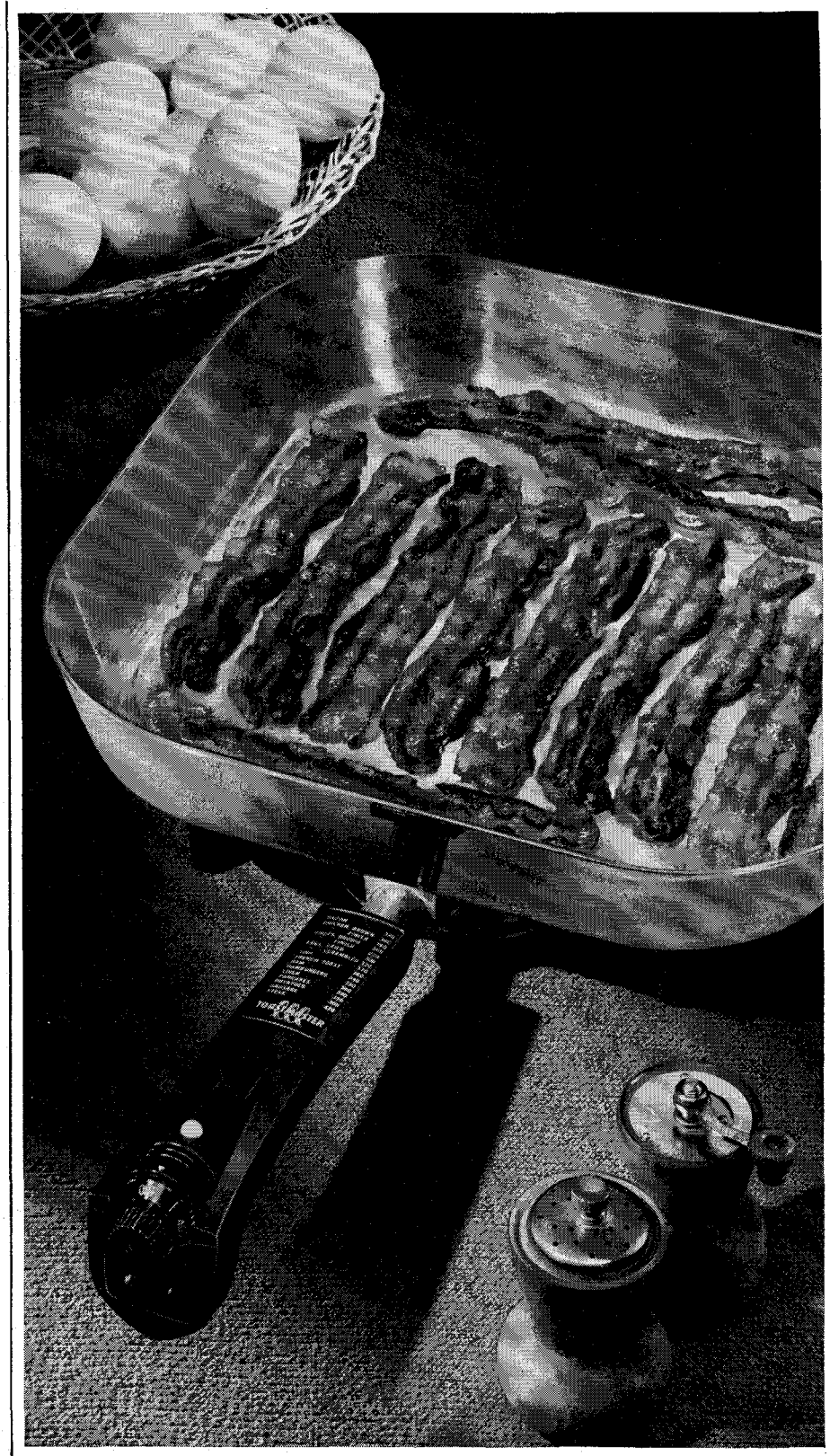
Of course they do need us and need us desperately in a hundred different ways for a good long time. And it is lovely to feel needed. It is probably one of the major delights of being a parent, and it takes almost superhuman maturity and balance to fill all those young needs and enjoy filling them without coming to cling to their need as something that we ourselves need. Our children are so important to us that it is hard to realize we can never be equally important to them. All parents would—and should, up to a point—assume that what happens to their children is more important than what happens to themselves. But what child in his right mind, if he was telling the truth, would say he was more concerned about what sort of life his parents had than what sort of life he had? Oh, he might rush into a burning building to save his poor old mother, but if he lived every day spiritually prepared to rush into a burning building and save her he would be pretty likely to end up as a boy who was known for being good to his mother and nothing else. What are all these mother-dominated and father-dominated people whom everyone talks about today but grown-up children whose parents couldn't bear to stop being needed?

A brilliant and capable woman I met some years ago had had a very interesting job before she got married. But she had given it up to raise four children and foster her husband's career, all of which she found satisfying—but never entirely satisfying. She was an anxious mother and a restless housewife. In her early forties, when all the children were in either college or high school, she was offered a job in the kind of work she was trained for, a fascinating job that she wanted very much, but she turned it down.

"Why, for heaven's sake?" I asked her.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, if that's all you care to spend, I suggest you see a few foreign movies and let it go at that."



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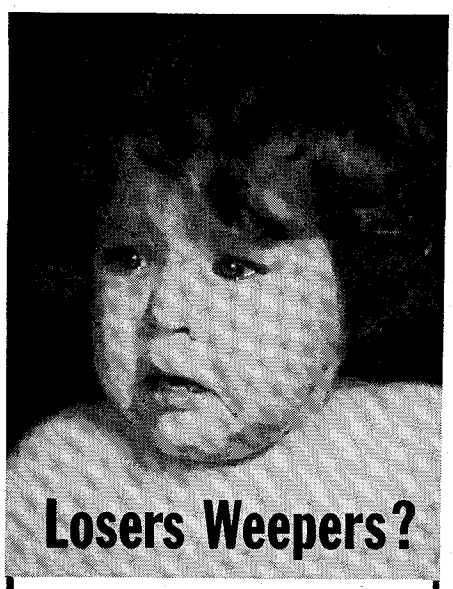

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"Well, mother says," she said, looking suddenly like an unhappy little girl, "that I'm a bad enough housekeeper as it is, and if I took this job I'd just be a worse housekeeper than ever."

Of course she might well have been a better housekeeper, because she would have been happier. But what slightly knocked the wind out of me was that "Mother says. . . ." At forty, that brilliant woman was still being someone's little girl.

Whenever I hear a mother talk about what a perfect relationship she has with her son or daughter, I am apt to feel a slight shiver. Is that perfect relationship perfect for both generations and, if so, is it at the expense of other relationships the youngster ought to be having with other youngsters? So much has been written about the need to be pals with our children, the importance of being close and helping them feel free to confide in us, that we tend to forget their inevitable need not to feel too close to us.

A friend of ours has a daughter in college. A year ago—the girl's last year in high school—she felt extremely close to her daughter. The girl was finding life a heady, exciting business, but often she would come and say, "Mummy, I need your motherly advice." Once, when a friend phoning home from their house was telling her mother some tall tale, the daughter remarked, "I'm glad I don't have to lie to my parents." A perfect relationship. It really looked that way.

Well, the girl went off to college and there was soon a great shortage of letters. Finally, after a three-week silence, the mother wrote an anxious letter asking why the lack of communication, and incidentally making some queries about plans for Christmas vacation. The following paragraph is quoted exactly from the letter she got by return mail:

You guessed it. I *am* in the process of rejecting the home front. I *am* in the process of establishing my own values and deciding just what I want out of life. This I can do better by myself than my contemporaries whom I see struggling along under the guiding hand of their parents. I've run like mad from every parental letter this fall and I'm going to keep on running until I am ready to stop. One last thing, please don't give me any more advice about my social life. I've taken care of it up here this fall and I think I'm capable of continuing. Sorry to sound so bitchy but you made me just furious.

The real significance of that violent paragraph is that it was written by an unusually loving and responsible girl to a mother who had fallen over backward not to dominate her children. The mother felt as if she had been slapped in the face, and it scared her. She showed the letter to a psychologist friend. The psychologist grinned as she read it. "You really ought to feel great," she said "—great that she feels this way and twice as great that she can tell you so. All she's saying is what a good job you've done and that you've done it."

While the mother, still feeling shattered, was trying, not too successfully, to see that letter as the compliment it apparently was, she got another letter, saying:

Well, I've finally cooled off sufficiently to write you a rational letter, though I'm still annoyed at all that bunk about not writing. I'm not actively or hostilely rejecting you. It is just that I am growing up and becoming an adult, which naturally involves rejecting one's parents. I do still need and love you, but I don't need your parental advice any more. I am becoming a person and I want to do it by myself. The whole thing will be easier for all concerned if you would try to understand this.

Neither letter quite exuded tact and consideration, but that eighteen-year-old undoubtedly felt that if she didn't fight she might never get free. And she probably wasn't really rebelling at parental advice—for her mother had almost certainly never given more than a normal amount—as much as at the realization that she had been depending on it. A good many parents reading this might feel the girl needed a few sharp lessons in what was owing a parent who had nurtured her. But it must be well nigh impossible to make a declaration of independence sound gracious. I tend to think, what's more, that there has been too much talk of what children owe their parents, too much talk of the tremendous gift we give them when we bring them to life. Life is a pretty terrific gift for those of us who get a reasonable number of breaks, but it is a gift only if it is a free gift. Yet most of us parents have an irresistible impulse, as soon as we have given a child the gift of life, to start tying strings to it.

Fathers are apt to go about it slightly differently from mothers. While mothers say, in effect: "I can't live if you stop needing me," fathers are more apt to say, in effect: "You have to do what I have done to prove the way I've fixed my life was just right." But a father's silver cord can be just as strong and enmeshing as a mother's. What right, for instance, has a father to assume that his son will want to carry on his business? It can be a fine economic arrangement and make for a warm father-son relationship if the son happens to want to. But what is wrong with his not wanting to? If fathers could relax their anxious egos a little and think about it, they would see that they often should be proud when their sons don't want to follow in their footsteps. The bigger and more successful a man is, the more impossible it must seem to his son that he *could* follow in his father's footsteps without living in his shadow. And the more the son of a big man is like his father, the more likely he is to want to carve out his own career, just as his father did.

Fathers are to reject, just as much as mothers, I am afraid, and it is undoubtedly just as hard for them to accept. "I have knocked myself out to build this business for my son to inherit"—"Three generations of us have gone to Blanko College. It is a proud tradition, son"—"Of course, you will want to be a doctor, lawyer, banker; the Smiths have always been doctors, lawyers, bankers." The ramifications are endless. One of the worst ramifications is not to say, "Of course you will," but, "I deeply hope you will want to," thus putting a burden of guilt on the son if he decides not to.

The basic fallacy of this, of course, is that the father always looks back and sees the business, the profession or the college as it was when he was his son's age, not realizing how fast things have changed in the last thirty years. It isn't a new business his son is coming into, but an established business now, with quite possibly far more demand and far less challenge. A father may pressure his son to go to the college he did, and the son may go, but except in name it won't be the same college the father remembers so nostalgically.

For a father to take an authoritarian stand with a reasonably well-organized and responsible son in his late teens seems to me an indignity which can only wither the son's burgeoning ego. And it is just as true of daughters. In other eras, boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen were getting married and making their own way in life, and they must have managed all right or we wouldn't be here. It is not our teenagers' fault that life has got so complex that many of them have to keep on going to school for years and years to learn to do the work civilization demands of them. It is not their fault that they are financially dependent on us for so long. Many of them would love to quit school and get jobs—many of them do—just to be independent of parental demands and expectations.

"As long as we pay the bills we have a right to call the shots," parents often say. I'm not so sure. As long as we pay the bills we are pretty much in a position to call the shots, but it isn't going to help our sons and daughters if we do—and it definitely isn't going to help our relationship with them. Of that I *am* sure. If this sounds to authoritarians as if I am urging that we give (*Continued on Page 158*)

"Isn't it time you put up the screens, dear?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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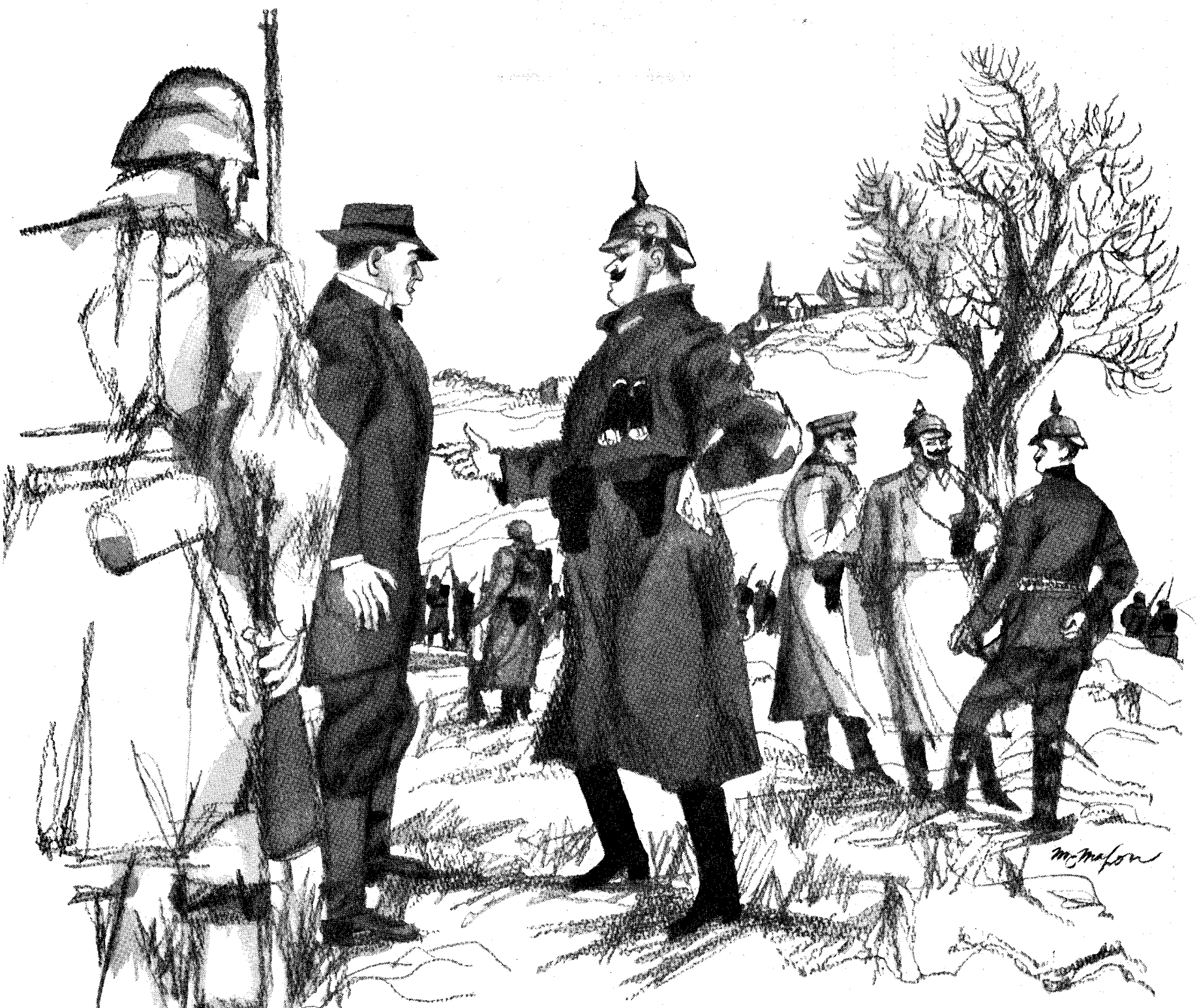
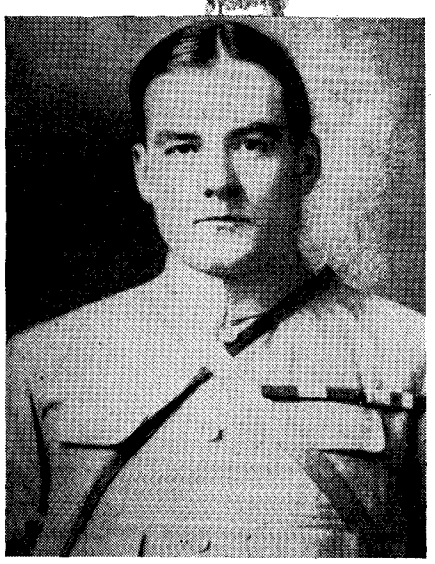


The Baron wanted him shot



"You," said the suavely arrogant young baron in the blue and silver *Generalstab* uniform, "are a British spy. And," pointing his hand like a pistol, "you know what that means."

What it meant was that the most daring correspondent of his day, counting on America's 1914 neutrality, had wandered too far behind German lines. And made a new acquaintance who was now politely insisting on having him shot. But 24 hours later, Richard Harding Davis nonchalantly rode back to Brussels in a German general's limousine.

By that time, Davis had become an old hand at getting out of tight spots. It was, after all, his sixth war. And as early as his third, he had been commended for cool courage and offered a commission. His admirer: Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders.

Novelist, playwright, reporter, world-traveller, Richard Harding Davis was the idol of his generation. And his clear-headed adventurousness, his love of fair play, would have made him one today. For America's strength as a nation is built on just such personal qualities.

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(*Continued from Page 156*) our children limitless freedom to horse around and get into trouble, I can only say flatly that I am not. A psychiatrist once said to me that we expect too much of our young children and not enough of our teen-agers, and I think it's a good point. As long as we are paying the bills—and forever after, as far as that goes—we can and should expect our children to do their job of working toward becoming responsible and contributing human beings. When late-teen-agers show signs of needing rigid control and guidance, obviously somebody has to provide it. But by then it is often too late for the parents to do any good, and when late-teen-agers do need a lot of rigid control, it is just as likely to be because they have always had too much as because they have had too little. I rather passionately believe that most young human beings want to be responsible and contributing, and if they are allowed and helped—the word "helped" is important—to make their own decisions as they go along, they will be.

Quite aside from principles and theories, the plain fact is that being an authoritarian parent simply doesn't work. Not only have we no right to try to sell our kids on a certain definite plan of life, but we are apt to get way out on a limb if we do. A college counselor has told me that one of the commonest causes of failure among college students is the desperate attempt to do what their fathers expect of them, whether they are equipped for it or not. This is rough enough when the fathers are just expecting their sons to follow in their footsteps, but twice as rough when the fathers are expecting their sons to live out their unfulfilled dreams.

One average-bright boy was taking premedical work because his father, a successful druggist, had always wanted to be a doctor. He had no scientific bent and inevitably flunked all the premedical requirements. His father, who couldn't stand seeing his dream destroyed, was coldly scornful, and this upset the boy, so that he began flunking everything else, and flunked out. With the counselor's help, he re-enrolled in the liberal-arts course of a less demanding college, but his father was still scornful, and the boy's sense of failure was so acute by then and his anxiety to do well so desperate that he began cheating and was expelled. If that boy could have rejected his father comfortably by the time he went to college, he might have ended up a perfectly good lawyer or businessman.

A happy reverse of this situation is a doctor I know whose son is taking honors in astrophysics. The doctor never urged his son to study medicine, but well-meaning friends did it constantly. "Of course you are going to be a doctor like your dad." . . . "Naturally you are going to study medicine"—that routine. One day, when the boy was about sixteen, he said in desperation to some of these well-wishers, "I wouldn't think of being a doctor. I don't love humanity that much. I couldn't be nice to people twenty-four hours a day the way dad has to."

Does all this sound terribly antitradition? It shouldn't. We all need a lot of tradition in our lives, and children especially need a sense of tradition to give them a feeling of who they are and where they belong. But tradition should be a subtle thing you feel, not something that traps you. And one of the functions of tradition, perhaps, is to give young adults something to push against, something to break away from. If they don't have to fight too hard to break away, they are quite likely to come back to it. A girl whose parents have a strong church tradition rather flatly rejected all things churchly in her teens. The parents were sorry, but took it in their stride. When she was ready to get married, the one thing she wanted was to come back and be married from the home church. If those parents had insisted on stuffing church down her throat, she might well have eloped.

Never think I am underestimating the dangers and difficulties of bringing up two, four, six or eight children. Those dangers and difficulties are so staggering that I often wonder how any child ever lives to become any sort of adult, let alone a useful one. Over the years when we have deliberately given our children a freedom of choice that many parents considered foolhardy, I have had a sort of Bob Hope double-take feeling of *Are we out of our minds?* When our son went to Mexico at fifteen for part of his junior year in high school, I lay awake nights visualizing him dead with amoebic dysentery. When our daughter was sixteen and went to Sweden with the Experiment in International Living, and I then read what a casual moral code the Swedes were supposed to have, I brooded considerably over our rashness until she came home reporting, yes, they were casual, some of them, but she thought our code worked better. There is always the fear, *Suppose they work it out wrong*. But in the long run, it strikes me, the dangers of overprotection are infinitely greater than most of the dangers we knock ourselves out to protect them from.

A college boy whom I know tells me that when he's home on vacation his parents always wait up for him to come home, no matter where he has been or how late he has been out. He is pretty grim when he tells about it, and excessively frank about how he hates being home. "Who do they think waits up for me at college?" he says. "Do they think I'm going to come home drunk—and what if I did?"

We all know that by the time our children are out of high school, at the latest, they will come rushing to us as parents only if they are having trouble managing their lives. We know that, by the time they are in college or have jobs or are married, the happier and more successful they are the less they will need us. We want them to be happy and successful, and yet—however understanding we are and however gradually and tenderly our children break the final strand of the silver cord, it is always a blow.

Progress, in a way, has played a dirty trick on us mothers. Even a century ago we had as many children as the Lord sent us and, by the time we had stopped having children, we accepted the fact that we were old and our lives were over. We were so busy raising from six to twelve children and keeping house without labor-saving devices that we hadn't much time to worry about whether we were needed. Today we have two or three or four with little pain and even less danger. We can't make a lifework of raising two or even four children, for most women are not much more than halfway through their lives when their children are grown. Someone once said that being a mother is the only job which the better you do it the surer you are to lose it. Making the children less important isn't the answer, but making plans so we can eventually stand not being important to them probably is.

Fathers, despite all their urge to have their sons follow in their footsteps, aren't so likely to have this problem, for they will still have their work. What is more, a father may feel that the children have taken his wife away from him far too much for far too many years. When they no longer need her is a good time for her to find out all over again how much her husband does. This and finding new interests, I am inclined to think, are better than spending too much time looking forward to the day when you will be a grandmother. Having grandchildren must be a delight and a fine source of pride, and a little occasional baby sitting is only loving and generous. But being a perpetual baby sitter doesn't strike me as a very constructive or developing lifework for an outgrown mother. Even if she no longer has a husband to need her, there are friends, there are new jobs and new interests. Not easy; of course not—sheer hell at times—but it's better than clinging to a rapidly receding object.

What makes it so hard for mothers not to cling is the way the great American public, with its great, warm, sentimental heart, has seemed to realize that progress has played this dirty trick on us, and has rushed into the breach to comfort us by glorifying Mother. I have in my files, for example, a directive sent out by the Secretary of the Navy during the last war.

SUBJECT: Mother's Day

Annual observance of Mother's Day will be held throughout the United States on Sunday, May ——. Attention of all Navy and Marine Corps personnel is invited to the significance of Mother's Day and to the duty of everyone to render tribute to his mother. Everyone who can should visit his mother on that day or should write a timely letter to her.

Signed

To me the whole concept of Mother's Day, of "Be good to your poor old mother, boy," is patronizing to the point of being insulting. Maybe a lot of mothers were comforted and reassured by the results of this official directive, but aside from the glorious insincerity, what can that sort of official ministering possibly do but encourage us to live in the past and make a virtue of being dependent?

What is so magnificent, really, about being a mother? It is as natural as being born. Sure we make sacrifices for our children, but why not? We had them. The real trick is to know when to stop making sacrifices.

Years ago, when our own kids would begin vocally longing for, oh, an extra car or an expensive trip, or the dozens of things kids pine for that their friends have, my husband had an answer for them. He'd say, "Well, you know we could buy that if you are prepared to support us both in our old age, you two." From about the time they were twelve years old, the kids would look at each other and then at us and grin a kind of tough grin and say, "Oh, well, I guess we can struggle along the way we are."

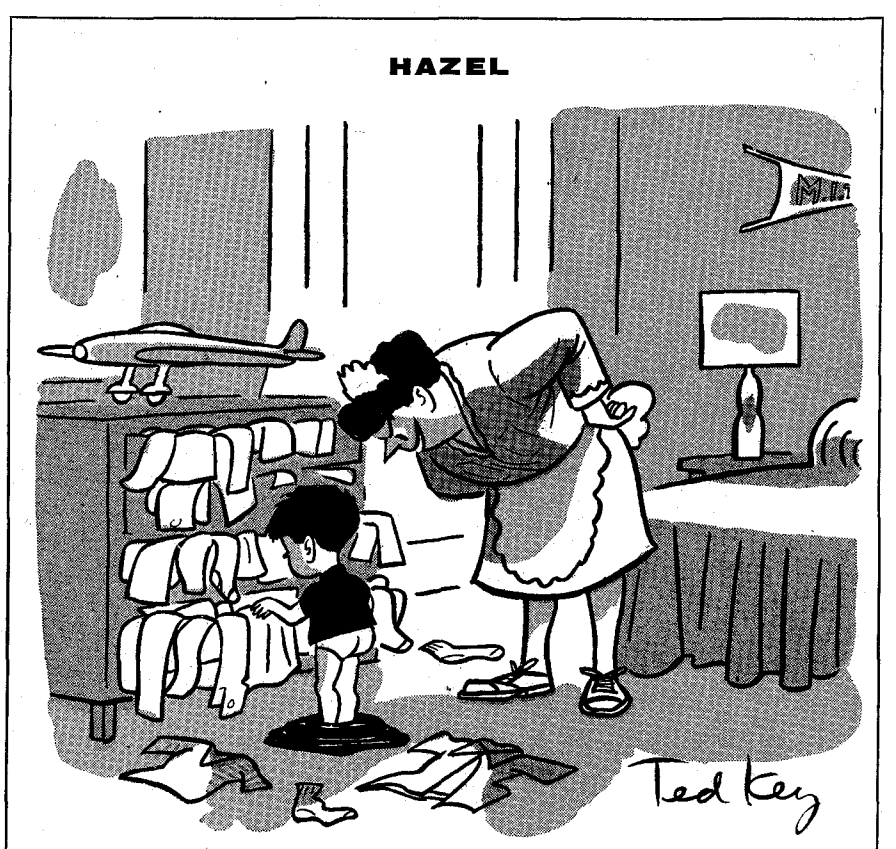
Of course they are almost never as hostile as they often sound, for if parents are to reject, parents are also to love you and to keep on loving you, and most children know this and lean on it even during their most violent struggles for freedom. As that girl wrote to her mother, they do need us and love us, and, if we've been any good at all as parents, they always will. They need our love and warmth and pride. They just don't need our help after a certain period, except in an emergency. And this comes back to what I said at the beginning—that we can win only by losing. Because if we can manage to let our children reject us as parents, we can probably keep them as firm friends for the rest of our lives.

I have seen the children of parents who had comfortably let them go free, come home from college and bound up the stairs with open arms and shouts of joy. One boy and girl I know, who had gone through a slightly painful rejecting phase, but with everyone being relaxed about it, had come comfortably out the other side, were spending a week at home between summer jobs and going back to college. It was a regular family honeymoon week. They all went to the theater and movies together and ate rich indigestible food and sat around late, talking about life.

At one point the mother couldn't help saying wistfully—she shouldn't have, of course, but mothers are human—"Let's toast this week, this lovely family week, for there's every chance, I suppose, that it may be the last one like it we'll ever have."

Her son looked at her fondly and I'm afraid a little protectively and said, "Ma, you're crazy. We'll be coming home for times like this all the rest of our lives."

THE END



"Think of it this way—where would you be if you were a belt?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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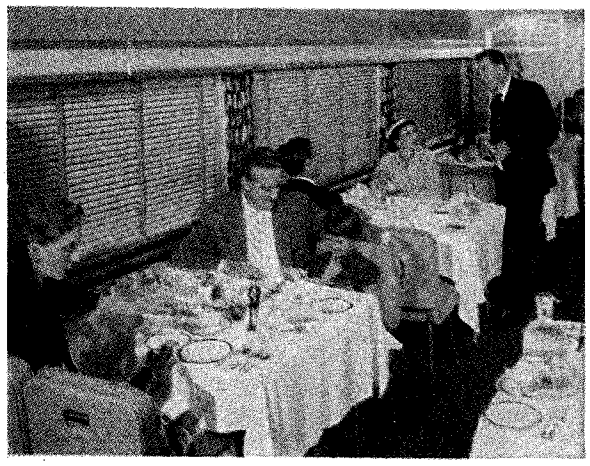

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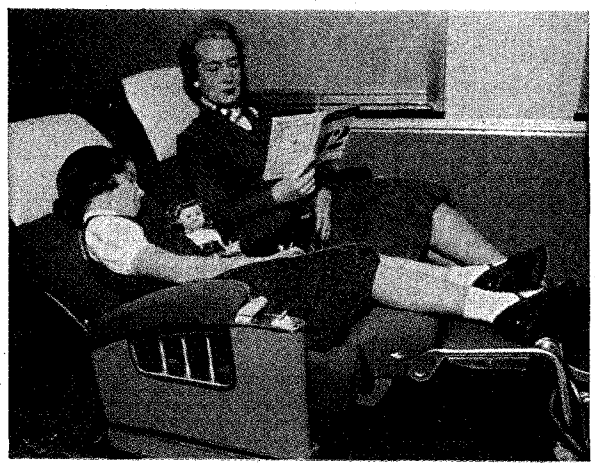

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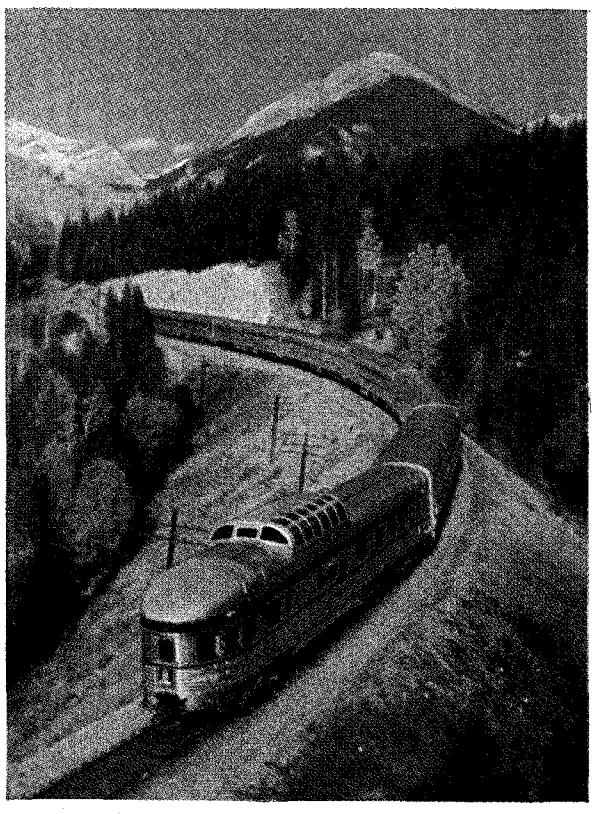

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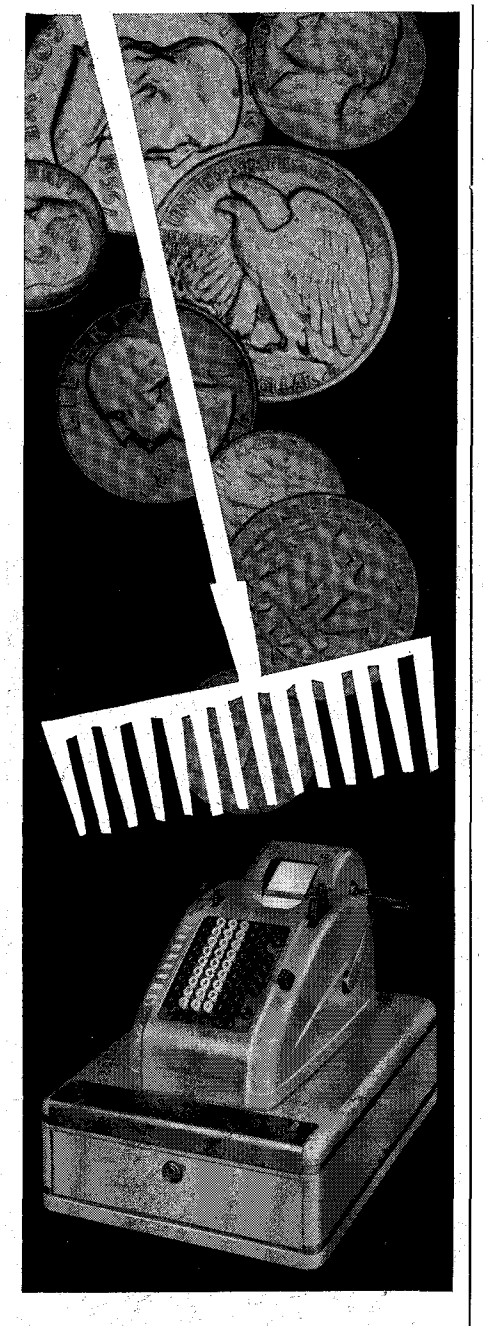

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Keeping Posted

Crosby and Martin in Europe during work on Call Me Lucky; Mrs. M. snapped her camera.

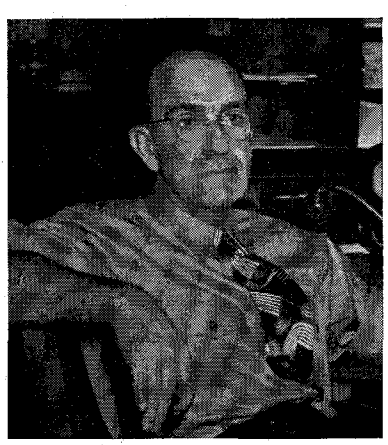
Crosby and Martin: it Seems Like Old Times

When Bing Crosby and Pete Martin worked on that conversation piece for page 38, it was a reunion of two chaps who have hit it off unusually well together.

Martin doesn't forget his first meeting with Crosby in 1952 before they did Bing's autobiography, CALL ME LUCKY; the Post writer sat talking with a mutual friend, waiting for the actor to show up, and presently he realized that some fellow was sitting in a nearby chair staring at him. "It was Crosby looking me over—sort of a litmus-paper test to figure out if I was an O.K. guy." Bing seemed to have made up his mind even before they shook hands. There is nothing of the upstage, big-shot pose in Crosby's nature; he insists on forthright, down-to-earth friendship—or he's for skipping the whole thing. Bing reminds Martin, in reverse, of another Hollywood superstar who, one evening while they were working together, went into his house to dinner and sent Martin a sandwich out on the porch.

Crosby, lugging golf clubs, took off for Palm Beach after the Martin interview, planning to follow the Eastern tournaments up the coast, and eventually to hop to Europe for a look at his soldier son. Meanwhile, Martin and Groucho Marx will take off in the May 25th Post on a TV-slanted talk that, despite a columnist's recent lament about how Groucho hates interviews, is blithe and pithy. Very pithy.

William Byron Mowery



Bill Mowery in his workroom.

It was good that William Byron Mowery, who died recently, lived to enjoy nationwide acclaim last year for his book of Nature narratives and articles, Swift in the Night. While laymen readers and professional reviewers were honoring him, he wrote Keeping Posted how this pleased and also surprised him, "since Nature collections often don't sell for mud."

In earlier years, when Post Editor Ben Hibbs was fiction editor of the Curtis magazine, Country Gentleman, he used to buy stories of the Far North from Bill Mowery, and he says now, "He was one of the best outdoor adventure writers of our times." Later, in wildlife articles in the Post, Mowery kept his talent bright; last year's work included his charming THE DOG THAT LOVED FOXES (Jan. 7), and it cheered him, before he died, to read AMERICA'S NEWEST WILD ANIMAL (March 16). He knew the animals from the arctic barrens to the American South, and he wrote of them, not sentimentally, but with understanding love. Over the whole continental range of what Mowery called his "tootling around," this warmhearted man made friends whose affectionate memory of him will always endure.

"This is a Spade: it is Used for Spading"

Associate Editor Arthur W. Baum never showed an addiction for the more rugged type of research. Yet in the March 16th Post he bounced around the sea on an oil tanker, and now, on page 32 of this issue, he analyzes new-type cross-country buses, a job which entailed his being taken for rides over ghastly bumps in old-type buses, to hammer home the difference. This out-of-character research, Baum says sadly, is because he has compulsions to leave home in late winter and spring to escape gardening. He says that if he steps out to look at his garden, just look, his wife hands him tools and explains how he can use them for overturning soil.

Good has come of this, however. Baum reports that his wife, foiled in trying to gardenize him, has written a book under her maiden name, Sally Wright, for parents who want to introduce their children to horticulture. (Gardening: A New World for Children; MacMillan; out next week.) Baum says, "I plan to read it on a luxury bus, sipping pineapple juice provided by the hostess, and watching other people's gardens pass effortlessly by."

Irish Author Joins Our Columns

Here we have author Brian Cleeve and Company in their Dublin home. Both parents are broadcasters and champion fencers, and the father has flaming red hair and a story on page 36.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Fabulous Jock Whitney"

Athlete, movie-producer, once a prisoner of war, he is now our ambassador to Great Britain. The fascinating story of a tireless American who never ran out of luck or money.

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